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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

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Williamstown, Massachusetts

A Challenge To Williams

by Bob Gordon

If man continues to treat his planet as he has in the past, Williams men may never see the twenty-first century. Man is wreaking havoc on his environment. The poisons of his civilization spew into the air, water and soil. Given the rate at which he pollutes the atmosphere, the air over his cities will be unbreathable by the year 2000. His drinking water, much of it now well below federal standards, will take on the character of chlorinated Lavis. Furthermore, the wastes and pesticides that pollute the sea may wipe out the minute creatures that produce most of the oxygen he breathes.

And if somehow man discovers the means to survive, will he truly be able to live or will he be relegated to a mere existence? The prospects for a "good" life are not bright. Population growth remains unchecked, spreading the urban malignancy across the land in haphazard fashion. The nature to which man's primeval past is so closely bound is being rapidly reduced in both quantity and quality as the Levittowns push through forest and valley. Mile by mile, the wilderness recedes, the grass and stone submitting to concrete. The trees have all but disappeared in the cities, having been replaced by the concrete forest. Man is all alone in the crowds. His only companion is the noise that never leaves him.

The despoliation of the environment can be stopped, however. We certainly have the technology. If

we can send man into space, we can surely clean up the launching pad. But beyond technology we need the will to do the job and more people who know how to do it. The desire to rehabilitate the environment seems to be growing. The environmental crisis promises to be the new cause on American campuses. The news media are devoting more time and space to environmental issues and the membership of organizations such as the Sierra Club is growing as it never has before. In addition, both political parties appear to have picked up the green banner and even Mr. Nixon says that he shall do more for environmental rehabilitation than any of his predecessors. The will to begin the massive task is present, but unfortunately, there are not enough trained environmental managers to cope with a project of such complexity and magnitude as the "one that now confronts us."

In the past, the deterioration of the environment has been treated as a technological problem. The institutions of higher learning in this country issues degrees in forestry, pollution engineering, and resource management. Environmental studies was essentially a program in environmental sciences. But it is becoming increasingly clear that this new field of environmental studies goes beyond the sciences and encompasses such disciplines as economics, political science, regional planning and even philosophy. The study of the environment must therefore be an interdisciplinary one. It is a field of synthesis. Perhaps this strikes at the root of the problem of environmental rehabilitation, for the lack of

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Advocate Poll Indecisive; Grading Series Announced

"I give the whole business an 'L'" was the conclusion of one less than enthusiastic physics professor with regard to THE ADVOCATE's December grading poll. "Let's have less of this kind of activity and more creative scholarship," he added. Concurring with the scientist's remarks were those of Professor Paul Clark who wrote, "This is a sloppy, and apparently biased questionnaire. It does not consider many options within a grading system . . . The options it does list are sometimes ill-defined . . . You should really insist on higher quality in THE ADVOCATE's work."

Though the two professors' summations of the ADVOCATE poll were rather strongly worded, perhaps unjustifiably so, their basic case is, unfortunately, valid. The poll drew a very small response -- 257 students and 34 faculty/administration members -- thereby rendering it inaccurate as an indicator of community opinion on the issue of grading. In all probability, the survey's astoundingly feeble accrueement is attributable to the editors' remarkably naive expectation that the College would pay heed to anything but exams during exam week, when the poll was distributed; to the long and insufficiently explicated roster of grading choices foisted upon the bewildered respondent; and then, perhaps, to a general pestilence of apathy, referred to in certain quarters as the Williams Malaise -- a subject ridden to death during last year's conscience-klatches; no more need be added.

The poll submitted to the College community seven possible evaluation variations, of which one was to be labeled "B" for "Best," and one "L" for "Least desirable." The options as listed, were: a) Grades -- the retention of the present system; b) Pass -- everyone automatically passes all courses, no failures; c) Pass-Fail -- all courses to be graded "pass" or "fail" for all students; d) Pass-Fail in all but Declared Major -- major is graded; e) Course

Pass-Fail -- personal and individual choice whereby the student chooses which courses are to be graded, which to receive pass-fail; f) Route Pass-Fail -- student selects his route; all courses graded or all pass-fail; g) Freshman and Sophomores on Grades -- or any similar variation to be noted on the back of the survey.

The result, briefly stated, is as follows. One half of the administration and faculty who submitted ballots viewed the retention of the present system as the best of the seven alternatives listed. More than one half considered automatic pass for every student as the least desirable. The faculty's second favorite was the plan entitled "Pass-Fail", explained above. Among the students, "Course Pass-Fail" received the strongest support. Surprisingly, this system drew nearly one half of the votes of Division Three students who submitted their ballots. The automatic pass selection received the greatest negative (or "Least Desirable") vote by the students.

Three specific questions were posed in the survey. Asked whether they support the distinction of "Honors" in a pass-fail variation, 120 faculty and students voted affirmative, 105 indicated opposition. The second question concerned the institution of a self-grading system of any sort; fifty-five students and faculty voted in favor, 178 against. And 129 voters desired that any change in the grading system be effected immediately upon approval by the concerned parties; seventy-nine registered a preference that any change in the working be realized only for an incoming class and all succeeding classes.

The one encouraging aspect of the poll was that though few responded, at least one-fourth of those who did bother to submit their views took the time to reply verbally, many vehemently. Quite a few, in fact, even drew up elaborate evaluation structures of their own. One student wrote, "I'm in favor of the combination idea I have heard discussed. Definitely, pass-fail for all Frosh. Graded major primarily for grad schools; most courses in the upper classes ought to be pass-fail, but the judgment of the instructor should be important in deciding if his course is in this category." More radical was the proposal by another student calling for, "No degree offered. No professor/student distinctions institutionalized. Only two years of liberal arts."

Undoubtedly, the two comments most worthy of quotation were donated by members of the faculty. The first subscribes to the retention of the present system of grading: "Two Biblical quotations seem apposite -- 'Rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race' and 'Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize?' The intellectually superior students enjoy measuring themselves against the requirements of the course and demonstrating that their ability is superior to that of the majority. High grades are a form of applause similar to that enjoyed by the athlete, the actor, and the musician in recognition of distinction."

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An Advocate Profile:

"Makin' Sure": Officer Obie

It was after ten when we got to Stockbridge, and the sun had finally come up, warm and welcome, lighting the snow and heating what had begun a wind-blown, slicing bitter day. Stockbridge was bigger than we'd expected, though still very much small-town New England: banks and barbers, modest groceries and plenty of parking spaces. On the surface, at least, Stockbridge is as undistinguished from similar New England towns as the trees along its Main Street are unique from each other.

But Stockbridge is trying to do something about that. Once last year *The New York Times* labeled Williams town "the cultural center of the Berkshires;" now Stockbridge perhaps seeks the title. In summer, when this city's population more than doubles to ten thousand, Stockbridge homes the Berkshire Theatre Festival, a workshop and production unit which last August premiered a new Ionesco drama. Just recently a local cinema concluded a foreign film festival. All of which makes one wonder if the days of secluded, self-contained New England are gone forever. As the years wander by and more and more Bergmans are booked into these towns, who knows but the day will come when the message will go out as far north as Aroostook County, the message warning the potato growers that civilization is creeping.

There were four of us in the car that morning, three from the New York City suburbs, the fourth -- our photographer -- a Seattle transplant now living in New Canaan. The photographer looped a small bandana around his neck and talked romantically of the end of winter; he loved winter, he said, really loved skiing, but winter meant ice, and he was anxious to get his motorcycle off his grandparents' porch in Cambridge; you can't imagine, he said, you really can't imagine what it's like taking that bike up Seven to Bennington with the wind at your back. Our driver was a pragmatist: Not only couldn't he imagine it, he wouldn't; he thought motorcycles were dangerous and he, for one, felt safer in a car.

The photographer thought that over for a minute. Obviously he kind of agreed, so he let the subject drop. By this time we were out of the town and heading toward West Stockbridge. We got as far as a simple trestle and a fork before admitting we were lost. Outside the land was white and quiet with just a few houses and far off the rolling hills. Had we pursued our present direction we would never have found the police station, which was just beyond the town, but for a moment what was just beyond the trestle seemed more inviting. Of course it might have been another town; in fact, the road might even have forked into

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Photo by Bruce Brigham

"Well, I'm walking and I'm breathing."

The Williams Advocate

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The Advocate and the Seventies

Answering "What have we learned from the Sixties?" is similar to going to your grandfather's house after the completion of still another school year, with the old man peering across his glasses and asking, "So, what did you learn this year?" All of a sudden you are expected to produce a few pat sentences of capsulized knowledge -- well, I heard a new interpretation of the Cold War, and I finally read "Walden," and I can instantly recognize Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, No 5 in E-Flat Major. How can you be expected to say that? You can't do it; you won't do it; it all sounds so trivial... and maybe it is.

One thing is sure, a school year is not a baseball game: You can't summarize the winners, losers, and key moments in a box score. For even the box score misses the drama and the magnified minor moments that truly make the game. A school year, then, is the amalgamation of the education you receive both in and out of class, both of which are equal, "Walden" as well as the reason your roommate's father changed his name on the boat from Poland. And before you can attach a tentative label to something, almost like clothes in a washer you have to wait awhile, to let all the images slosh together, blur, come forward to clarity, recede from view. Then one day on the train home from work, or watching a bird tilt its way across a summer sky, it will come to you...and then *PERHAPS* you will know what you learned last year.

But you won't be able to tell your grandfather. He wouldn't understand it, though neither would your best friend. No, for the meaning will be yours, and no one else will be able to understand it the way you do.

In equal manner, the Sixties. The newspapers and book reviews are currently filled with detailed inventories of the decade, but this is so much hollow. One month into the Seventies, who can say what the Sixties were, what we learned? You can speculate, sure, but all you can ever really say is what the decade meant to you -- personally -- as an individual. Everything went so fast, plunging like a maddened merry-go-round, starting with the black and white of Kennedy v Nixon and ending in living color at Songmy. We found ourselves inventing new definitions for things whose largeness rendered them incomprehensible: counterculture, technostucture, overkill... or which were too terrible to define.

Sometimes, when we prefixed "New" to anything (morality, awareness) it seemed we had passed through a decade of great life; other times -- who could look at Ted Kennedy without sensing his role in some twisted Greek tragedy, some twentieth century "Oresteia," the fall of the House of Kennedy?

Yet as we roar into the Seventies, the question is not one of what we will find, but of what we will make. We tore down a lot in the Skeptical Sixties, and perhaps there was much that needed destruction, but now let us begin to build.

That should be the message of the Seventies.

Believing this message, The Williams Advocate will be a constructive voice in the community. Our flyer distributed in December said, "The Williams Advocate will not wait for news. Our purpose will be perhaps to create it, certainly to define it, hopefully to clarify it, always to comment." This probably sounds like sensationalism, and in a great sense it is. But there must be more to the Advocate than sensationalism, or we will have failed.

Our hope is to present an issue or an idea in an exciting fashion not content with mere gut stimulation. Our hope is to pose problems of significance with a solution or at least a suggestion in mind, and never for the pure subversiveness of the situation.

For it is time to leave behind all that violence and superciliousness. There was perhaps a place for it, but now it is gone. Now there is too much anguish. It is time for compassion.

OBIE (cont.)

two towns. Yet here, riding one of those passages of "this monster land" -- as Steinbeck named it, meaning the nation, not just one part -- here, a few hundred yards outside of town, riding an ice-cold road the countryside seems to open up and maybe run for miles.

Still we turned around. The photographer said look at this, this is the place to live. The driver said he'd go nuts, the city had so much to offer, like art museums and concerts. The photographer said sure, but you could always go to the city for that and then get out when you'd finished; that was the way to do it. Not for him, insisted the driver.

And so we slipped back to reality.

The municipal building in Stockbridge wasn't much to look at, plain and grey, something of a cross between a church and a gymnasium. A dog was eating snow at the foot of the steps. Inside a curly-haired secretary in the welfare office craned up from the typewriter she was fixing and said she didn't think Chief Obanhein was in, but she'd try to reach him on the phone. Waiting, we studied a shiny painting hanging above a filing cabinet and portraying what the artist envisioned as a typical, idyllic, turn-of-the-century spring scene: a train puffing its way across a secure little bridge while a cheerful boy in barefeet and straw hat merrily fished in a silent stream; beside the boy, his collarless pup romped absently in the green grass; the fishpole was wooden;

mostly for conversation we admired the scene, pleasing the secretary. "We like it," she said.

Five minutes later Chief Obanhein let us into his one-room office: the Stockbridge police headquarters. Chief William Obanhein may be the most famous policeman in America; certainly for devotees, and even hangers-on, of "youth culture" he has earned this distinction. For on Thanksgiving Day, 1967 "Officer Obie" -- as he was soon immortalized -- apprehended a folksinger named Arlo Guthrie, whose reputation extended just barely beyond his famous father's last name, and a friend of Guthrie's for the crime of littering. The result, as Guthrie would sing, was "we was fined fifty dollars and had to pick up the garbage... in the snow," but that of course was merely the judicial result.

A second and more significant occurrence was the ballad "Alice's Restaurant," a twenty-five minute discursive arrangement written "with feelin'" and played on the gee-tar by Guthrie, and which constitutes one of the less reticent *Beau Geste's* of The Movement, a nonchalant but nevertheless pointed what-the-hell. Since The Movement is apparently a label attached to an amorphous group of college radicals, professional revolutionaries, coffeehouse poets, draft protesters, urban poor, militant blacks, and the disillusioned and disgruntled everywhere, "Alice's Restaurant" is an apposite banner, for it too has little shape; it too rambles like an elongated cocked eyebrow; it too starts

Greetings

The editors and staff of THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to several individuals whose enthusiasm and support have proven invaluable to the realization of THE ADVOCATE: the College Council, Mr. Craig Brown, Mr. Ian Cookridge, Mr. Manton Copeland, Miss Diane Eliasof, John Finnerty, Dean Peter Frost, Bob Gordon, Hal Reddcliffe, Mr. Richard Hendrix, Mr. Lee Hirsche, Larry Hollar, Mr. George Howard, Don Mender.

POLL (cont.)

The Faculty Evaluation (some) call for would substitute a grading system in which bland phrases replaced the familiar C."

The second statement approves of grades but inveighs against the way they are handled and considered. "At present, some students make grades an end in themselves, and regard them as money is regarded; and some teachers cooperate with them by paying them in grades, a little at a time, for the work they do. A student can say, 'I went into the exam with an 84.' This is clearly nonsense. How can one possibly have a grade that means anything at all before a course is over? If, as I think, grades are useful for certain purposes, then we ought to use them for these purposes and not bother with them otherwise. There ought to be plenty of grading, and the grades should be the common knowledge of teacher and student. There may be some reason why a student's grades should be entered on a permanent administrative record, but I can't think of what it would be. The student ought to be able to leave bad work behind him and go on to something better without being dragged down by his bad performance. To make a four year average of a student's grades, as is often done at present, implies that his Freshman work is just as important as that done four years later: i.e., that the college has done nothing for him."

And so, in spite of December's nearly bare cupboard, the response that was generated by the questionnaire appeared intense enough to warrant the continuation of THE ADVOCATE's grading series which will follow in the four subsequent issues. Following the publication of the points of view of eight advocates -- each arguing for his own evaluation preference -- THE ADVOCATE will repoll, ardently hoping that the community will approach the matter with the reflection it calls for. It is our wish that every reader will examine closely all the positions

somewhere and ends somewhere else, with few clues along the way to explain the transition. All one knows is that as Guthrie shuffles into the final refrain "Alice's Restaurant" is very pleased with where it has gotten, and the smile is quite perceptibly on the face of the tiger.

Into all this, quite accidentally, stepped Chief William Obanhein of the Stockbridge Police. Chief Obanhein is actually Guthrie's main antagonist in the first half of the ballad, and he is drawn unmistakably as a contemporary Black Crook, sans moustache (naturally). The whole thing must have been shocking to him, but when you ask him that he'll give a quick grin and say, "I didn't hear the song for a long time. Two young fellas came by from Connecticut about it. I guess they'd heard it on the radio. When they got back to Connecticut they sent me a tape. I was kinda mad." Then he'll shake his head and smile again -- he smiles a lot -- and tell you how he changed his mind. "You start getting curious. 'I gotta hear this again and hear what this sonafagan is saying'. I guess I got a big kick out of it. I

Mr. Ignatius Michalenko, Chief William Obanhein, Russ Pulliam, Mr. Carl Reidel, Tony Robins, Mr. Frederick Rudolph, Mr. Ed Smith, and Larry Wellington.

We would also like to welcome and encourage you to share with us your comments, reactions, and opinions, either in the form of articles, or correspondence; without them, THE ADVOCATE cannot serve as a reflection of campus thought -- our primary responsibility.

It is our hope that THE ADVOCATE will prove itself worthy of your time and contemplation.

offered, scrutinize their assets and liabilities, and then decide if any appears satisfactory to him. If not, we ask him to devise his own system for submission.

The question of grading reform is by no means the exclusive domain of some occult and hyper-liberal segment of American academia. Professor Lee Hirsche, who belongs to the CEP subcommittee for grading, is in the process of investigating at least ten schools academically comparable to Williams presently toying with an unorthodox breed of evaluation. Among the innovative institutions researched by his subcommittee are Bennington, Wesleyan, Yale, Kenyon, Trinity, and Dartmouth. Perhaps the most experimental plan now in operation at liberal arts colleges similar to Williams in student capability are those at the State University of New York at Albany, and the University of California at Santa Cruz. In the former case, all undergraduate students will be marked "S" or "U", representing "credit" or "no credit"; and in the latter, for nearly all courses, the student will be graded "pass" or "fail". Albany's experiment is too new for meaningful appraisal. But a study published recently by S.U.N.Y., Albany claims that Santa Cruz "reports excellent results. It has been able to place its graduates in many of the best schools in the country." The point, then, is that college and universities around the country ARE indeed beginning to question the traditional concepts and methods of evaluating the often grade-point-average-weary student. The editors of THE ADVOCATE certainly have their own preferences; yet the purpose of this series is by no means to direct the college toward a given proposal. Rather, it is to bring forth the advantages and disadvantages of many systems, possibly more beneficial to Williams than old tried-and-true, perhaps not. In the end, the community will decide for itself how it wishes to judge and be judged. Until then, THE ADVOCATE will attempt to inform those who wish to discover the most equitable method available.

Mitchell Rapoport

knew all these people."

Probably Chief Obanhein knows everyone in Stockbridge. Except for a stint in the armed services, he has played out all his life within this town, and, come June, he will have been nineteen years on the police force. Seated behind his desk Chief Obanhein looks every inch a policeman; someone later suggested Jackie Gleason; someone else maintained Rod Steiger; but this is always a little sickening when someone always has to look like someone else, and it is a game people practice to absurdity; mostly -- from his closely-cropped short hair to his sideburnless visage and neatly pressed blue uniform -- Chief Obanhein looks just like a policeman.

He is rather massively built, with a big chest that is just beginning to overlap his belt: not exactly a potbelly, but getting there, and when he sits or walks he carries a thin but evident tube that wrinkles around his waistline like lettuce bulging from a

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Book Review: CRAIG BROWN

THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968/ by Joe McGinniss

Joe McGinniss has a product that should appeal strongly to three segments of the market: the politasters and campaign buffs; pious McLuhanists; those who view Richard Nixon as a personal and ideological affront. Others may find the book somewhat interesting and even mildly amusing.

Those who simply love campaign literature will not be deterred or encouraged by anything written here. It will not matter that Joe McGinniss is a modest practitioner of the New Journalism, to wit: "Fred LaRue was getting bald and he smoked cigars. He was from Atlanta, Georgia. His job was to persuade people in the South not to vote for George Wallace, but he had to do it in a way that would not upset the people in the rest of the country." But there are tidbits enough to keep the love alive till '72. He offers us glimpses of Nixon the technician, who knows, before the studio people report the fact, that the tape he just made runs 52 seconds, and who can remember the content of an old panel show geared for the special Texas viewers. The book lets us peep at the human faces behind the public spectacle; it is rich in little scenes that can be embellished for off-season fare.

Perhaps McGinniss is most engaging when he introduces us to some characters in our political life who are not widely known: Harry Treleaven, the Garment brothers (Len and Charlie), Frank Shakespeare, and Roger Ailes are the new names and central characters of the book. McGinniss evidently kept close by Treleaven, one of the three main mediamen in the Nixon camp, for about the last four months of the campaign. He is not really interested in the personal, private lives of his characters, and the dollops he does serve up don't much help us with SELLING. It does not matter, for example, that Treleaven has a kind of tic about touting the realism of plastic flowers. We pass by the Symbols to observe the professional life of the mediaman in politics. When the Russians entered Czechoslovakia, the fact is immediately turned to use: "Then Shakespeare came in. He was exuberant. 'What a break!' he said. 'This Czech thing is just perfect. It puts the soft-liners in a hell of a box.'" Then Harry Treleaven cut a bit from the tape of the acceptance speech. The candidate had offended History by announcing a "new" era of negotiation with the Russians. We are one datum stronger in our sociologist's truth that perspective aggrandizes events. McGinniss also shows us how position creates enemies. One of the continuing tensions in the Nixon train was between the television pros and the old-line politicians. His characters are convinced that their medium is both necessary and the sufficient condition for Nixon's success, and they view the politician's concern for party and press as almost willful dereliction of reality. Dull, square, obsolescent John Mitchell takes some special raps. It is clear that, while McGinniss has the pressman's skepticism about TV, he shares, in his mod way, many of its assumptions. These are well-documented in the Appendix, which takes up the last third of the book. Here the historian will find an assortment of names written by the mediamen, and a selection of scripts for the one-minute commercials that raised such a stir late in the campaign.

One of the more interesting peripheral characters in the book is an ex-schoolteacher from Philadelphia, now on the President's staff, who fruitfully combined his passion for McLuhanism with his faith in Nixon. A rare bird, McGinniss, a fowl of more familiar feather, shares the passion, but rejects the faith, when he tries to establish his broader themes in Chapter 2. This effort is not very successful, partly because his taste is for scene rather than theme, and partly because the ideas are more projective than descriptive. One identifying mark of the Pop-McLuhaniist (if you will grant the hyperbole) is that he proposes television as the definitive destroyer of the linear tradition. And part of that tradition, it seems, is the political party. Thus McGinniss quotes McLuhan, as excerpted by Nixon's staff, to announce the death of the party system. "In all countries," Marshall McLuhan writes, "the party system has folded like the

organization chart. Policies and issues are useless for election purposes, since they are too specialized and hot. The shaping of a candidate's integral image has taken the place of discussing the conflicting points of view." Television, low in definition, the medium cool, connects our politicians by reflecting our humanity. But



Photo by Bruce Brigham
Mr. Brown is Assistant Professor of Political Science.

one is immediately struck by the polar extremes of the argument. Who could sensibly describe our political history as two centuries of encounter-by-discussion? In light of our spoils systems, Know-Nothings, bloody shirts, collar diplomacies, big sticks, and New Deals, "the medium is the message" is a political truism. What we need to know is who gets the message, and how? That different groups perceive different messages; that audience response varies by place, class, ethnicity, age (not to mention party identification) is well-known. Amplification of that point can be left to the students of public opinion and political socialization. It is the other term of the argument that is of interest here.

A second characteristic of Pop-McLuhanism is the notion that culture is ideologically autonomous - that it exists independently of social structure, the ways and things that order our collective lives. A televised Nixon therefore signals the demise of party in the face of his superbly machined nomination campaign and despite the near-fact (Kempton to McGinniss to us) that "... There seems to be no place larger than Peoria from which Nixon has not been beaten back; he is the President of every place in this country which does not have a bookstore..." Nixon country turns out to be Republican turf. How odd. The point to see is that "party," in our political tradition, is a generic term, like "family." There were parties of the rich and parties of the poor in ancient Greek cities; eighteenth-century aristocrats such as Rockingham and Newcastle had their own parties; there are inclusive parties, exclusive parties, Bonapartist parties, democratic parties. We should not take changes in party systems for the death of parties. Our own age, weird enough, is not wholly discontinuous from others. In the late '50's and early '60's, we were made to understand that the age of ideology had ended. JFK, our new man, was applauded for his pragmatism and flexibility. What we have come to see, as our urban coalitions and international alliances erode, is not the end of ideology, but its re-statement. So, too, are we seeing the transformation of professional political practice. The heyday of party in America was the era of massive immigration, when politicians launched careers on the vulnerability of the new citizens and the necessary expansion of the cities. Political offices were the stakes, elections the battlegrounds, and wealth, status, and power the goals. Things are clearly changing. The politics of friends and neighbors, where a budding politician could parlay the votes of his kinsmen into electoral power, is disappearing. Careers in politics are decreasingly defined by electoral institutions and the bounds of place. As with other occupations and professions, politics

has become at once more organized and diffuse. When C. Wright Mills told us that the power elite was composed of the important persons in the structures of corporate wealth, armed might, political position, and celebrity, he was describing a central tendency in societies like our own: that professional practice owes less to its peculiar substance and craft, and more to an ability to correlate the skills and vision of others in dispatching specific cases. So, to win an election, the man near the top hires specialists in television. How does he get near the top? He does what Nixon did to get to Miami: he persuades, cajoles, obligates, and overwhelms; and all this by the means of the party organization. The defeat of the Pop-McLuhaniist culturology is that it ignores the elements of the old structure which, in effect, control the priorities of the new complexity. Electoral law may no longer determine the process of campaigning, but it continues to set the goal.

This is not just an argument over terms. By his passionate agreement with the ex-schoolteacher from Philadelphia, McGinniss shows us a sensibility that not only limits understanding of the organizational milieu, but inhibits the capacity to perceive political events. THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT ain't not just at portraying the salesman, but at depicting the selling - the campaign. The story moves rather smoothly until October, when Humphrey began to gain ground rapidly. The mediamen panicked, despite John Mitchell's assurance that such a movement was to be expected. As his subjects panic, McGinniss' story flounders into chaos. In the last five disjointed chapters, we become aware that the author is really able to describe the competence of the television men in their own terms, and when their skill is shown to be less than definitive in the campaign, his description fails as well. He is thrown back from "images" and image-seeking to his own view of

CHALLENGE (cont.)

progress in restoring the quality of the environment may very well be a result of the isolation of disciplines. The ecologist is unable to understand the economics of pollution, and the corporate manager is often unaware of the consequences of actions taken for "reasons of economy." The problem was well summarized in "Ecology in the Classroom," an article concerning interdisciplinary study that appeared in the January 10, 1970 issue of *Science News*:

The departmental framework, setting discrete studies apart from one another, is a matter of tradition and administrative efficiency in most universities. It has many defenses, but it is creating a barrier to interdisciplinary study... Universities responding to the pressure to study the environment are finding the study of ecology to be a meeting ground for all disciplines ranging from biomedicine to the study of law.

It is here that Williams can make a contribution, for there seems no better a place for the interdisciplinary approach to environmental education than the small liberal arts college. The large land-grant institutions have proven to be a fine place to train environmental specialists, but here at Williams, at the undergraduate level, students can be supplied with the broad and many-faceted background necessary for later specialization. In the Williams atmosphere, with the relevant departments working with one another, students would be able to investigate how the biological, physical, and social sciences interact. Equipped with an understanding of the relationships between disciplines, the Williams graduate would be well prepared

reality: Humphrey is successful in those latter days because he IS a warmer, more fully human person than Nixon. Whatever the merits of that supposition as an explanatory device, it cannot carry the tale.

It should now be evident how the Pop-McLuhaniists find their allies in McGinniss' third market group, the traditional Nixon-haters. In their view, Nixon compounds inauthenticity by manipulating his image. The Nixon of 1962 ("You fellows won't have Dick Nixon to kick around anymore.") is there right along with Tricky Dick. The liberal, cosmopolitan, upper-middle-class has always disliked him as much for his style as for his deeds. What they, in their educated emphasis on creativity and authentic expression of self, do not see is that Nixon lives tension which has always been a part of democratic theory and practice. Because large-scale democracy has tried to find a mode of representation for aggravating individual choice, there is a discontinuity between the fiduciary role of the representative and the judgment of his governing. The qualities appropriate for trust are seldom those required for performance. The upper-middle-class and the McLuhanists join in their emphasis on integrity, whether of image or some more real humanity, thus fixing on the element of trust at the expense of performance. The consequences of the alliance is that political events are understood as personal quirks or facets of image rather than as public affairs. Any conception of public interest dissolves in the multiplicity of private scenes. So when candidate Nixon utters a cautionary word on the gimmickry of television, the anti-Nixon observer sees the clever politician trying once again to disguise either his cunning or his insecurity. Heads or tails; no matter. As McGinniss tells it, the new era of aural irrationality sounds very much like the old linear complaint: We Can't Stand Pat.

for graduate work in the field of his choosing, whether it be air pollution engineering or environmental law.

Last month a proposal for a major or coordinate-major in environmental studies was presented to the Committee on Educational Policy. As presented, both options would involve introductory courses taught by the Art, Biology, Political Science, and Economics Departments, followed by upper level synthesis courses and courses in related subjects. The CFP did not act on the proposal at its last meeting because certain members of the faculty felt that more science courses should be required in the sequence. A compromise is possible, but there is a danger that the interdisciplinary concept that lies behind the program will be lost. If the addition of a few science courses will provide a better background for later work, that is fine. But if the intention of the Committee and the faculty is to devise a program that will produce environmental specialists, then they will demonstrate their lack of understanding of not only the interdisciplinary philosophy, but of the purpose of the liberal arts college as well. Williams did not rise to excellence by producing specialists, trained in a rigid discipline, but by turning out well-rounded men, capable of exploring a number of fields.

In his Convocation address last fall, President Sawyer referred to the environmental crisis as a challenge that the liberal arts college should meet. There are many students on this campus who would like to devote their lives to the restoration of a quality environment. By establishing an interdisciplinary program in environmental studies - by meeting this challenge - Williams would not only satisfy the needs of its students, but would also make a valuable contribution toward the amelioration of the quality of our life.

THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Two

Thursday, February 12, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

COUNCIL REFORMS ADVANCED

by Christopher West

It is exceedingly difficult to put oneself and one's surroundings into perspective in order to evaluate them with any degree of accuracy. At this point, however, as we plunge into the second semester, I would like to attempt a personal diagnosis of the present ills of the College Council, and then I hope to offer a few remedies.

Obviously, the most serious problem the College Council faces will be its acceptance by the students it is supposed to represent. A recent accusation that the Council is dominated by "a bunch of elitists" seems rather strong; still, there is no doubt that the Council's public image desperately needs refurbishing. A recent WCFM poll found that 54 per cent of the students think the Council "too far removed" from them. Only 17 per cent of the campus believes that the Council "reflects the opinion of the majority of students." And a shockingly tiny 8 per cent feel that the Council is an effective voice for student opinion.

In spite of this situation, the outgoing Council at times seemed to go out of its way to antagonize its remaining supporters. The Freshman Inclusion controversy last spring by no means endeared the Council to the Freshmen (this year's Sophomores). And the Political Funding crisis this past fall was a first-class example of Council intransigence. Finally, in December, over two-thirds of the student body repudiated the stand of the Council on this issue.

Now, however, a new Council is taking over in Griffin Hall, and we ask ourselves "Where do we go from here?" I would make three preliminary suggestions. First, before the Council can be accepted by the students, they must become aware that it really does exist. An obvious first step is to post the Council minutes in every residential house and Freshman entry on campus.

Second, why must the College Council always meet in stately old Griffin Hall? The walk from Garfield House to Griffin on a cold snowy night would discourage anyone from attending Council meetings. I wonder why the Council can't hold its meetings in the living rooms of the residential houses? No house is too small to hold the nineteen-member Council, and the act of bringing the Council to the students would perhaps help convince them that it really is their Council.

Yet definitely the most critical issue was evidenced by that same

Please turn to page 2

Environmental Action Demanded . . . Writer Claims College Holdings Are The Key

by Dore Griffinger

In the first issue of THE ADVOCATE, I found Bob Gordon's article, "A Challenge to Williams" to be both pertinent and interesting. Seldom have I seen this problem presented with such a well thought out conclusion. For those of you who did not read Gordon's

article, I will attempt to rehash his main points. The problem which he presented was pollution and the enormity of man's task if he is to overcome it. Gordon suggested that Williams open up courses to inform people about the environmental crisis; and they would go into the world to create firms that would

fight pollution. This idea is great. However, I have a solution that will be effective right now and satisfy every student's craving for power at the same time.

My idea is not entirely novel. It originated at dinner in northern New Jersey where I spoke with two frustrated parents. The parents had a son who was becoming a radical. He was dating a black girl, and to top that off, he was seeking proxy votes to use at the stockholder's meetings of major firms in which Princeton University owned stock. As a lone freshman at Princeton, the boy and his idea had been squashed. His parents were relieved.

As I was fairly inebriated that evening, the idea did not really hit until the next afternoon. Williams College would love it. An ad hoc student committee could be set up to approach President Sawyer and the Trustees of the College. This committee would secure permission to speak for the college at the stockholder's meetings of companies in which Williams College holds shares. The fact is that many of these companies are the very companies that are polluting the environment. Williams men could have a real effect not only on the polluted Berkshires, but also on the national environment as well, for certainly the adverse publicity involved would add weight to the students' arguments, and would probably force the corporations to extend their anti-pollution campaigns. Further research has shown me that Williams College has 1.6 million dollars invested in the common stock of General Motors, the firm regarded by many as the most irresponsible polluter of our environment. The potential of this plan is fantastic.

Several hours later, my thoughts became more realistic. Nothing like this could ever get near the President. The student government-addicts would get the College Council to appoint committees to advise the committees. Bureaucracy runs student government at Williams. Witness all the others who have been frustrated by this bureaucracy and have sunk into apathy. However, if in this case Williams students determine their feelings on the subject and respond with action, they may be able to do some real good somewhere, and something just might give. I hope so.

We Need Writers,

artists, photographers, poets, critics, business managers, and clever individuals of every ilk. If you've got the time to invest in a really fascinating and challenging kind of job, then make sure you're at THE ADVOCATE's open meeting Monday, February Sixteenth in the Mears Lounge at 8 P.M.



Shanks in The Buffalo Evening News

"Flip y" for it"

East of Eden: Looking Homeward

by Albert Haas

Coming from high schools on the west coast, most applicants for eastern colleges receive warnings from friends, relatives, and college counsellors about a difference in life style to be encountered. "It's a dog-eat-dog world" some say, or "you'll end up a businessman" others say, or "you'll have a ball" as my college counsellor said. Second-hand impressions become rather muddled and the westerner soon politely ignores the abundance of helpful hints supplied by those who have had experience. He flies off to college a little anxious and a little confused as to what he should expect.

Most westerners do indeed sense a difference when they arrive at an eastern college. It is hard to pin down because both westerners and easterners are diverse and generalizations tend to break down. However, as the westerner adjusts to his new environment, he develops a perspective on his

native area and begins to see a different emphasis on values that shows up in several ways.

Students in the east seem intent upon realizing themselves in as many categories as possible. They rush themselves to succeed in academics, in sports, in hobbies, and "in" women. Most freshmen at Williams have a vocational field in mind and orient their college education towards the future. In this sense, easterners pursue their interests effectively and are more apt to achieve the goals they set for themselves. A western student tends to admire this quality and is even a little scared at the atmosphere it creates.

As far as personal relationships go, there is certainly a feeling of comradeship among the students here — people enjoy each other. Yet it seems that the realm of friends and the realm of goals are kept separate. People in the east are not especially interested in knowing what other people

Please turn to page 3

OBIE (cont.)

hamburger roll. His legs are not slender either, yet they seem powerful, reinforcing an impression that if he wants to rest in a hammock he must topple slowly like a tall tree. His face says well, I can be tough, you know, but clearly it is also ringed with gentleness. His forehead is high and clean, overlooking a broad nose and thin-lipped mouth and a pair of tender eyes that appear carefully rubbed into place, as a child might do with a clay figure. When he smiles a layer of fat bounces below his chin.

Certainly physical appearance was a factor in Arthur Penn's decision to star Chief Obanhein as himself in Penn's film version of "Alice's Restaurant." Pushing his thumbs behind his belt, the Chief leaned back in his brown chair and recalled the offer with amusement. "Harry Elkins -- the producer -- came in here and asked me. He's the one made that 'Oh! Calcutta!' I told him I didn't want any part of it. He said he could get an actor, but you know, I didn't want anyone else playing me. Arthur Penn wanted me." He smoked a cigarette while he spoke, but when he referred to Penn he became almost reverential, sitting forward in the chair and gesturing lumpishly with open palms, possibly afraid we'd miss the point. "Arthur Penn -- he's a great guy, a terrific director. Doesn't holler, he's easy-going. Got a nice crew." That was another thing he wanted clear: "The film crew, you know, they were great," and he waved his hands again.

Scene: One troubled, fidgety police officer about to make his movie debut, probably scared out of his wits, but not wanting to look it. Around him actors and actresses, producers, directors, publicity men, all bobbing and weaving, shouting, putting on those faces of the arts...all in sandals or long vests, or colored glasses and beads. The police officer wears his uniform. Action: The police officer needs a friend. He searches for one. The film crew is filled with working men, hard-working men, the type who sweat. They complain about things like the heat, or the lack of glory in their job, or the crap they're always taking. And so amongst these men, the unappreciated and forgotten, the policeman finds security and peace.

"The studio was in Pittsfield on Grace Terrace. All they shot around here were exteriors. They built the police station inside, the restaurant inside -- them guys are really clever. You walk in the restaurant you swear you were walking in the place. I didn't have any special instructions. More or less they said do what you normally do. Off and on it took a couple of weeks. They give you a script when you come in the morning. You look at it a couple of minutes, then they take it away. You catch on. I guess if I had to do it at night I couldn't do it. Pat Quinn and me we'd say the lines together."

At the mention of Pat Quinn, who played Alice, we took a sly, cynical look around the room, curious to see how the events that followed an inconsequential Thanksgiving Day arrest three years ago had changed the life of this policeman. His desk was mostly uncluttered, except for a couple of forms and photos. Underneath a wall clock hung the proverbial comic-tragic masks, though these particular two were clown faces; beneath the clowns a caricatural cop was postured. A Honeywell Alarm System. A laeklustre phone. Legal books on the shelves. A row of foot lockers with yellow slickers and heavier garb, all with insignia and an American flag on the shoulder. Coffee-making materials. A bulletin board with a twenty-five thousand dollar reward posted. And, off in the corner, a jail cell which not only hadn't changed in three years, but probably hadn't in ten.

No autographed pictures of Pat Quinn. No impressive document from Arthur Penn, thanking Chief Obanhein and gushing how great he'd been. Instead: Status quo.

Slightly embarrassed, we quoted Vincent Canby, the *Times* film critic, who had called Chief Obanhein-Officer Obie "the most appealing villain

since Captain Hook," and we asked if his film career were really over. The Chief scratched his eyebrow and gave us a sheepish stare, as if he were saying come on guys, give me a break; don't you realize how mortifying this is? "When I first saw it at the premiere I was kinda disappointed. I looked kinda fat and kinda... big. You say 'That wasn't me up there.' But the first time I saw it you missed a lot -- missed a lot of the people I



Photo by Bruce Brigham
"But Alice -- she was real fiery."

knew. A future? Nah, I'd have to say no future."

"Could you be tempted?"

He thought that was pretty funny. "Well, it would have to be something pretty good."

And so we came to the obvious question. Chief Obanhein folded his hands and tried to smile; he had told us earlier that he hadn't been interviewed much ("A couple of highschool girls were in here a couple months back. They wrote up a nice article," he hinted), but we could see he'd been over this ground before, that the question was overworked to the point of ludicrousness, comparable to asking the President if he really meant the State of the Union Address. Yes, Chief Obanhein began, most of the things in "Alice's Restaurant" really happened... "He had a whole truckload of garbage -- everything -- even a living room couch in there. We really did take the glossies. Not in color, though. No circles or arrows. Just so the judge can get an idea. Though the judge really was blind. That's Judge Hannon, lives up near Lee. He's got a buddy, visits the judge all the time, and he's blind too. I don't know where they went to school, but the buddy was first in his class, and the judge, I think he was second."

"Anyway, Arlos -- I call him Arlos, don't ask me why -- Arlos was with his buddy Robbins and they took all the stuff up near the Indian Hill Music School. You know, that's for ballet and the arts, between Hoosatonick and Great Barrington. There's a caretaker's house right on the grounds. The old man and old lady saw him dropping this and, well, they called me. They did drop the rubbish. Of course, they were arrested. Anyone from out of state, they have to post bail or go with me. While Alice was getting bail we put them in the cell. And of course there wasn't any toilet seats or --" By this time the Chief was laughing, gesturing with his arms, and well into his usual monologue; maybe he'd been here before, but he was still enjoying it. "Arlos and his buddy never opened their mouth. But Alice -- she was real fiery." He shook his head. "Such an attractive girl using truck driver language. I said, 'Get out or I'll lock you up, too.'"

"What happened?"

He was waiting for that: "She went," he grinned -- a careful, crafty grin: the cat that swallowed the canary.

Chief Obanhein glanced at his desk, we made some hurried notes. Pasted on the window was a flag decal we hadn't noticed before. There was a pause. This was the hard part, letting the past emotions hibernate and sift through the air, all so we could start a new subject without seeming too dumb about it. We asked how the incident had affected his life, or the town's, and specifically how the rest of the police force had reacted to his sudden celebrity; that was a tricky

one -- tricky because it sneaked into personal places, such as the cellars where envy hides. And Chief Obanhein chose to ignore it.

"I don't think this has changed the town. A few of the old staunch Yankees tried to raise their eyebrows, but most take it in good spirit. I get a lot of kids come through. They want to know if I exist. 'Well,' I say, 'I'm breathing and I'm walking.' One guy thought some actor did my part. A few came in a couple months ago from Bangor, Maine. Can you imagine that? They hitchhiked. You know them, it's nothing. They just pass it off. Mostly they want pictures. Or they want to know if it's really true, or how much of it is. An awful lot are collecting police shoulder patches. I guess they want one says Stockbridge on it."

"But, uh, the rest of the force..."

"No. No different." Except one thing: Officer Obie. "They used to call me that in the service. Caught on a lot now." He laughed.

Then we brought up the Chicago "conspiracy" trial where such exponents of "youth culture" as Guthrie, Country Joe, and Judy Collins have been denied permission by the presiding justice, seventy-four year old Judge Hoffman, to testify through song on behalf of the accused "conspirators;" the singer's contention is that this is the only way to explain one generation to another; Judge Hoffman sees it differently. "I don't think he should of perhaps sung the song in court," replied Chief Obanhein, twisting his tongue over his small teeth and onto a cut in his lower lip. "But they do have some obscene movies and a judge looks at them. He might've listened, even if it was in a back room. You take a kid with hair down to his shoulders -- or a beard -- he's got two strikes against him. People think he's one of those raising ruckuses, one of those outsiders, you know, who come in and start the trouble. They say 'He's one of that crowd,' even though he might be all right. But those others make all college kids look bad."

Responding to the next question, Chief Obanhein said he didn't have any real hobbies, nothing special any more. However, he did like all kinds of music. He seemed pleased when he said that, and he checked our faces for reaction. "Though I don't have a copy of the song. I think my son has a

copy. Arlos never sent me one -- not even one of those gold ones." He chuckled at his own joke, but his mind seemed to wander elsewhere, perhaps into that region of pride and sadness which is one of the heart's defenses, for momentarily he added, still chuckling of course, "He's making all the dough and I'm getting nothing."

"Some of Arlo's buddies are still around," he went on, apparently eager to shift topics. "Arlos bought quite a bit of land in the town of Washington, up near Becket. Lots of acres. I see him going through in his checkered car. That's from the film. It was kind of strange at first. Arlos and his buddies -- it was like had the plague. They stood here and I stood there. After a while, though, they'd get in my cruiser and I'd drive them back to town. They bought a cruiser, and they made it just like mine." He drew in his breath and then, remembering an anecdote, let it out with a tiny grunt. "Alice and I are good friends. The first time I saw her after the rubbish business was about two months after. I was in the town clerk's office. He says, 'I want you to meet the party bought the restaurant.' Down the hall comes Alice. I said, 'Oh, Jesus.'"

Chief Obanhein stood up then, and he showed us the cell. "This is the cell," he said.

"Right here?" asked the photographer.

"Right here."

The photographer asked if the Chief would mind posing for a shot in the cell. "With a big smile, please?"

"Well, I've never been asked this before," he said, stepping into the cell and grinning. "Just don't close it on me."

We shook hands and put on our coats. His left hand toying with a chain of keys, Chief Obanhein walked back to his desk and began shuffling some photos. He held one up. "Look at this," he said, grasping an eight-by-ten glossy of two horses, covered with blankets, lying dead on the hard winter ground.

We asked what happened -- the cold?

"No. Malnutrition." He whistled some breath through his teeth. "No one fed those animals." He tapped his fingers against the second horse and whistled again. "This one's the worst."

Charles Rubin

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Boola

It is a well-known fact that fraternities continue to flourish on campus. Of course no one says anything about it, in spite of the fact that various juniors were recently invited to pledge. It would be hard to believe that Hopkins Hall is ignorant of the situation. Either they are content to let these Greek-letter vestiges of the old, and preferably dead, Williams "do their thing" -- which in itself is a frightening thought -- or else there remains a basic unwillingness to open up a kettle of fish.

Obviously something should be done if, in truth, the anti-fraternity edict is to be taken seriously. Yet, thankfully, all of that activity is pretty much *sub rosa*.

On the other hand, the decision of the four Greylock Houses to prevent all students, other than members and guests, from eating in their dining halls is not only absurd, but also smacks of the same noxious elitism as the Greek-letter fraternities.

Granted, since these dining halls were constructed primarily for the private advantage of each Greylock house, the four houses have every right to do this. Yet perhaps what the Quad Houses lack is a sensitive understanding of the exact reasons why students select Greylock's meals over the ones at their assigned houses.

By and large, there are two reasons: Convenience, and health. Convenience applies only at lunch. Greylock simply is closer to a classroom than the Fort, or Tyler, or Garfield, where lunch usually means a gluttonous gulp before a one o'clock class.

Then there is health. This year there have already been food poisoning episodes at Pery and Bascom. Moreover, Greylock offers a greater variety of choice, and greater care is taken in the preparation of it. As with all large kitchens, Greylock's food may often be the bland, assembly-line species, but in quality it is still far superior to some of the row house meals that are awarded such affectionate sobriquets as fur-burgers, monster-mash, or mystery meat.

If the problem is merely to keep the swarms out of Greylock, the long-range solution would be for the college, or the specific row houses, to take steps to improve their meals. However, a good temporary answer would be to re-open the upperclass dining hall at Baxter and make the food Greylock's equivalent.

Hopefully there is still time for a re-evaluation of the question, one which bears some of these points in mind. The Greylock Houses should look with compassion upon the row house member who said, "One night peas, the next night beans, then corn. Then peas, beans, and corn mixed." If the Dean's office supports the four houses on this, then they can only be similarly criticized for backing the actions of the Greylock "fraternity-boys."

The Clark

It seems that very few people outside of Massachusetts have ever heard of Williamstown. In fact, most people who travel down Route Seven probably don't even realize they've passed through the village. And with good reason. To most motorists, Williamstown presents the image of the typical small New England town with typical small town houses, typical small town trees, and typical small town dogs prancing about typical small town lawns. In short, nothing to send a picture postcard home about.

Yet, for the members of two very specialized professions, Williamstown earns capital letters on the wall map. Educators know Williamstown for the College, distinctive in both quality and history. And artists around the world recognize the community as the home of one of America's finest collections -- the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute. With either end in mind, members of both professions enter Williamstown knowingly. They have come to explore something they are sure will prove memorable and undoubtedly well worth the distance they've traveled.

Like the proverbial New Yorker who astounds you with the fact that he has never ferried out to the Statue of Liberty, an oppressive number of Williams students will admit, with the greatest nonchalance, that they haven't been to the Clark, and that they don't even know where it is. Some merely have no interest in art. To each his own. For them, a trip to the Clark could well prove a complete waste of an afternoon, if not an insufferably boring experience. But a great number of students who make the National Gallery a "must" when they are in Washington and who chuckle at the prospect of seeing Paris without touring the Louvre "just haven't gotten around to the Clark." It is to them primarily that the following is addressed: proceed west on Route 2, turn left where 2 intersects 7, and journey south about six blocks. It's the imposing white marble one right past The Fort. About a ten minute walk from the furthest point on campus.

No kidding. We strongly urge you to get around to it. It's one of the most remarkable museums in the country -- really something to make time for. And don't let the fact that it's in a town of 7,322 throw you. We don't know what it's doing here either.

HAPPY LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

to

Sue Mullett and Al Michalenko

from THE ADVOCATE

The Grading Series

PASS-FAIL

by Larry Hollar

Grades, numbered and lettered, are one of the more enduring parts of American education. What college student hasn't asked his worried-looking roommate, "What'd you get?" and who hasn't heard at least one successful businessman say, "I didn't do too well in high school, but . . ." Grades are a durable legacy from the past at many institutions. But they should not, I think, be considered either inherently venerable or prestigious.

For at a point grades no longer indicate the worth of a course to a person or his "success" in it, but rather begin to reflect the attainment of certain ulterior ends: attentiveness or mere presence in class, or uncritical acceptance of an instructor's viewpoint. The crucial dilemma in a grading system is: how does one compare the work of a bright, unmotivated student who is compliant and usually "right" (who attains these ulterior ends) with the work of a probing, stimulated student who may often be wrong in his conclusions? A good teacher would recognize both responses and perhaps reward both; but I contend that a number or letter cannot do justice to either effort.

Because grades are an evaluation of how a student has "succeeded" in a course, they are only a camouflage for the real issue: how to motivate a student toward making his presence in a course worthwhile. The student with superior overall grades will not be motivated in a course just because he is receiving good grades in it; likewise the "poorer" student will certainly not be stimulated by an inferior grade. Those are the obvious situations which argue against a traditional graded curriculum. But if we are to suggest alternative systems, we must also ask: how do we replace the reward of a high grade for the "poorer" student, and the fear of a low grade to the superior student, as motivating forces in a certain course? And we must ask how the ego of the superior student is to be satisfied without the grade as a symbol of his achievement in comparison with his peers? How will graduate schools know whom to accept, and how will scholastic honors be awarded?

Since these are all major problems, we must answer them by keeping in mind the primary goal of academics in a disciplined higher education. We must make work, directed toward the goal of understanding the scope of a course and of a discipline, the aim of a college education. As a corollary, it is necessary that a grading system should allow for, and not discourage, a wide range of "acceptable," personal activity in a course. I believe grades are only a hindrance to achieving that goal, and therefore propose pass-fail as an alternative. It would be desirable to make all courses pass-fail, but I would admit one qualification. If secondary schools re-

main basically on a graded system, the eventual response of freshmen after the initial shock, may be to relax with the pressures of grades removed. Perhaps making some or all of the freshman's first or first and second semester courses graded, with WSP pass-fail, would help make the transition easier. I suggest this only because freshmen have so many other non-academic adjustments to make during their first year at college. If this method is shown to make adaptation more difficult, then all courses should be made pass-fail.

Before going into more specific treatment of my proposal, I must comment on Williams' current experiment in pass-fail, the Winter Study Program. I think any plan



Photo by Bruce Brigham
Larry Hollar

For a pass-fail program at this school will be accepted in spite of Winter Study, rather than because of it. The unfortunate tendency of pass-fail is automatically to associate it with "unstructured," or perhaps more correctly "structured so as to be unstructured." This is fine for the student who can proceed on his own, within a set course or in a 99, and he should be encouraged to do so. But for the rest of the class, which may well feel it needs some guidance for the month, independence can be a very negative opportunity. It must be remembered that even if a student does not know facts about a subject, he can still discuss what kind of structure for a course on that subject will let him learn as much as he wants. Thus, ideally a class or part of a class in WSP, with its instructor suggesting various alternatives, would decide how often it will meet and what will be discussed. The class should not face a syllabus, with class and free time set, at the beginning of the month. These decisions made early in January, with professor and students participating in the molding of the course, would hopefully allow for more diversity in the work. Those who want an intensive course with frequent classes can be accommodated; others with prior experience or exceptional interest in a limited aspect may be allowed more independence; and perhaps some intermediate proposals can be approved.

Thus, WSP is not by definition a time for less structure or less rigorous study of a topic. With

Please turn to page 4

At the cinema: JEROME CHRISTENSEN

"BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE"

Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice has been called one of the ten best comedies of the decade, best comedy of the year, and is the winner of a New York Film Critic's Award (New York may indeed be ungovernable if the anarchic disposition of its critics is any index. It is an odd film to win such accolades since it is not, cannot, be a comedy if comedy has anything to do with a film maintaining a consistently humorous attitude or intention. Notice that I use the qualifier "consistent" for it is certainly true that there are many spots where the viewer does laugh or is expected to laugh; but such moments engender mainly discomfort, for the spectator senses that he is laughing at something that really should not be funny.

Sex, marriage and love are all major themes of the film along with side trips into sensitivity training, Southern Californian opulence, and just plain hipness. Bob and Carol (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood), a married couple, go to a Synanon-type twenty-four hour encounter group session where they supposedly learn to open up and be honest with each other. Though unable verbally to communicate their enthusiasms to their friends Ted and Alice (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon), the demonstration of their newfound awareness and sexual freedom causes such consternation and confusion in the latter couple's marriage that Alice starts seeing a psychiatrist, and Ted pushes himself into an illicit affair. Eventually the whole hapless crew bundles off to bed with one another, only to find that they had been deluded, that true love and honesty is to be found only in the arms of their mates. The finale is a majestic piece of nonsense, a glorious coming-together in a nightclub parking lot-neon-De-Mille, cast of fifties—a scene that would have been more satisfying if everyone had just walked off into the sunset.

It is very difficult not to be

enraged at a film like *B & C & T & A* which must be seen as a naked attempt by the producer, the director, or some obscure mind management executive to reach every corner of the market



and to please everyone all at once, with a cynical refusal to adopt one honest viewpoint from the potpourri of smirking intellectual and sexual titillations which the film attempts to pander. For example, the treatment of sex fluctuates so much as to be finally revelatory of a basic dishonesty. In the original scene at Synanon we are shown that Bob and Carol are trying to strip themselves of ordinary sexual restraints and taboos. Bob, however, interprets this to mean that when he has an affair on the road he can justify it to himself and his wife by confessing "honestly" what occurred. Though his wife apparently accepts the event and the confession, the audience is asked to react negatively to the sequence both through the comic portrayal of their conversation

which reveals that Bob, at least, is actually not so very liberated after all; and more importantly through the visual portrayal of the couple's reconciliation, which is shown as merely carnal by an extraordinary shot from above of the two writhing on the bathroom floor. This shot, by its situation and distance, places the embrace in an anti-erotic framework. The "understanding" gained by the two is shown to be merely physical and receives a negative comment. This theme of the incompleteness of purely physical sex is continued more or less throughout the film in reference to the characters, but in relation to the audience the director attempts to work both sides of the street by frequently tantalizing the viewer with unnecessary shots of girls stripping on airplanes, Natalie Wood's buttocks, and finally through an incredible sequence of Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice group-groping on a windblown (yes, windblown) bed in a Las Vegas hotel room. While thematically denying through his characters that carnality is the honest way for people to reach each other, the director is nevertheless conscious that the easiest way for him to reach his spectator is by tickling the libido.

Using actual marital sexual difficulties the director cuts deeply to intensely real, intensely personal problems, problems which are embarrassingly out of phase with the overall levity of the film -- their integration demanding a delicacy and sincerity beyond the ken of this director -- problems which we are ashamed to laugh at, but which are nevertheless exploited both for humor and a cynical, phony authenticity. Beneath the slick manipulation of tension-release humor and the aggrandizement of effects solely as effects, lies an elemental crudeness both of artistic intention and execution which makes *B & C & T & A* a film well worth missing.

COUNCIL (cont.)

WCFM poll, in which three out of every five students felt that the Council President should be elected directly by students. Certainly the present election of Council officers by Council members is not only archaic but undemocratic as well!

For it is my belief that student distrust of the Council is by no means inevitable. A Council that shows a sensitivity to the needs and desires of its constituents will reap a bonanza of student respect. The experience of the outgoing Council should serve as a warning to the incoming members that they cannot operate in a vacuum — they must always remember that they represent others.

It is incumbent upon the Council to reform itself, and quickly. Wood House has already withdrawn from the Council, and several other Houses are considering similar action if the new Council does not improve its student support base. This would be disastrous, and only the Council can prevent it from happening.

TERRI QUIRK**EDEN (cont.)**

are looking for in life or why they live as they do. Other people are to enjoy and to have fun with — they are a relaxation from the pressure and monotony of daily work. The tension of trying to achieve goals would be too much without the release of socializing. For this reason, relationships take on a special tone. The most important quality of a friend is that he be someone to feel comfortable with. Easterners acquire a certain personality and polish with other people that helps them get along well together. Extreme sophistication is an absurd extension of such a polish and it is found most frequently in the east. It helps people to feel secure and amiable with each other.

Westerners are often ineffective in achieving their goals. In some cases, friends of mine spend more time wondering what they could be doing than doing anything else. Some are bumming around in San Francisco or are lost somewhere in Europe and have no intention of going to college. Projects and student revolts have a tendency to fizzle out rapidly in the west. I have noticed that easterners seem unable to be depressed for very long — they can keep plugging away at a math assignment long after a westerner would throw up his hands and say, "What am I doing, really?" Students in the west tend to have an inferior staying power.

Yet for a westerner, personal relationships fulfill a very important role. People take an interest in each others' hopes and disappointments — they want to understand what they are looking for and what they have found. Relationships, although often tense and unstable, are frequently close ones. Personality affectations are regarded as defenses and there is a desire to look beneath them. This concern with others manifests itself in the many attempts by westerners to realize their potentials on a group level. Communal showers, encounter groups, drum-ins, orgies, and staged revolutions are attempts by students to explore each other. Many parents in the west have been involved with such organizations as the Esselen Institute where people can more easily come to understand each other. There is no general desire of Williams College students to learn very much about their friends. On the contrary, western students emphasize mutual exploration. Discussions, group games, poetry readings, and work projects were much a part of the high school I attended and the Friend's Service project I worked with last summer, and they helped bring us all close together.

It is somewhat of a challenge for a westerner to come east. I find myself becoming to one extent introverted and at the same time becoming friendly in a superficial way. As I work more at achieving my own goals, my friends come to provide merely an outlet for my tension. Easterners indeed seem happier and more effective on the whole, but I find there is an element my relationships have that is missing. It is one that I have a hard time abandoning.

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Volume One, Number Three

Thursday, February 19, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

LATEST CAMPUS FAD: CAPS

In 1636, the first American academy of higher education opened its iron gates to candidates for the Puritan ministry in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The school, of course, was Harvard. Half a century later, in 1693, the second colonial college was founded: William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia. Then came Yale in 1701, the College of New Jersey (Princeton) in 1746, and Franklin's Academy (the University of Pennsylvania) in 1751. And eventually, more than 2,000 universities, colleges, and junior colleges came to be established in the United States. But Harvard was undeniably first.

It seems that Harvard is almost compulsively first; she's first in quality (some say), endowment and library holdings. But perhaps most important (despite the fact that the Harvard trustees make no claim to the distinction), she is irrepressibly the dominant herald of what's "in", "vogue", "groovy", "dynamite" or the innumerable other synonyms for the American fad. It turns out sooner or later that just about everything "in" was "in" at Cambridge while it was indisputably "out" most everywhere else in the country. This holds especially for verbal expression and garb. Right now at Harvard, the expression of the semester seems to be "overculture", meaning any variety of group social behavior which is "ahead" of society and will eventually (in all likelihood) permeate it. (Thus all of Harvard is overculture). And the sartorial thing - of - the - moment at Harvard is the cap. The 1920's silent-film flat-top broad-visored cap. Why? Who knows? - but it's on its way. Why is it on its way? Because it's coming from Harvard naturally.

The peculiar thing is, nobody is quite certain why an aerial view of the Square has suddenly come to resemble a cupboard of saucers instead of a closet of mops, as it did last year. The most frequently offered explanation is that it all began three years ago with a quasi-underground organization of disgruntled Sicilian students who adopted the caps as a kind of uniform to be worn at their semi-monthly dinner meetings. The group soon disbanded, reportedly as a result of apathy among the membership. But the cap-wearing tradition persevered and caps began to show themselves on a daily and public basis. To class, through the Yard, and into the Square the dismembered organization brought its symbolic caps. And eventually they were noticed. Last April, an underground newspaper called *Periscope*, published by several students at Leverett House, ran a feature on the cap-carriers, and caps began to proliferate to non-Sicilian segments of the Harvard community. Caps became a bonafide craze, though, only last semester, and according to Sophomore John Farago, "It's reached the level of hula-hoops, yo-yo's and Avis buttons. Everyone's primary objective, it seems, is to out-do everyone else by wearing the freakiest cap possible."

One phenomenon which the observer cannot help but notice is the possessiveness of particular factions of the student body vis-à-vis their caps. The sizable White Panthers wear stridently orange ones with very low visors, covering most of their shaven heads. And a radically Zionist association calling itself the Action League dons a light blue corduroy cap which blends in well with the Israeli flag.

Women, as well as men, wear caps. Says Radcliffe Sophomore Bonnie Blue-stone, "We really dig them. Fashions generally seem to be reverting back to the twenties and thirties, don't they? It's to be expected after the sudden interest in silent films and the Bogey flicks that everyone seems to be into. And even modern producers are cashing in on the era: 'Bonnie and Clyde', 'The Night They Raided Minsky's'! It's no big surprise that caps are dynamite now."

Though caps undoubtedly are nowhere so widespread as at Harvard and Radcliffe, their popularity is definitely on the rise at other Eastern institutions.

Please turn to page 4

Beware: The Abominable Snowmobile

by Tony Goodwin

I saw my first snowmobile about ten years ago as it chugged up a ski slope to repair a broken lift. What at the time looked like a neat toy has now become a sophisticated and popular machine capable of carrying civilization and all its attendant noise, crowds, and litter to the far corners of our remaining wilderness. At the present time there are nearly two

million snowmobiles traveling over nearly every available piece of snow in the country.

A snowmobile is a sled about six feet long with one or two steel skis up front and is driven by a cleated rubber belt. The belt is powered by a two-cycle engine putting out between 7 and 30 horsepower and traveling up to 60 mph. It can travel on slopes up to 20 degrees and cross country through

many wooded areas. It costs between \$700 and \$1200. Five percent of all snowmobiles are used by people in the course of their jobs while the rest are used for recreation such as traveling to a secluded fishing spot, racing around a track, or cruising from bar to bar. The average snowmobiler earns between \$7,000 and \$10,000 a year and may very well own more than one machine. When not snowmobiling he pursues such other activities as camping, boating, hunting, fishing, or skiing. His least favorite activity is reading.

Trips lasting for only an afternoon are the most popular, and this explains the great popularity of places like Mt. Greylock. On a good Sunday there can be several hundred snowmobiles on the summit. There are other times, however, when smaller numbers of foot travelers will outnumber the snowmobilers so it should not be assumed that snowmobiles have a monopoly on use of the mountain.

I became actively interested in the problem of snowmobiles three years ago when I started cross-country skiing, and this January I undertook to study the conflict on Mt. Greylock. Foremost in my mind was to attempt to modify the development plan proposed by the Massachusetts Department of Natural Resources for Mt. Greylock. In this plan no attention was given to the conflict between the users or to the effect snowmobiles might have on the environment.

The nature of the conflict is one of safety and skiing surface. A snowmobile packs the snow down tightly, and when many of these machines use the same trail the entire width becomes hard with perhaps a few ruts and some sharp bumps on the steep sections. The cross-country skier - unlike his downhill counterpart - needs to have ski tracks set into the surface of the snow in order to keep them from wandering. Descending, the skier is likely to slide to the outside of all the corners on the hardpack, and there is an obvious danger of meeting a snowmobile at this point. Furthermore, there is the aesthetic conflict: The foot traveler is seeking peace and quiet as well as his objective, and certainly the appreciation of the subtleties of nature is as important to him as the attainment of the summit. The roaring noise of the snowmobile precludes any such pursuit, and the main challenge becomes one of avoiding the speeding machines.

The final recommendations of the report noted the need for several approaches to the summit for both types of users and also took into account the intent of the three original commissioners of the Mt. Greylock reservation. Snowmobiles would be limited to the three summer auto roads. Un-

Please turn to page 2



Drunks Pilot Snowmobiles Along Rockwell Road

Photo by William Tague

In Which The Writer Disproves An Old Adage: There Is No Smoke Without Fire

by J.R.M. Fraser Darling

No doubt many undergraduates at Williams College have compared their present conceptions of campus life with the pre-conceptions they held before enrollment. The halcyon summer between school and university pampered the adolescent with illusions of Elysium. The grove of Academe lay isolated from the material inconveniences of the twentieth century, secluded by hills green and Arcadian. Mingling with the sylvan scene lay the occasional portico or stoa, half-hidden by the dappled shade of Dutch Elms. All-pervasive was the leisurely, yet indefinable atmosphere of New England, massaging the intellect with its vintage balm of history and tradition.

Still aloft, the youth, giddy with expectation, makes his September pilgrimage to join the sons of Ephraim. The autumn splendour, at least, mollifies the consequent destruction of that pastoral bliss, those dreams so long cosseted throughout the hot months of waiting. Yet inevitably the romance withers with the leaves. The freshman's cloistered campus is split in two by the main road. Bucolic reveries on the Taconic golf course are shattered by views of the ugly red chimney belonging to the heating plant, of the back-end of the brutish gymnasium, and the wire-mesh jungle of the football field. The lyre succumbs to the hoot of the passing goods-train and the virgin snow of winter turns black with the filth of vagrant automobiles. The cess-pit of North Adams wrecks the view from the Peaks of Pine Cobble. If all is desolation, the poetic fancy, though senile now that the first blooms of puberty have withered, must once again cushion him by a system of associations, from the false impression that Williams College is a dead-end dump for back-woods academics.

Terrible though the confession be, much of one's conscious existence is spent in an avoidance of reality. This is merely a symptom of what Hobbes termed the instinct of self-preservation. (Since the writer is incapable of uttering profundities he will consider only the most superficial level of man's attempt to construct a dreamworld by associating the numerous items that make up his environment with items of other environments, either historical or fictional. A thought is

like a cheese souffle - when one tries to realize it in words it emerges, like the souffle from the oven, either as an exquisite gem of infinite wisdom or as an half-baked platitude, encrusted with cliches. The writer must be excused, then, for not venturing beyond the tuna-fish salad.)

If one goes into any travel agency it becomes obvious that a whole industry has grown up by the association of mundane locations with fabulous and fantastic mores which are hardly in evidence outside of the human imagination. To the strains of 'Eroica' literati still quack philosophy over coffee and pretzel in Vienna's smoky cafes, while overtones of 'Lohengrin' are wafted through the city on a northerly gale. Cries of 'Ave Caesar' resound in the forum at Rome as barefooted friars chant litanies in the temple of Jupiter. Gibbon's twentieth century counterpart, however, enjoys hallucinations of Monica Vitti, naked in a Masarati, rising from a spaghetti sea. Joyce and Sygne still prowls the pubs of Dublin and Oscar Wilde invites us to a bacchanalia of aesthetes at the Cadogan Hotel. Paris echoes to the popping corks of Blanc de Blancs flowing freely to the music of Offenbach and giggles at the Moulin Rouge; while several hundred miles to the southwest, in the parishes of the Medoc, Christ yields the altar to Château Lafite, the Devil to phylloxera. Amid the stench of a Turkish cafe near the Piraeus the perspiring tourist from Omaha shares a glass of ouzo with Phaedipides just in from Marathon. The slim form of Ganymede looms behind every sip of resinated wine. On the way to the Plaka night-clubs, the profile of Pericles merges with that of the tram-driver. Clutching a copy of 'Arabian Nights' to his bosom, our man in Baghdad brushes shoulders with Scheherazade. The palace at Agra still contains the twitter of Mogul harems and the disciple of Gauguin roams the bars of Polynesia in search of free love. Russia is more the land of Khans and Kazars than of commissars. Once again Prince Igor thunders across the steppes, this time dragging Vaslav Nijinsky and Anna Pavlova in tow. Igor's captive train contains other such eminences - Tchaikovsky, Borodin, and Moussorgsky pool their talents in composition

Please turn to page 4

PASS-FAIL (cont.)

our present grading system, it is a break from the grinding for grades; it cuts the course load by three-quarters and lets a group of students and a professor look at a topic from a new perspective. But WSP as I have suggested it, as precursor to an all-pass-fail curriculum, is valid for its new pressures: a student must make worthwhile use of his month without the grades to which he has been accustomed to react, and he must take an active part in determining how he will approach his WSP subject. Likewise, the instructor in a pass-fail curriculum must not abnegate his responsibility to instruct, but must encourage and accept more divergent and valuable responses to his instruction than are usually possible in a graded system. In these ways WSP can be made a strong case for complete pass-fail, rather than the liability it is now.

Now to more specifics on the two pass-fail semesters. All courses above (and perhaps including) the freshman year will be pass-fail. Part of the first class of each course should be devoted to the professor's explanation of the course's thrust — briefly why he chose certain books, why they will be read in a certain order, and what he is aiming for in the semester's work. In major sequence courses it would be helpful to point out how a course fits into the disciplinary sequence. As the semester progresses students who are in serious danger of failing should be informally warned since the evidence of dangerously low grades will be lacking. Tests and papers are an integral part of our education; they should continue but be ungraded. At the end of the semester the professor, instead of computing grades, will decide pass-fail for each student. He will also be required to write a short evaluation of each student's work — for large lecture courses, an evaluation based primarily on written work; while for smaller discussion and especially major courses, a more detailed, individual judgment is needed. These evaluations may sometimes be limited to expressing the ulterior ends, such as attendance or compliance, that I mentioned earlier in this story. In some courses this may be unavoidable, but at least achievement of these ends

will be articulated as such and not falsely reflected in a grade that is much more impersonal, misleading and open to varied interpretations.

These evaluations would be released only with consent of the student. When the student applies to graduate schools, these would serve as records of his achievement as an individual, and not as part of a class curve. Graduate schools would receive these evaluations as well as more complete recommendations from the student's major department and the usual faculty recommendations. Honors work would also be evaluated in depth by the supervising instructor as an indication of the student's ability to handle independent work.

Students would also be expected to evaluate each course for the benefit of the professor — evaluations which, like the professor's judgment of the student's work, will not be made public. Any course evaluation that is to be published should be entirely separate from the one I propose.

There would be no class-wide academic honors: no class rank, no cum laudes. Some recognition for outstanding work in each department, awarded to students jointly by his fellow majors and professors, would be appropriate.

Pass-fail will require a major commitment of time to looking at the why, as well as the what, of a course and of the work done in a course. But in a small college priding itself on its excellent student-faculty relations, why don't we tempt fate and see what our relationships as intellectuals really are. Pass-fail, then, can be as much an exercise of the mind as it is a grading system.

With this system of articulated evaluation, there are definite rewards for superior work, while for inferior work there will be an explanation of why the professor considered it failing work or inferior yet still passing work. Some people may suggest that these same evaluations may be added to the present grading system to avoid sacrificing the entire system. I would contend, however, that evaluations are a substitute for, not a complement to, grades, because they tell the same thing as grades without the deceptive preciseness a letter or number carries.



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Boola - II

Given the numerous problems and disagreements about various aspects of the residential house system here at Williams, the officers of the four Greylock houses have done a disservice to the entire campus in declaring the Greylock Dining Hall to be closed to all but Greylock members and their guests. There are more important questions to be deliberated — methods of freshman inclusion, procedures for allowing students to transfer from one house to another, policies toward the numerous upperclassmen who balk at paying house social dues for beer and mixers. The interests of "house unity" would be better served by trying to resolve these issues than by ratifying the rather specious arguments that a "closed" dining room is a unified dining room. Furthermore, the Greylock declaration will undoubtedly create much useless antagonism between members of the two types of houses when in fact all students should be investigating a couple of alternative solutions to the problems of poor-quality food or service at the row houses and overcrowding at Greylock, Berkshire Prospect, and Baxter Hall.

Bad food at the row houses? The Greylock contingent points out quite validly that this condition must ultimately be solved within the particular row houses themselves. Bascom House has recently introduced a plan involving pre-cooked, pre-packaged lunches that are not only more convenient for the cooks but also superior in quality to many of the regular lunches. Other unhappy row house members might investigate this.

Inconvenient timing of meals at row houses? The frustrations of run-to-the-house, gulp-down-lunch, run-to-class could be alleviated by opening the upperclass dining room in Baxter Hall, as already suggested by the Advocate as well as by many others. In addition, freshmen would be relieved of the tremendous press of waiting in line endlessly by the snack bar. Opening the other room in Baxter seems to be the most generally satisfactory solution, even for Greylock members, for fewer people would then be tempted to use their individual rooms as mere cafeteria rooms.

No doubt there are many subtle variations on the discordant ideas that the Greylock decision brings into the open, but it is the position of the Advocate that little is to be gained from the increased polarization of the campus that would be brought about by further declarations or by ill-natured resistance to the present one. Row house members and freshmen will still be allowed to eat at Greylock provided they are guests of some Greylock member, and Greylock people themselves will continue to have the most convenient and satisfactory eating conditions on campus, so nobody will be suffering appreciably more. It is hoped that the basic problems of poor eating conditions for many non-Greylock people will be solved by the combined efforts of all students, and that we can get back to more pressing and more significant issues concerning residential life here. There are enough real problems to keep us busy; we do not need to manufacture new ones.

d.k.

SNOWMOBILES (cont.)

fortunately this would leave for all but the expert skier only one approach. The Cheshire Harbor Trail — an approach which presently is heavily traveled by snowmobiles.

When the three original commissioners of the Mt. Greylock Reservation, John Bascom, Francis Rockwell and William Sperry stated that the "freedom and the boldness of nature (should) constitute the primary impression and render the chief service," they also hoped that the "reservation (would) become, in the midst of our industries, an unfailing token of the beauty of the world granted to us. . ." It is unlikely that motor roads all over the mountain have fulfilled their hopes for the reservation.

Recommendations in a report, however, are useful only if implemented. Hoping to achieve this end I attended a meeting of the Mt. Greylock Advisory Council armed with my report and 152 signatures on a petition. The Council advises the D.N.R. on matters pertaining to Mt. Greylock and is actually a very influential body. Having realized that the number of users would be an issue, the following petition was circulated for a week: "I am an active ski tourer and/or snowshoer and would like to call this fact to the attention of the Mt. Greylock Advisory Council. I am specifically interested in seeing trails on Mt. Greylock designated for foot travel only as skiing and snowshoeing are not compatible with snowmobile use." The signing was specifically limited to those who actually skied or snowshoed because the snowmobilers felt that there were a lot

"old ladies in tennis shoes" who would like to spoil their fun by signing an "I hate snowmobiles" petition. The petition, then, was limited to outdoor enthusiasts — that is, individuals who might actually use the mountain. The 152 names made a considerable impression, but the meeting ended indecisively with the formation of a committee for further study. However, it does seem that snowmobiles will be considerably limited on Mt. Greylock.

Reasons for the snowmobilers' often violent reaction to a move to limit their activities are probably two-fold. For many snowmobilers, operation of their vehicle has been the first time they have gotten outdoors in winter, and suddenly they have found it more enjoyable than watching television. This is to their credit, yet they tend to feel a bit evangelical about their newly found avocation and are very sensitive to criticism while not realizing that others have been enjoying winter in other ways for a long time. They also feel that by laying down \$1,000 or so they have bought unlimited access to the out-of-doors. With this much money invested in a snowmobile they are not going to ignore any attempt to limit its range.

On the other side: Despite the incurred wrath of the snowmobilers, why are skiers and environmentalists so determined to limit their range? Simply because a snowmobile prevents wilderness from being wilderness. When wilderness areas were first established (and in all probability more than 90 per cent of all land that will ever be preserved as wilderness

LETTERS

No Eats

To The Editors:

In your editorial entitled "Boola," you have attacked fraternity activities on the Williams campus, and you label the Greylock house's decision concerning the dining hall as absurd, elitish, and fraternity-ish. We fail to see much correlation between the two, and we decline any comment on fraternities, but we feel compelled to answer your accusations concerning the dining hall situation.

First let us enumerate our objections to the uninvited guests. (1) Each residential house does have an integrity and unity of its own under the present system at Williams. The Greylock houses do have libraries, basement party rooms, and individual dining facilities as do the row houses; therefore, most Greylock house members do want sovereignty over their own dining room. If that is a fraternity attitude — then we plead guilty. (2) The board paid by these uninvited students is used for meals prepared at their respective houses. Greylock dining hall was not designed for the added students that have recently been eating there. Both of these factors point to the inequity of these extra students inconveniencing Greylock house members. (3) The added number of students not only run down the quality of our food but also cause the waiting line to be much longer than necessary.

We realize that on Sundays the row houses do not serve dinners, and we accept the unavoidable long lines and inconvenience. Obviously row house members are inconvenienced as much as we are. But Monday through Saturday your own kitchens are preparing food on an individual budget, and every member who comes to Greylock rather than his own house makes more food available for those who stay and less available for each Greylock member. Is that a fraternity or simply an egalitarian attitude?

The Greylock house members do not object to the many guests that often eat with us. But we do resent the many groups that simply walk in and monopolize an entire table. A Greylock member couldn't eat with them if he wanted to! Greylock dining hall is not a cafeteria — it is the dining facility for four residential houses. The reaction in the past has not been pleasant for Greylock members who walk into a row house to eat uninvited. I wonder how such a house would react to a group of seven unknown students who sat down at a table by themselves. Aren't you asking us for a tolerance that you do not have yourself?

As for the co-eds that come to Greylock, we assure them that they are most welcome. But if they want to eat with a row house member at every meal, we ask that they accompany that person to his house for meals.

And concerning the poorer quality of food served at some of the row houses, we wonder why Greylock houses shouldn't be allowed to eat en masse at those houses which have better food than we do? You have our sympathy in the food-poisoning episodes, but the answer to that problem is to improve your own food, as the Advocate suggested. Don't run down the quality of our food, but use the energy you spend every day walking to Greylock to better your own situation.

has already been set aside), one could easily maintain the wilderness — by never building roads. Modern technology, however, has given man the snowmobile and the trail motorcycle and has "opened up" former wilderness areas to motor vehicle traffic. Access by motor vehicles brings crowds of people including more hunters to shoot more animals, more fisherman to catch more fish, more litterbugs to drop more litter, and more noise to make it still harder to escape that form of pollution. All these combine to make our wilderness "breathing spaces" even smaller. This is not to say that the wilderness (and by this I mean any open space) should be locked up, but it should be used in ways that do not compromise its value. The effort of foot travel is itself a limit on the numbers, and the method of putting one foot in front of the other disturbs very little of the environment. In the twentieth

And as for students with little time for lunch because of classes, we suspect that number of unlucky students is very small, and we ask that they find some other alternative rather than Greylock dining hall. We have the right to limit our dining hall to members and guests, and we have done it and intend to enforce it. We ask for your cooperation in staying away unless invited, and we will try to refrain from eating in the row houses without invitation. Fair enough?

Michael Taylor
 President
 Franklin Carter House
 Feb. 16, 1970

To the Editors:

As the duly elected head of one of the infamous Greylock "frats," I feel obligated to object to the inconsiderate, illogical, and uninformed statements of your "Boola" editorial.

The issues of fraternities and the Greylock dining complex are completely separate. Your linking them together is a cheap journalistic trick designed to elicit sympathy for your position on both questions. On the issue of Greylock, your viewpoint shows little respect for the members of the four houses directly involved. The complex is not a dining hall, but a building containing the dining rooms of four independent residential houses. The recently increasing torrent of freshmen and row house members into those dining rooms has forced the Greylock houses to assert their rights.

Practical considerations in the closure go beyond a desire to relieve the overcrowding. An extreme imbalance in food preparation results when great numbers of students eat in dining areas where they are not expected. Up go board bills.

Your "convenience" argument illustrates the sacrifice of logic and consistency in favor of undesirable emotion in the editorial. In your editorial entitled "The Clark," you term the museum "about a 10 minute walk from the furthest point on campus." I therefore assume one can walk from one end of the campus to the other and back in 20 minutes. The tightest class schedule allows 45 minutes for lunch. Minus your own travel estimates that leaves 25 minutes for a meal. One gluttonous gulp?

The health complaints are totally misdirected. Please contact your house steward, the Director of Dining, or the Dean's Office. Humanitarian principles should motivate you to use such methods, if only for the sake of your poor row house-bros who have not discovered the culinary delights of Greylock. (God bless their tormented souls.)

Finally, your indictment against the Dean's Office illustrates your lack of knowledge and self-centered view of the problem. Dean Frost has consistently said that problems such as house taxes or "closed" dining rooms are house and student matters. The Dean's Office did not recommend or help formulate the action taken.

I sincerely hope your future efforts to bring a second journalistic voice to this campus do not include such irresponsible and opinionated displays as the "Boola" piece.

Jack L. Richtsmeler '71
 President
 Mark Hopkins House
 Feb. 13, 1970

century, this method of travel has largely been forgotten with the proliferation of motors and unless some areas are reserved for foot travel, it seems unlikely to be rediscovered. In an increasingly complex and mechanized age man must have some open space free of civilization in order to cope with the forthcoming mechanical monsters of the 21st century.

Man has already felt the crush of population severely enough to suggest world-wide birth control. In the same way man cannot be allowed to travel at will on any vehicle. Just as man can eventually harm himself through overpopulation, so can he seriously endanger his ability to cope with present technology by destroying precious open space. The snowmobile, and its enormous popularity, poses perhaps the greatest threat to remaining open space, and as such it must be limited. The time to start is NOW.

The Grading Series

COMPROMISE PLAN DESCRIBED by James Halstead

The grading question is not whether Williams College should or should not have grades. Instead the question is to what extent grades should be assigned and to what uses they should be put. In what follows I shall suggest two changes in current grading practices, one dealing with the treatment of freshman grades and the other with an extension of the current pass-fail system. Since the modifications are in complete harmony with traditional thinking about the use and abuse of grades, it is appropriate at the outset to offer some general comments.

Fundamental to the following considerations is that grades reflect educational achievement. If they generally do not, we should turn our attention to teaching methods and examination techniques and not exhaust our mental energies on what would under those circumstances be a question of secondary importance. I make the assumption that grades are a good index of learning achievement only to focus on what I understand the Advocate series its entail and not to suggest its universal empirical validity. Nor does use of the assumption beg the question, for it is possible for grades accurately to reflect achievement and yet be dysfunctional in the process of education.

The principal criterion with which to judge the appropriateness of grading and its use is the extent to which grades promote education.



Photo by Bruce Brigham

Mr. Halstead is Asst. Prof. of Economics

Two specific and related dimensions of this role may be isolated. Grades first, but not necessarily more importantly, fulfill an information function which is integral to the educational process. It is through the assignment of grades that students may, in part, assess their individual achievement and progress against both the absolute standards in the field (set primarily by the instructor) and the achievements of their peers. If the short-hand system of grading were not supplemented with the more specific comments of the instructor on exams and papers, in class and privately, the system would lose much, but not all, of its value. On the other hand, a system which eschewed the assignment of a summary evaluation (grade) would

I believe, quickly retreat to one bearing close resemblance to present practice, and would retreat at the request of students as well as faculty. In the words of one observer, "an A by any other name smells bad." It is important to note that this information function of grades can be fulfilled without entering grades on permanent transcripts for future use.

It is the second educational role of grades to which one must turn to justify their presence on transcripts. The permanent grade record and the use of that record provide a guide to behavior which enables the student more easily to link the present with the future. (It should be pointed out hastily that students are not unique in their needs and desires for such links.) The college experience is one which should and generally does open new areas of interest and concern for the student. As we all know, these concerns are not only those which pertain directly to the classroom, but extend as they should to extra-curricular social and, to an increasing extent, political activities. The permanent record and the use of it by appropriate non-college institutions reminds the student to arrange his present activities to suit not only present desires but future demands and desires as well. In the absence of this it would be natural for many to devote an improper amount of time to extra-curricular activities at the expense of the attention necessary to the classroom and the work associated with it. This is, after all, the primary function of the educational institution.

So much for the traditional justification of grades and their use; it is nothing new. Let us turn to those instances in which grading either impedes education or in which the use of recorded grades is inappropriate. The outstanding case of the former is exemplified by the English major who decides that some training in economics beyond the introductory level would be useful to him, but who, under the current system, is penalized for his desire to liberalize his education because he must compete with majors in economics who have developed skills which put him at a disadvantage, sometimes severely so. (I could have reversed the example — the style of the present essay may be indicative of the disadvantage which the student of economics faces in an upper division English course.) For these reasons, I advocate that the student be allowed one of his four regularly scheduled semester courses on a pass-fail basis, but that neither major nor divisional requirements be fulfilled in this way.

The inappropriate use of grades by graduate schools, government and business (among others) derives from the point that while grades may reflect achievement they do not always indicate potential. These institutions are aware of this and supplement the grade point average with other tests and personal references and interviews in an effort to complete their information. Nonetheless, many graduate schools use a given grade point average as a cut-off

At the cinema: CHARLES RUBIN

Bird In Hand: "THE LIBERTINE"

Since "The Libertine" is released by the appropriately titled Audubon Films, it is probably best to get the obvious jokes about birds, fowl, nature, chicks, game, clucks, eggs, and laying out of the way at the start. Briefly, then, the film is about a beautiful bird who discovers her deceased husband had played her fowl in various unnatural ways with various chicks, and who then gets a little gamy herself, taking on anyone, including a few clucks, basically laying eggs until the end. Finally she marries a nice, down-to-earth radiologist. (It would have been great if she'd married a lay priest, but the review business is tough that way.)

The widow, Mimi (Catherine Spaak), got this way after finding the secret apartment of her playful husband, a gentle man who was a sadist, a masochist, and a pervert. The apartment resembles one of those plush yet sterile looking things *Playboy* calls a "bachelor pad," and decorated as it is in a modern and sloop art, lined with mirrors, push-buttons, and inflatable chairs, it could easily function as Andy Warhol's whorehouse.

Mimi is shocked, and with one of her typical ripping lines says, "To think that I lived six years with a sex maniac and never suspected." Watching a movie clip of her husband and best friend enjoying a cozy whipping session with each other, Mimi sighs, "And I helped her choose that underwear." Eventually she digs even deeper: "So, my husband was a sadist. . . ."

All of which should prove how unusually perceptive Mimi is. Certainly she knows a good thing when she sees it. In no time at all she breezes through her husband's ex-partner, a dentist, a tennis pro, a hustler, another sadist, and a plumber before calling it quits with the radiologist (Jean Louis Trintignant). This last sequence, in fact, is the only pleasing one in the film, for here Spaak and Trintignant balance each other, and the acting is considered and subtle.

The rest of the film is something else entirely, sliding dully into the domain between "I Am Curious (Yellow)" and "Funny Girl." Most of the time the film undoubtedly thinks it is DARING or EXPLICIT because of the liberties it takes with several areas of the female body. Yet truly "The Libertine" is as titillating as 42nd Street pornography — "the real stuff, mister" — showing images which are less salacious than one-dimensional, and which, precise-

ly because there can never be any closeness, soon get boring. At one point Mimi strips and cuddles into bed with her radiologist; the camera cuts to a highway. If there is no name for this cinematic "style," it might be called Middle American Peep-Show. Perhaps the director, Pasquale Festa-Campanile, believes he is tantalizing the audience by such teases, making them come back for more, but they are just tedious. You end up feeling sorry for all the little old men with folded raincoats, whom films like this are supposed to please.



Or else, on the other hand, you end up feeling sorry for yourself, not only because you are subjected to the nonsense, but because you are then asked to accept it as sophisticated satire. It is always annoying when a film asks you to substitute lavish color photography, quick cuts, stilted dream sequences, and a general artsy-cutesy effect for substance. The film also has an irritating habit of second-guessing itself; when Mimi thinks, "Now he'll ask if I got the roses," you can be assured that her suitor's next line will be "Did you get the roses?" And the dialogue is purely banal:

She: You hardly know me.

He: I know you in the biblical sense.

In another instance, while the radiologist lectures on the importance of an archaeological excavation, Mimi mumbles, "I'm sure it's important to history, but when do we get to biology?" and a horse neighs in the background.

Maybe my sense of humor is underdeveloped, but "satire" or "humor" such as that seemed not so much funny as dumb. Movies like "The Libertine," which are so pointless, and therefore so depressing, have little justification for even existing. For films that sell sex like grandstand frankfurters, and don't succeed very well, and instead get pretentious about their own flapdoodle, are a waste of time and money on the part of the film-makers and audience alike. Beyond that, the film is a great argument for virginity.

point, below which they may not consider this important supplementary information. There is a case to be made, then, that when grades do not reflect potential, they should not be included in the computation of the grade point average. Since the most glaring divergence between achievement and potential probably occurs in the freshman year, I advocate that freshman continue to be graded in the present manner, that the grades be recorded in the transcript, but that they be omitted in the calculation

of the grade point average.

This two point proposal is unblushingly modest. It is offered in the spirit that marginal changes sometimes represent significant improvements. The modesty of the proposal is also indicative of my firm belief that much of the dissatisfaction with the grading system really represents more fundamental grievances with teaching technique and philosophy. If this is the case, changes in the grading system will do little to redress the problems.

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Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Four

Thursday, February 26, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

For years people have tried to label the Williams student. Beer-swilling, fun-loving, easy-going pseudo-jocks. Political science majors who'll take over their father's businesses. Lumber jackets, steam tunnels, and dogs. Liberal intellectuals. Whether these labels, or for that matter any labels, can be said actually to hold is difficult to ascertain. But if any epithets are to be affixed to "the Williams student" they can most easily be derived through a visit to what might be viewed as the campus melting pot -- the snack bar. Every night at least 150 students habitually saunter down to the casual semi-circular shrine that suggests both a New Hampshire ski lodge and Buffalo Bill's birthplace. Surrounded by coffee spills, cake crumbs, and overcoats, and beneath the intonations of WMS-WCFM rendered nearly inaudible by the din of conversation, students gather to compare ideas, adventures, and hopes. The culinary attractions of the snack bar are modest and simple, rivaling the best that Nedick's has to offer, and the lines before the counter seem to ooze forward like butterscotch syrup on a sundae. Perhaps it's the ambience that draws us there. For where



besides the New York subways can one find such a revealing, dramatic, and colorful array of faces, hands, and dialogue?

And so THE ADVOCATE presents a pictorial, "Impressions of the Snack Bar -- 11 P.M.", by staff photographer Bruce Brigham.

The Grading Series

MAJOR PASS-FAIL

by Paul Isaac

The purpose of an educational institution is not to give (or assure its students obtain) good grades. Its purpose is to give its students the opportunity to learn about one or more disciplines. The grade serves several functions. It can be a diagnostic tool for the teacher and the student, in order to discover where the student is weak and how to remedy that weakness. It may serve as a measure of relative ability and performance in the admissions process of a higher educational institution. And, finally, the grade may serve as a goal or incentive for people to work. The current Williams grading system apparently dates back to the efforts of the administration during the '30s to break the mystique of the "Gentleman's C."

I believe that a better grading system might well be: majors and majors related courses being graded along current lines with all other courses optionally graded or pass-fail. There are several reasons I support this.

1. Grading does not serve a major diagnostic function in and of itself. Most division I and II exams are essay tests. The contents of the papers will give the professor an impression of the class 'weaknesses,' while the comments rather than the grade are what's valuable for the students. Division III might be trickier, but again if the student knows he missed 7 out of 10 of a particular kind of problem he will probably be astute enough to realize he is weak in that method or material even if he receives no grade.

2. I do not believe that a liberal arts college should directly or indirectly encourage academic specialization. Unfortunately, people tend to be best at what they intend to study further. Thus, rather than jeopardize their average, people tend to stick in the same rut of pre-professional courses. Many students do take courses in fields totally unrelated to their majors. But many do not, and many more shy away from difficult courses, in order to avoid risk to their averages.

3. The incentive effect of grades should be an individual matter. If an individual feels that grading provides a necessary incentive, then I believe that such an individual should have the right to receive a grade. I do not believe, however, that competition between students for competition's sake is good. It encourages grade-grubbing, lack of individual initiative, and a generally unhealthy atmosphere.

4. Unfortunately, grades cannot be abolished in all areas. Graduate schools will still have to make decisions on the relative merit of one Williams student over another. I believe that the graduate school should have some-

Please turn to page 4

BI ZARRE OCCURRENCES I

a story by John Keir

Mary Juana was most likely a Mexican girl, although I would not mislead the Reader into thinking her origin was by any means clearly and definitely known. Deciding her origin was like deciding whether some single-celled protozoan was a plant or an animal when it looked like both and neither. She was, in many respects, most assuredly American, and she evinced such a degree of familiarity with American customs and social deportment that one would surmise that she had been transplanted, so to speak, to this country long ago and that she had found her new habitat so salubrious that she had sunk roots and thrived. Indeed, she had flourished like a weed and grown quite tall and thin and ungainly. Her hair was black and long, her skin was well-tanned, her eyes were a deep, enchanting black, and her lips -- the Reader will find this a most felicitous image -- her lips were firmly symmetric like an elliptic leaf whose veined, breathing tissues suck life from the thin midrib of the blade. No doubt, this image will entice many Readers to pick these ubiquitous, floral lips in order to do their sparking. I can say only that there are undoubtedly worse things one might spark.

I would not want my Reader to think I felt love at first sight; indeed, the Reader might consider whether such Romantic notions are products of imbalanced minds; but her eyes were enchanting, and her whole air was intoxicating. When I was with her, I felt surrounded by a nimbus that seemed to turn my mind on its side like a gyro that had stopped spinning or a leaf which had turned by trop-

ism towards the sun. The imbalance was as stimulating as a new idea; the Reader certainly is aware of the disorder a new idea can cause and of the excesses to which it can lead one. But I did not lose reason to blind love, rather I felt a heightened power of mind. My mind was beyond its realm; it was no longer in proper restraint. Just as man's mind has raced ahead so dangerously since his development from a primate, my mind had hurried and broken the pace. But once the pace is broken how is it to be restored? What tropism can turn back the leaves to the shade or what hormone can retard the scurry of ideas in a man's mind? Who will venture to tap the delicate brain on the back and return it to its seat? Who or what will draw the line which the mind must not cross? She could never answer these questions for me; she would simply sit in a divine aphasia.

My mother did not think my new girl friend was so divine and thought Mary to be suffering not from aphasia but from amnesia. For Mary Juana had a reputation. My mother described her as a flower sampled by every bee until I pointed out how well-ordered bees are. Then Mary was a dog who nuzzled and sniffed every other dog in the neighborhood. Constantly, I suffered these ignominies and innuendoes. Finally, my parents decided to plot some action.

— We must be reasonable and sophisticated, my mother said, we can't just browbeat him and tell him to end his relationship with her.

— Yes, my father said, we must convince him subtly with good reasons.

— We must reveal her inadequacies and the possible ill consequences of the relationship, my mother said.

— Yes, my father said.

— But we must keep in mind the need which she is fulfilling, we must be sensitive to his maturity and emotional development.

— Yes, my father said, he isn't a boy anymore, he wants contact with girls.

— He needs to find love and companionship, particularly at home, and he must always find us ready to help and advise him in troubles, and to help him out of them. We must be a steadying influence. We must make clear to him the right path and we must keep him on it.

— You're right. I'll go tell him that he's just getting himself into trouble and to stop this nonsense right now.

Despite my father's orders, I kept seeing Mary, clandestinely. Our meetings were in a secret world. I became more and more estranged from my parents. I receded into a private world which seemed continually to grow less significant. It was paradoxical that I had the feeling of a soaring mind and heightened power of perception, and yet, I was in a shriveling world. Perhaps, my mind grew lonely like the runner who takes an early lead. So we broke off. Leaving her was like trying to quit smoking, but it meant that freedom, harmony, and vitality could return to my life. I will never be the same for having known Mary Juana. She was an extreme to which youth flies. Through her I know the pace and direction of life.

ADAGE (cont.)

of a waltz; Chekhov continues his knitting as Lenin harangues Potemkin with the doctrines of Marx and Engels.

Thus bemused, existing merely in a world of associations, the freshman staggers through his first year at Williams College. To his disgust he finds the honey of Greylock less sweet than that of Hymettos, the nymphs of Brodie less inspiring than those of Parnassus. Lest his faith in Williams fade the freshman must once again bring the forces of imagination to bear upon the problem of turning a small and shabby Massachusetts township into an illusion strong enough to sustain him until his graduation, magna cum laude. Of what sublimity should he dream? For the benefit of the multitude let us say Paris. Alas the topography of that city does not correlate well to that of Williamstown, but a start can be made by identifying Main Street, west of the President's House, with the Avenue des Champs Elysées. This would situate the Place de l'Etoile in Field Park and in consequence the 1753 memorial house must become the Arc de Triomphe. Progressing along Main Street in an easterly direction the A.M.T. would turn into an insignificant music hall known as the Etoile on the Avenue de Wagram, while the Faculty Club would be the Lido, or perhaps Maxim's. The President's House is easily transmogrified into the Elysée Palace and West College could be the Chamber of Deputies on the Quai d'Orsay, although this would entail the inexplicable merging of the Champs Elysées with the Seine. Anyway, the Champs Elysées somehow extricates itself in time to turn the Congregational Church into both the headquarters of the French navy and of the Automobile Association, facing south onto the Place de la Concorde. Unfortunately the result is that Spring Street cannot usurp the mercatorial glories of the Rue de Rivoli and has to be content with the relatively undistinguished Boulevard Raspail, but there may be some consolation since geography dictates that Latham Street becomes the famed Boulevard Saint-Germain, the ice rink the Salle Luxembourg of the Comédie Française and Weston Field the Jardin du Luxembourg, where nannies traditionally take their infants for Sunday afternoon strolls. This leaves us in a dilemma concerning the golf course, but perhaps it could be assimilated with the Jardin des Plantes, which is a zoo. It would have been nice to make Spring Street the Avenue George-V which would entail the Pizza House becoming the Crazy Horse Saloon, but if we are to observe truth, that plum must go to Bascom House. The correlation of places of entertainment meets with mixed fortunes, Chapin Hall would have to exude the spirituality of the Napoleonic era in the form of the Eglise de la Madeleine but Baxter Hall could be the site of the Villa-d'Este cabaret and if we were to take the Williams Inn car park as the east-west running Rue Richer, Goodrich House would fulfill the role of the Folies-Bergère. This means that the Williams Inn itself must lose the prize of the Hotel Ritz in the Place Vendôme, which lies just to the east of the Madeleine and to the south-west of the Folies-Bergère. This great example of gilded opulence and culinary expertise we must bestow, reluctantly, upon Lehman Hall. On the ecclesiastical side the Thompson Memorial Chapel becomes the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, but if we are to take Hopkins Hall as the Palais de Justice there is nothing to represent that triumph of Gothic technology, the Sainte-Chapelle, except the U.S. Mail letter-box which lies between Main Street and Hopkins. The amorphous mass of the Louvre should stand between the Congregational Church and Hopkins Hall, but in the interests of expediency we shall have to make do with Van Rensselaer, and its mouldy pseudo-antique furniture for the priceless contents of that great museum. On the left bank of the Seine or the South side of Main Street, opposite the Cathedral of Notre-Dame and the Thompson Memorial Chapel, lie the Sorbonne and the Musée de Cluny. The Sorbonne, scene of recent student riots, would compare well to the Sophomore Quad, while the Gymnasium can represent the Musée de Cluny. We may have some difficulty, however, in comparing the pieces of medieval ironwork in the museum with the bodies that jump about inside the gym, but it would not be difficult to imagine that the Robert B. Muir swimming pool is the ruined Roman bath which adjoins the Cluny Museum. For the advantages of brevity the comparison may end here but if the disillusioned student does not happen to like Paris as an alternative to Williamstown he can always apply the same system of comparison to other cities. The aforesaid system does not guarantee the student complete protection from insanity but it will ensure that he receives priority treatment from the psychiatrist.

CAPS (cont.)

Freshman Stanley Baumblatt at Brown, donning a plaid cap explains: "They were not especially noticeable around campus until some Brown men attended a Cliffie mixer. That did it. Suddenly Brown was swarming with them."

David Papel, a member of the Theta Rho fraternity at the University of Pennsylvania reports: "They're just beginning to catch here. When I was at Harvard, like, I couldn't believe it. My girlfriend lives in Brookline and she told me about it. She sent me one. This one in fact. And I wore it up there. I stayed with some friends at Harvard. And I really felt part of it with the cap. It was sort of surprising, though, when someone came up and asked me if I was part of the Action League. Because my cap was blue like theirs."

With an expression of acute irritation, Willie Dorris, owner of the well known Bronx men's wear store "Joe's" complains of the incredible slowness of the cap manufacturers: "You just can't get them. I placed my order two months ago. These N.Y.U. keep coming in for caps. What about the caps? You're college kids, isn't it?"

And at Williams, too, the observant one will notice the upcropping caps around campus. As one of the snack-bar ladies put it Monday night "Now it's caps. What next?" Brad Paul, '72, looked at her and flatly declared, "I was wearing caps way before this Harvard business ever started. I just like them. And when it passes, I'll still be wearing them. You'll see." The woman grinned disbelievingly and took his order.

Staff

"THAT'S THE QUESTION"



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Photo by Bruce Brigham

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Inclusion

One year ago this spring, the Freshman Inclusion controversy erupted on the Williams campus with startling force. Almost overnight, an apathetic Freshman class sprang to life with petition drives, lobbying efforts, and an extraordinary "emergency" meeting of the entire class in the Baxter Hall lounge. The College Council changed its stand on the Inclusion question no less than three times, and it was only after the Freshman class issued a condemnation of the Council that a temporary solution was agreed upon. Now, almost a year later, the question of Inclusion has not yet been resolved.

The fundamental issue at stake is the conflict between random selection and a preferential system of inclusion. Looking at the matter from an individual point of view, everyone wants to choose his own house; however, it must be remembered that the residential house system is based upon the concept of diversity. Association with many different types of people is regarded to be an essential part of one's educational experience.

It is clear that any system of inclusion permitting the Freshmen to name specific houses would eventually lead to the re-emergence of fraternities on the campus. Over the period of a few years, each house would acquire a reputation for harboring a certain type of individual, and as more and more of that type applied to the house and were accepted, any diversity of house interests would be lost. This would be deplorable and should be avoided at all costs.

On the other hand, it becomes increasingly obvious that the present random system of inclusion has failed. The state of anarchy which presently prevails in Wood House, we believe, is symptomatic of a more general breakdown of the system. Diversity achieved through random selection has led to residential units in which cooperation and unity between house members has crumbled. As an example, the number of row house members who forsake their own dining rooms and go to Greylock has grown so unwieldy that the Greylock houses are now banning outsiders from their dining areas. There must be some compromise between fraternities and antagonistic, anarchistic communes.

The Advocate recommends that the Freshmen be allowed to choose between a row house and a Greylock - Berkshire - Prospect type of house. This plan would involve a choice between physical facilities and not between individual houses. It is hard to imagine any way in which such a system could lead to fraternities. At the same time, psychologically, this arrangement would be very beneficial. Freshmen would no longer feel as if they were "stuck" in some house by a computer — they would have played a role in the selection of their house and would necessarily feel at least a small degree of loyalty to it.

Unfortunately, the CUL seems to be convinced that there is nothing wrong with the residential system. At the open meeting in Jesup three weeks ago, the members of the CUL without exception defended the present system from the criticisms of the audience. If that meeting was any indication, the CUL is merely going to recommend a liberalization of the transfer procedures. The Advocate feels that there are serious problems in the present residential system, that the Wood House experience, far from being a coincidental aberration, is a preview of what is in store in the near future. To try to solve the problems by making subtle changes in the transfer procedures would be akin to covering a wound with a bandaid. Dramatic reforms must be undertaken, and the institution of a limited preferential system of inclusion would be an appropriate first step.

The End of the 20th Century: A Historian Speaks

by James Affolter

(In the next issue of THE ADVOCATE, an alternate view of the subject will be presented.)

Looking back from the year 2001 on the turbulent century we have just completed, it occurs to the historian that of all the various revolutionary phenomena that occurred, perhaps none was so ingeniously planned nor successfully initiated by so few men as the Second American Revolution of 1970. Political scientists still argue that the conditions which existed in America immediately prior to the revolution were not favorable to revolution and that the great American uprising is inexplicable. However, if the events which occurred in these pre-revolutionary years are examined carefully, it becomes apparent that certain forces of change worked long and hard to create the conditions which made the revolt of the populace not only possible but inevitable. Since few people truly appreciate the political genius of the men responsible for catalyzing the revolution (I use the word catalyze because sooner or later, with-

out the efforts of these men, the American populace would have rebelled anyway), it would be time well spent to trace the events, which today we commonly refer to as "John Mitchell's Plot," that led to the destruction of the First American Republic.

Before embarking on an actual description of events, it should be emphasized that until the very eve of that incident which marks the beginning of the revolution, the storming of the Justice Building, the men we now know to be the actual forefathers of the Second Republic, John Mitchell, Strom Thurmond, "Dick" Daley, and Julius J. "Che" Hoffman, were considered by the average citizen to be the primary enemies of freedom! Today we too often forget this fact and therefore lose sight of the remarkable ingenuity of these men. As we shall see later, it was essential to the Mitchell Plot that this misconception of motives exist. The purpose of The Plot was to so enrage the American Citizenry at the repressiveness of the federal government that they would turn to formal revolution as the

At the cinema: JAMIE JAMES

No Sale: "THE ARRANGEMENT"

Elia Kazan has been watching too much daytime television. "The Arrangement," his new strained-nerve extravaganza at the College Cinema, ought to be sliced into thirty-minute segments and dished up on "As the World Turns" with a hearty noontime mug of Campbell's tomato soup. Two hours of broken hearts, broken homes and jealous lovers is a bit heavy, almost heavy enough to put you to sleep.

"The Arrangement" chronicles the existential psychoses of Kirk Douglas, a contemporary plexi-glass counterpart to J. D. Salinger's Seymour Glass. The movie begins propitiously with a hilarious satire of life in an upperclass Los Angeles suburb. Douglas, a prosperous adman, and his Silver Screen wife, Deborah Kerr, are seen rising from bed and preparing for an arduous bout of Babbity, adultery and hypocrisy, with all the vivacity of a pair of automatons. Throughout the opening sequence, they never exchange a word, being instead continually inundated by the commercial silliness of a wonderfully inane radio-television conspiracy. After breakfasting with the swimming pool and television set, Douglas drives to work, punching the radio back and forth to different stations to hear his abominable ads for Zephyr cigarettes almost non-stop. A rocket ship lifts off from the radio broadcast as he drives into a tunnel; then with all impish playfulness of a greaser playing "chicken," he swerves under the rear wheels of a five million ton truck.

If the movie ended here, it would be a priceless bit of half-serious satire, a cinematic illustration for the Beatles' "A Day in the Life," a condensed version of "Medium Cool" made vastly more entertaining. But it's all downhill from there. Kazan tacks on a two hour appendix of almost unbelievably artless tedium to explain why Douglas tried to kill himself. The problem with "The Arrangement" is that it takes itself seriously — the viewer is asked to take Douglas's existential plight in earnest, when no one, including Douglas himself, seems to give a damn. In scene after scene, Kazan tries to mix bad graduate-like humor (it is always either self-conscious or unconscious) and Beckettian despair, with a rather heavy-handed pinch of ethnic pathos.

For instance, when Douglas and his wife are trying to hash out their marriage to find some salvagable scrap, no small feat considering his myriad infidelities and apparent insanity, Deborah Kerr flippantly remarks, "I never said you were perfect." And a few frames later,


when he lays into her with his fists, the camera flashes on her analyst, shaking his head with an "I Love Lucy" pissed-off-martyr expression.

"The Arrangement" is a stylistic grab bag, which I sincerely believe is deliberately devised to confuse the viewer as much as possible. It wanders aimlessly in and out of Douglas's consciousness, mixing past, present and future, made dream and reality with dreadfully incomprehensible caprice. Faye Dunaway, his mistress, appears corporeally in about ten percent of the movie; the rest of the time she pops up as a hallucination of the demented Douglas. And he often has conversation with a double-breasted version of himself as an ambitious young social climber, a technique highly reminiscent of either "Topper" or "The Three Faces of Eve," I forget which. Kazan's most alarming stylistic tendency is to inject ridiculous crumbs of abstract 2001 artiness at the most inappropriate spots. While Douglas is rapping with the president of his advertising firm, we suddenly see a midnight blue computer with a lilliputian couple corpulating on its shimmering rows of buttons. A moviegoer should never have to ark in the middle of a blatant sex-and-big-business epic, "What the hell is that?"

The script is just incredible; I have read better plots in "True Confession." There are no less than five scenes where someone bumps into there lover's jealous mate, twenty tearful reconciliations, and three thousand depictions of adulterous intercourse. Kazan has an unfortunate propensity for disastrous dialogue. Deborah Kerr's lecherous analyst actually comes up with "an old Chinese proverb" to comfort his distraught patient. When she tries to convince Douglas to come back to her, she hysterically wails at him, "That's why I'm here, Eddie, god damn it; that's why I'm here!" The high point of the movie is when, still trying to win him back (by now they both are delirious), she declares, "I'll stick with you through everything, baby."

Finally, however, the essential problem with "The Arrangement" is that it is so boring. It starts nowhere and ends nowhere. As characters, Douglas and Kerr rate tissue paper. The rest are tracing paper. If any twenty-minute segment of it were repeated end-to-end for the entire two hours, all the major characters exchanging lines at random, I honestly don't think you could tell the difference. The photography is spotty, the soundtrack horrendous, the acting almost invariably obscene; except for the opening ten minutes and the scenes of Faye Dunaway bare-assed, "The Arrangement" is inematic tundra.

"Good Housekeeping" will love this one.



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THE SNACK BAR

by Bruce Brigham



-- Well, what is truth. . . . in the long run, I mean.

-- Did you see their first issue?

-- No.

-- Well, frankly I thought it was horrendous.

-- What's the difference between a frosted, a malted, and a milk shake?



-- I'd say the novel was almost. . . . bathetic.

-- When anarchy comes, we shall be the leaders.



LETTERS

More Caps

Dear Editors,

I read your article "Latest Campus Fad: Caps" when I was here at Winter Carnival. I just thought you'd like to know about the way "dear ol' " Wells is reacting to the cap fad.

The ones who really got it going were the "athletes." Our entire intra-mural basketball team started wearing bright yellow caps with plastic rims and cotton-tails (like from rabbits) on the tops. The cottontails were connected by a little strand of pink thread and when it blows in the wind it looks really funny.

After that the fad was on! First all the waitresses in the dining halls started wearing green ones. They call them "Greenies" and won't say why, though some people think it has something to do with salad.

Then the Film Society made all its members wear them. Frankly, I think these people are weird enough, but now they wear black caps and pink-tinted glasses. They show up at every campus or local film and then at a signal (pre-arranged) they take them all off, put on their glasses, and start smoking. If they think the film

is good, they hurl their caps in the air. If they think it's bad, they throw them at the screen. (At least now we get better films on campus.)

Anyway, I thought you'd want to know all that. Caps are a real nutty fad.

Fondly,
Beth Halpern
Wells College '73
February 22, 1970

(The Advocate has received the following letter, apparently in response to James Fraser-Darling's article in our last issue)

Amo summam pastorem felicitatem, campos patentes et lucidos rivos. Pecores in collibus ad meas delicias ludunt. Permulceas meas aures, o musica tibiaram dulcis! Peto aureum saeculum. Gaudeo in cultu Hellenico Romano. Colo scripta antiquorum quae iam pauci legunt. Cingant corpus vestes elegantes. Conor dicere ornate atque urbane.

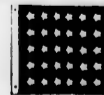
Odi vulgare dictum iuvenum

insolentium et stridentes eorum ululatus. Procul profanae vestes laboriosae! Scripta hodie raro scribuntur cum forma pulcherrimaeque linguae. Ubi est mollitia decusque poeticae? Cultus, in quo nunc vivo, est rudis et impolitus. Clamor, qui musica appellatur, tempore diei et noctis aliquo, percutit me ad medullam ossium. Foeditas circumdat me et autem Natura abest.

Mihi id in Latina lingua scribendum est quod volo ad antecessens seaculum reire quando ea magna lingua scita est et socii unius fruebuntur comitatem, elegantiamque et ostendebunt dignitatem. Ergo scribo Latine ut ab immanitate turpitudineque eius aetatis fugam. Quicumque Latine scit, cognoscat solus meum dolorem.

Harry William Henry III
February 20, 1970

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Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Five

Thursday, March 5, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts



Photo by Jay Prendergast, courtesy of The Williams Record

An Advocate Profile:

'One Angry Man': Leonard Weinglass

BY JOHN KEIR

Leonard Weinglass sat on a wooden chair in a small room of the Rathskeller. His hair was uncombed and stringy. His shoes were unpolished, slit on the side, and developing holes in the bottoms. His green corduroy jacket was slightly worn. He was an intellectual.

Around Mr. Weinglass students were sitting in chairs and on the floor. Leonard Weinglass was answering questions for the students. He had agreed to the session and to a private interview with the radio station. He had refused nothing.

Leonard Weinglass was important because he had been a defense attorney in the Chicago 7 trial. The trial was already decided, but Attorney Weinglass was not satisfied. He had come to Williams College to publicize the trial and its injustices. He was determined to keep the trial alive in the minds of men. He also needed money for legal expenses. The speaking engagement would serve both ends.

Leonard Weinglass had come to Williamstown hoping to convince an audience of curious, antagonistic, and only partially informed students. He had been only mildly disappointed to find that they were with him from the opening joke. But he had gone ahead with his extemporaneous speech anyway. He had marshalled an impressive array of scintillating anecdotes. He had reconstructed the frustration and the antic humor of the trial. He had dramatized the issues of the trial: the threats to freedom of thought, the inequities of the judicial system, and the conflict of cultures. He had admonished the students not to let the trial recede from the public memory. In response, most of the stu-

dents had given Mr. Weinglass a standing ovation.

Now, Leonard Weinglass sat in a room full of students answering questions and sipping chicken noodle soup. He had not eaten since 11:30 in the morning. He had preferred to miss eating rather than be late for the speech. Still, the speech had been a half an hour late, which had not been his fault. But now, he could sip soup and explain what students should do if they disliked the system. Leonard Weinglass said that he did not advocate violence. He thought Abbie Hoffman had a good idea when Abbie said that people should withdraw from the system and develop alternative structures outside the system. The problem is that there are no alternatives for the alienated student. Abbie said that the money made by all the youth culture entertainers should not be invested in Madison Avenue but diverted from the old culture to the new culture. The money should go to a Woodstock nation. Abbie was planning to use his money for just such purposes.

Then, Leonard Weinglass told how Tom Hayden had held the judge and jury spellbound while explaining his analysis of present social and political structures. Tom Hayden had explained that one day the whole system was just going to crack or explode. The old culture would die and Woodstock nation would be born; it was a version of the Big-Bang Theory. Leonard Weinglass was very eloquent on the subject. He was involved beyond the bounds of his legal profession; he was involved politically and as a human being. He had acquired the views of his clients.

It was time to leave. Attorney Weinglass walked with several stu-

dents to the radio station. The radio station was playing excerpts of his speech on the eleven o'clock news. Leonard Weinglass said that it did not sound very good, and then he laughed. There was no place to have the interview at the radio station. The student representing the radio station picked up a tape recorder and walked with Mr. Weinglass to the faculty house.

The students and Mr. Weinglass entered the faculty house timidly. The walls of the main sitting room were covered with tapestry and paintings. One painting was of a white-haired aristocrat walking his dog on the lawn in front of his mansion. The floor of the faculty sitting room was covered with an oriental rug, the furniture was antique, the ceiling was high, and every footstep echoed. Leonard Weinglass from Newark, New Jersey, was invading the home of the aristocracy. He commented that it was much like the Playboy Mansion in Chicago. Mr. Weinglass and the interviewer sat on the divan. Another student went to check on the attorney's room and to find an alarm clock. Mr. Weinglass had to catch a flight at 7:15 a.m.

After the interview a student came up to congratulate Mr. Weinglass on his speech and to ask if there was any way to help the cause of the seven at Chicago. Mr. Weinglass said that there really was not except to keep talking about the trial with everyone, to keep it alive. But that was both too easy and too hard. The student suggested circulating a petition. Leonard Weinglass agreed. Then, the students left, and Leonard Weinglass went to bed.

The Grading Series

All Pass Proposed

by William Bevis

This essay is unabashedly polemic. Since I do not pretend to long consideration of grading, I can only hope that my hastily formed views will prompt dialogue, and I am prepared for the embarrassment of retraction when my arguments are corrected. To every thing there is a season and to every fly-by-night rag (like the Advocate) there is a style. My tack is so different from James Halstead's (Advocate, Feb. 19) that I will not speak to his points directly but simply observe that most of his views do not preclude mine. Indeed, I consider my proposal the logical extension of many of his assumptions.

The grading system should be abolished; evaluation should not.

Each teacher, at the end of a course, should evaluate his students in whatever way he considers appropriate, recording a numerical grade when it is an accurate indication of what the student has learned and what skills he possesses, or a paragraph of commentary when the teacher feels that his evaluation of a student should not be quantified.

The record of a semester of the sophomore year might look like this:

English 4: Modern Drama. He wrote a solid, competent examination and a solid, competent paper on glass images in Ibsen. Lecture course. He probably read the material fairly well but I don't know his potential, how much he learned or who he is.

Political Science 4: Honors Seminar of 6 students on Eastern Europe. Articulate and bright in class, but not the best prepared or the most dedicated. Perhaps he coasted on his excellent background and native ability. Although he is a good student, with a quick and clear mind, he did not really become involved in the course. Walter's paper on the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 was good, but not outstanding.

Art 1: An elective studio course. Walter took it as a lark, but became very interested. He was in the studio at all odd hours, fiddling. He did five times as much work as the course required or as he submitted. No sense of color or line, but an extraordinary sense of design in three dimensional constructions.

Chemistry 2: Organic Chemistry. Walter Williams scored 84 in the final examination, in which the mean was 73, standing 6 in a class of 22. His laboratory work was inaccurate.

Please turn to page 4

Mr. Bevis is Assistant Professor of English.

20th CENTURY (cont.) punishable by a maximum of five years in jail and ten thousand dollars, to travel interstate or to use any facility of interstate commerce (including television, radio, telephone, etc.) with the intent to incite, promote, encourage, participate in, or carry on a riot, and to act upon that intent by committing some act in furtherance of a riot. The beauty of the law, insofar as it fit Mitchell's needs, lay in its severity, generality (a riot is defined as three or more people threatening harm to themselves, another person, or property), and ambiguity. The latter difficulty existed in the fact that guilt of innocence rested primarily on what a person thought rather than did.

With the passage of the Civil Rights Bill the anti-riot clause became law and the first phase of John Mitchell's plot was completed.

The second, and perhaps most brutal, phase of the Plot was under the direction of forefather "Dick" Daley. It was "Dick's" responsibility to frame the men who were to be the victims of Strom Thurmond's legislation. These victims had been carefully chosen by the Mitchell conspiracy. Most were prominent leaders of leftist dissent. However, the range of political philosophies they represented was so great that many Americans were to be left rather bewildered when the group was accused of "conspiracy." But there was a cold and cunning logic to this apparent madness. By choosing advocates of non-violent as well as violent protest, old as well as young, Mitchell planned to enrage as many people as possible in the showdown that was to come.

In order to frame the victims, "Dick" first had to lure them within his domain, Chicago. He fell upon the idea of bringing the 1968 Democratic National Convention to his city. The Mitchell conspirators knew that their prospective victims would be unable to resist demonstrating against such an amassing of war-makers (recall that the army of the First Republic was amusing itself in South East Asia at this time). The Convention would give "Dick" the opportunity to act his role as a political repressor to its fullest. He had designed methods guaranteed to taunt the most non-violent protestor to anger and action. By refusing to grant parade permits and just being as generally uncooperative as possible, "Dick" made the confrontation that was to come during Convention Week inevitable.

August brought that confrontation and "Dick's" subsequent triumph. As the Convention began and the demonstrators refused to relinquish their right to dissent, "Dick" let loose his dogs and crushed them in the streets. The violence that resulted appalled the world and furnished the Mitchell conspiracy with the "crime" and "evidence" they needed to initiate the final phase of their operation.

Before continuing the narration of the Plot, it is necessary to say a word or two about the tremendous will power and dedication "Dick" exhibited during this phase of the operation. Imagine how it must have hurt "Dick's" passionate, freedom loving heart to cause the brutal beating of thousands of young people who sought the same end, (although perhaps less radically), as himself; the building of a better America. No doubt the task caused "Dick" great pain, but the enthusiasm and relish with which he pretended to go about it attest to his great genius and dedication to the revolution.

With the Democratic Party's reputation severely tainted after Chicago (the violence served a dual purpose), John Mitchell was able, although just barely, to ride into power with his candidate, another "Dick," Richard Nixon. Once Mitchell assumed office he was able to make the key move which would initiate the final phase of the Plot.

The reader may recall that the previous Attorney General, Ramsey Clark, decided against prosecuting the demonstration leaders for their role in the Chicago riots. It is possible that Clark became aware of Mitchell's plot to expose and overthrow the government and that his refusal to prosecute was a last minute attempt to abort it. More likely, however, he recognized the absurdity of punishing someone else for "Dick" Daley's crime. However, Mitchell succeeded in coming to power and by reversing Clark's previous decision, indicted his previously selected victims for violation of Strom Thurmond's "anti-riot" legislation. Now the precise planning of Mitchell's conspiracy becomes evident. Strom's law, combined with "Dick's" frame and John Mitchell's indictment comprised all the ingredients necessary for the final slaughter. The responsibility for the direct administration of this final and crucial phase could have fallen into no more able hands than those wrinkled palms of that bright star of revolution, Julius J. "Che" Hoffman.

We are all well familiar with the bizarre events that took place in

"Che" Hoffman's courtroom. The overblown caricature he presented of the inadequacies of the federal judicial system and the intolerance of American society ultimately leveled the death penalty not on the right of dissent but on that American society itself. The incredibly repressive atmosphere "Che" created in the courtroom can be seen in the record of contempt sentences issued after the trial. They were distributed with the same thoroughness a farmer would employ in an attempt to fertilize every inch of his fields. While it is true that the victims, at this point known as defendants, did their part to antagonize "Che," this played right into his hand, allowing him to display even more eloquently the ruling regimes complete intolerance of dissent. "Che" went about his difficult task, the portrayal of all that his craving for freedom detested, with even more pretended zeal than "Dick" Daley. It is probably accurate to say that he did more than any other man to bring America out of its slumber to the realization that it was not a free country.

The events which followed soon after the conclusion of the trial are familiar history. As all America rose angrily to its feet to crush the repressive system it was now able to see, the members of the Mitchell conspiracy revealed themselves and their plan to the angered nation, explaining that it had been the only way to make every individual see the repression that had always existed but which had previously been known only to a minority. The events that followed — the storming of the Justice Building, the liberation of the Pentagon, Nixon's desperate flight to Saigon, and of course the tragic lynching of "Che" Hoffman by a band of counter-revolutionary minutemen — were necessary events along the road to the institutionalization of peace and freedom which we enjoy today as citizens of the Second Republic. May we never neglect, as we enjoy these products of the Revolution, to remember and revere the four men who did so much to show America the danger of repression.

MAJOR P.F. (cont.)

thing more to make its decision on than one standardized exam, or a highly arbitrary evaluation of a single piece of work. Grades should, then, be retained in those courses in which the student will major, or which are directly related to the subjects he will study in his professional or post-graduate training.

5. It may prove desirable to give freshmen grades in all subjects in order to avoid problems coming from a new environment, freer than the heretofore externally disciplined freshman is accustomed to.

I recognize that this proposal poses many practical difficulties: e.g. what are the "relevant" pre-law courses which should be graded? What should be done with changed majors?

I remain convinced, though, that these difficulties can be overcome — and if they are I believe that Williams will be better able to fulfill its role as a liberal arts college, teaching men better to view and appreciate their world as a whole, and not merely seeing only one small part.

COLLEGE CINEMA



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Ah, humanity The People's Theatre at the AMT

One of the more unfortunate, because poorly considered, articles ever to touch the Williams campus was the viewpoint "AMT Not A People's Theatre" which appeared in last Friday's *Record*. Criticizing AMT directors John von Szeliski and Steve Travis for "flaccid" choice of plays, "exorbitant" productions, recurring use of the same actors, and a cliquey closing of the AMT to the college and community, the writer, Will Buck, concluded that "this is not a theatre for students, but for its faculty."

The syllogistic implications of the above statement aside, it should at least be posited that Mr. Buck's heart is in the right place, even if his mind isn't. Obviously he is sincerely interested in improving the operation of the AMT; when he calls for a "People's Theatre," he is not -- as some have suggested -- asking for a bourgeois theatre whose productions of "Li'l Abner" or "The Man Who Came to Dinner" will pack the house. Instead he is articulating a basic truth, and that is that the theatre should be a place for fluidity of design and enactment, and not for the formation of nearly impregnable in-groups. It is a peculiarly American characteristic that we are always separating sheep from goats. But shouldn't a theatre, in the purest sense of the word, be an arena with no place to be somebody? And since this is so blatantly untrue of the so-called "Establishment" theatre, shouldn't it be almost the duty of university theatre to do the opposite?

Certainly it should. And if Mr. Buck had stuck to this assumption, and perhaps clarified some of his murky, vague prose, the point would have been well taken and maybe appreciated.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Buck allowed his critical and vitriolic caprice to get the best of him, and in so doing he betrayed a complete misunderstanding of the function of the AMT's other stage, the experimental theatre downstairs. By its very nature, a studio theatre is supposed to be divorced from the regimented, highly structured, highly ordered world of the "main" stage; by its very nature, the studio theatre is the place for the unhindered growth or actuation of new styles, forms, or ideas; it is the place for unimpeded liberation; it is the airy chamber below the palace. And while Ibsen's effectiveness on anything but a realistic stage is highly questionable, if Mr. Buck felt "The Wild Duck" set "exorbitant" and better performed with two curtains, three chairs, and a "People's Theatre" troupe including his roommate, four football coaches, and seven selectmen from Pittsfield, then the experimental theatre was, and always will be, open to him.

As for the mainstage itself, the director's duty is not merely to present a collection of obscure classics such as "Amphitryon" or modern plays such as "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance," but to offer a balanced repertoire appealing to various segments of a diversified audience. The key word is Exposure. The directors know that a core of devoted theatregoers will attend every new production, yet choice of plays is never influenced by the tastes of the few, but the dream of the many; that is, the hope is that each dissimilar style of play will create its own distinctive audience. This is the way to conduct a "People's Theatre." By producing plays because they are intellectually provocative, or because they relate to classroom assignments, or for experimentation or gut entertainment, the AMT succeeds in attracting -- and exposing -- large numbers of people to theatre; sooner or later one is bound to find something to like, whether (as this year) it is a Shakespearean comedy, a French neo-classical work, a nineteenth century tragicomedy, a modern British drama, or a popular contemporary play: "A Man For All Seasons," which Mr. Buck incidentally labeled "flaccid." How hypocritical it seems for a proponent of "People's Theatre" to deny his disciples the pleasures of a good old-fashioned historical drama.

Mr. Buck is of course correct when he says that many actors seem always to be playing the same role, but this is not so much a casting failure as it is symptomatic of an actor's incomplete development and maturity. An entirely different critical principle operates in the university theatre as opposed to the "Establishment," and the guideline of this creed must be tolerance -- tolerance and compassion -- or else college theatre is worthless.

And Mr. Buck is also correct in saying that the same faces recur in each production. Why? Simply because these are the best available actors on campus. Try-outs are always open but the same group of people attend them. Why again? Because the theatre, like the rest of Williams, is plagued by a plethora of armchair intellectuals, self-styled balls of pomp who talk and talk, theorize and bullshit, and do it all very well, too, except that is all they do. Just talk. Announcing recent try-outs for "Amphitryon," Cap and Bells publicized the request all over town and even mailed flyers to every member of the student community; sixteen people showed up.

Really, with this type of response what else can the AMT directors do but cast the usual faces? For each production the directors can open the places, but it is the students who must take the initiative. The student who spurns an audition because he feels the roles will all go the "theatre group" -- "the usuals" -- is only kidding himself; that is armchair logic. And armchair logic is always easier. Criticism itself is easier. Remember Yeats: "We are all of us critics; that is, we half create."

Perhaps Mr. Buck maligns the AMT as a "faculty theatre. . . not for students" because he detects a note of professionalism in most of the upstairs productions (though not downstairs, where the aura is distinctly unprofessional, and thankfully so). This "professionalism" -- if it does exist -- is the product of a disciplined and industrious team of directors, actors, and crew; these are people who want to be more than theatrical dilettantes; who want to effect a "People's Theatre" not just by peopling the stage, but by drawing people into the theatre; who are willing to suffer to mount the best production possible. These people have long since vacated their armchairs, and hopefully they will never go back.

So there is your "People's Theatre," Mr. Buck. And isn't it funny -- it was right before your eyes all along.

Conversation in Baxter Hall

by J.R.M. Fraser Darling

—Do you come often to have breakfast here?

—Yes.

—Why?

—I like cornflakes.

—Typical. The American way of eating. Pre-packed. Processed.

—And what a miracle. Quality is guaranteed. It is logical. Tarnished nature perfected by art. We live in a climatic age. This is the climax and there is no need to waste energy on progress. Please pass the sugar.

—Then there is nothing money can buy, except quantity?

—A good education.

—You can watch television. It's easier too.

—Who's supposed to be the nihilist, you or I?

—We've both been duped, like Simone de Beauvoir.

—Are you going to commit suicide tomorrow or the day after tomorrow?

—I was going to do it yesterday, but I could not think of a significant way of killing myself. That is the trouble with being a nihilist: everything one does seems futile, even the concept of futility. I thought of casting myself through a plate-glass window in Bronfman, but these windows are broken so often no one would have noticed. We don't even have baths to drown ourselves in. If I stepped in front of a car, the driver would stop it and ask me whether I wanted a lift to Skidmore.

—Why not blow yourself up in the Afro-American boutique?

—Then I would be called the crest of a wave of a new and more intensified race hatred on the New England campus, and that wouldn't be futile. But if I immolated myself in Dean Kolster's office -- along with Dean Kolster -- it would be hailed as the act of an intelligent representative of young America, indignant at the vices of his

elders, expressing himself in an honest, non-political manner.

—What are your politics?

—I'm a Nazi.

—I thought you were Jewish.

—Yes, it's the best of all possible unions since each ideology suppresses the worst in the other. I know that myself lies somewhere in between so I seek it by a process of elimination, moving inwards from two poles.

—But isn't that futile, since your nihilism tells you there is nothing to find?

—Exactly, it's the best way to sap the fruits of futile action to the full. Sartre is a fool to advertize that he was disillusioned with total involvement. I would have thought he would have known from the beginning. The true nihilist is the most fervent idealist and tries hardest in all fields of activity, blissful in the knowledge that it is all to no purpose. That is why I have been getting A's in all my courses. Elliot would have called it the mentality of the English Essay prize-winner. After all, the earth turns round because it's got no place to go.

—Be seeing you. Otherwise I'll miss putting my body through the automatic dishwasher.

—Judas, you knew I was going to go that way.

LETTER

Not Antagonistic

To the Editors:

We resent your editorial's ("Inclusion," Feb. 26) empirically unproven statement that we are "... symptomatic of a more general breakdown of the (residential) system . . . and antagonistic." We were just sitting around minding our own God damn business, and you've got a hell of a nerve.

Jeffrey Freyman

Nell Means

(Members of Wood House)

February 27, 1970

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STATE ROAD

WILLIAMSTOWN

At the cinema: DAVID KEHRES

Phooey on Pulsing Passion: 'FUEGO'

Williamstown's moviegoers tuned in a workmanlike but uninspired premiere performance Wednesday night as "Fuego" opened at the College Cinema. "Fuego" -- the name means "fire," or perhaps more appropriately, "flame" -- is an ambitiously produced but otherwise unprepossessing skin-flick, with Isabel Sarli as your basic well-intentioned compulsive nymphomaniac, writhing and panting through seventy-five minutes of the usual obligatory affairs with any male that does not actively avoid her energetic and sumptuous advances. (Yes, there is the Lesbian housekeeper too, who keeps her occupied during the duller moments.) Armando Bo is her husband and most frequent on-screen partner; he turns out to be an All Right Guy who Understands her Infirmary and tries to help her. His altruism and her Essential Though Perverted Goodness almost raise the film above the level of crudeness; in addition, they lay the basis for her, and then his, suicide at the end, which is really the only merciful way to end the picture.

The audience performed quite adequately, given this sort of material to work from. Spirits were generally high, and the group immediately established a clear tone of frivolity: frivolity, of course, is of the essence in dealing with skin-flicks just as it is essential in dealing with other pretentious offerings like a Spiro Agnew speech or a Pentagon budget proposal. The level of dialogue between members of the audience was quite high both in quality and volume.

Audio-visual effects were not very frequent, but were generally quite striking. A couple of people released inflated but untied balloons to fly loops and circles during important scenes on the screen. In

context these displays were quite effective comments on the kinds of things going on in the movie.

Using a different approach, other people started rhythmic clapping during the more explicit scenes, because during each one of these



there was music in the film to accompany the gymnastics. The technique was so effective that the theater manager flashed the house lights on once to quiet things down.

Despite the general competence of most of the audience, and despite a few inspired moments like those described above, the overall performance lacked cohesiveness and fire. Wednesday's audience simply did not come close to the excellence of a crowd in Bronfman for one of

the Carter House Film Festival performances. While the dialogue was generally good, there were places where it could have been better. At one point, for example, Laura (Isabel Sarli) confides to Andrea (the Lesbian housekeeper): "There are times when I love you... and there are others when I hate you." Another time Andrea whines "I don't see why you should go out with him," and Laura replies "Because he has something you don't." Incredulous laughter is fine, but a C.A.M.P. audience would have certainly been more inventive than that. To some extent the "Fuego" audience was exhausted from having to react constantly to dialogue of the above quality -- the English was dubbed, since the original film was in Spanish -- but there is still no excuse for slackness.

A more serious problem was that the audience never really established a definite opinion of the film, never established a clear characterization. There are certain ways groups of people react to skin-flicks, certain ways they react to unintentional camp or to intentional camp. One reason for the success of C.A.M.P. audiences is that there is no uncertainty about the characterization of the movie. "The Great Race" this fall was intentional camp, everyone knew it, and the audience was able to give a coherent and quite brilliant performance.

"From Here to Eternity" last spring was just as clearly unintentional camp, and the crowd there knew it and behaved accordingly. On Wednesday night, however, the audience at the College Cinema was presented with a film that appeared to be an unequivocal skin-flick, but as "Fuego" developed from a mediocre beginning into a pointless and boring series of sexual exercises, it became apparent that the movie was indeed quite close to high camp. Thus the audience was divided, and for any given scene there would be the catcalls of the "skin-flick" faction mingling with the condescending applause of the "camp" people. The result was a poorly defined and vacillating interpretation.

On the whole, most of the blame for the relatively weak audience performance lies with whomever chooses the College Cinema's movies for picking films like "The Libertine" and "Fuego," give us bad movies, and you will get unimpressed audiences; give us unknown movies as well and there can be no hope for a good performance by the ticket-buyers.

If you have seen "The Libertine" and still want to see "Fuego," you deserve to. If you do go to "Fuego," try the clapping-in-rhythm trick and maybe the manager will be forced to cancel the performance.



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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Six

Thursday, March 12, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Simplistic Delusions

by Lewis Steele

As white men's conceptions of Black Panthers go, Mrs. Audrea Jones hardly lived up to the expectations of many in Chapin Hall last Thursday night. Many may wonder whether or not they experienced a controlled, or modified, or watered-down version of Panther-ness, and probably rightly so. The statements made were in many cases contradictory; too many inconsistencies existed to be blamed on ignorance or chance alone. How is it possible to tie together the statement that "non-violent change is impossible" with the statement that "our non-violent 10 point program (housing, education, food, clothing etc.) demands a change in the system," or with the statement that "our acts toward the 'pigs' are, and will only be, in self-defense." This professed chain of reasoning is indeed, it seems, a feeble attempt at deception, an attempt to cover up the real ideology and method of operations espoused by the Panthers.

Above and beyond all this, there remains the pathetic figure of a brave but lonely young woman aimlessly flailing at what she perceives to be the American power structure.

Mrs. Jones's views of America, of each citizen's relationship to America, and of America's relationship to the rest of the world are incredibly simplistic. As if charging the United States with genocide at the United Nations is going to solve, or even begin to solve, the Panther's problems as specified in the 10 point program. As if the divisive race issue in the United States today is solely or even primarily the fault of "avaricious greedy businessmen, lying politicians and racist brutal policemen."



Photo by Ray Zarcos
Audrea Jones addresses the College

A dangerous but understandable desire for the separatism of blacks from whites could be detected in Mrs. Jones's performance. The neighborhood school concept and the undue emphasis placed on the solidarity of all black people are flagrant examples of this. If the blacks, in general, and the Panthers, in particular, desire fundamental changes in

OINK OINK BANG BANG

Panthers at Chapin

Dear Huey P. Newton,

I am a revolutionary. My name is Kim. I see the pigs beating the Big Family and the greedy businessman.

Me and my cousin made up a song. Here

Piggy wiggy, Oh Oh

I say you got to go now

Oink, Oink, Bang, Bang

Dead Pig.

All Power to the People,
Kim

A California journalist tells of a revealing series of telephone conversations in which he recently participated. His objective was an interview with Black Panther leader David Hillyard. And so he dialed the San Francisco Panther headquarters and was greeted by a pleasant though business-like female voice which announced: "Black Panthers, right on!" The reporter asked for Mr. Hillyard and after several seconds of corporate inter-buzzing a gruff and assertive Panther clicked on and proceeded to vilify the bewildered writer for not being on the phone that very instant inquiring about the Los Angeles Panther offices which were in the process of being raided. The journalist accepted the reproof gracefully and dialed the Los Angeles number. After several rings: "Black Panthers, right on!" Excited and eager for a story, the reporter babbled, "Tell me. Is it true you're being raided?" There was a pause and then the reply: "One moment, I'll check."

In all probability, the Black Panthers have yet to establish the tape-bound multi-level bureaucracy that this presumably apocryphal story suggests. Yet the basic expansiveness and intricacy of their organization is undeniable. Especially in the wake of the re-

America's racial attitudes, a separatism — either enforced or accepted — can only serve to polarize campus and country into the Spiro clique and the Eldridge clique: "and never the twain shall meet."

This longing for separatism on the part of the Panthers has been induced by their distrust of white power, powerful white people, and powerful white groups. Yet this separatist feeling does not give the Panthers any real power over bettering housing, bettering education, or bettering social conditions.

The Panthers speak of 'whitey's' rhetoric, of the rhetoric of the sunshine liberal. What they fail to see or acknowledge is that they themselves are the self-deluded victims of a vast amount of utterly meaningless phrases and terms. "Fascist ruling class and police state," "fascist-pig police," and "people's revolutions" are phrases and terms that describe nothing but the Panther's fantasized world.

The Panthers are copping-out on the fight for power, copping-out on

cent deluge of regularly-scheduled Panther appearances on the front pages of America dailies. And when one considers their success in commanding a no-nonsense price tag of \$400 for last Thursday's presentation, one realizes that the Panthers claim not only the Ideal American Organization, but the riches to accompany it.

Yet what of their nature? Thus far, the Panthers have had much attributed to them, though, in fact, they have been found guilty of little. In function they have proven more a public relations firm than the paramilitary faction they have been considered. Their arsenal, it seems, has not been a massive cache of rifles, but rather a superb mastery of psychological warfare. Americans wait for the Panthers, shrouded in klan-like mystery, actually to do something, to spring, to incinerate. But unlike the animal they imitate, they tread heavily, and display a big fang. They bank on solidarity and invulnerable self-esteem to produce trepidation, awe, and thence respect for the black man. Perhaps the marquis of violence has proven safer, if less costly, than the actual play. But as the South begins to balk after eight years of Democratic integration, as Lester Maddox recalls his trusty axe-handles, and as Judge Carswell steps upon the bench of the Supreme Court, perhaps the theatre will begin to darken and the sword-play to commence.

THE ADVOCATE takes pleasure in presenting two opposed commentaries on the Black Panthers based primarily upon the lecture by Boston Panther Audrea Jones in Chapin Hall.

the fight for self-control of their destiny, and copping-out on the fight for individual advancement. The Panthers would do well to take a lesson from those they distrust and despise. If the power exists in the Congress of the United States: elect Congressmen. If the power lies in the state legislatures: elect state legislators. If the power exists with the police: become policemen. If the power lies with the businessmen: become capitalists.

Certainly the Panthers and those high school and college students who so dutifully scorn the active acquiring of capitalistic power, and who expect platitudes such as "love everybody" to bring them self-esteem or pride, had better rethink their modes of operation. If it is power and influence they desire, they can only successfully seek it in the accepted fashion. This they should do, or stop whining.

Father Victor Salandini, research director of Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Union, will speak at Jesup Hall at 8:30 P.M. on March 18th under the auspices of the Newman Association. He intends to discuss the lengthy strike by California grape pickers.

The End of An Ideology

by Clifford Robinson

A short while ago I told a friend that no self-respecting Black Panther would ever appear on the Williams Campus. I was chagrined to learn that two Panthers were scheduled to deliver an address here and immediately set out to explain this apparent paradox.



David Hillyard
Photo by Dave Gahr, courtesy Time, Inc.

In my mind the predominantly white, upper class Williams campus was far removed from the revolutionary vanguard that is so important and basic a component of Panther theory and practice. I questioned the benefit that audience and Panther alike could derive from such an occasion.

After hearing the two Panthers, after seeing their films and reading their literature, I realized that their presence here was no publicity gimmick or quick means of making money, but instead was an attempt to explain Panther ideology and functions. They were not here demanding approval or acceptance of their ideas, but were asking for help and understanding in their fight to stay free of outside interference and official encumbrances.

The Black Panthers have characterized the American nation as corrupt and hopelessly racist. Because it would be harmful for Afro-Americans to integrate into a system of this nature, new institutions and structures which conform to the needs of black people are stressed. The Panther's main task has been to inform and prepare blacks for this necessity.

The militant assertiveness with which the Panthers transport themselves betray the urgency and serious nature of their cause. The idea that they are willing to project themselves from "behind the barrel of a gun" illustrates an impatience and lack of faith in conventional methods of redress. This organization is remarkably free of indecision and concession.

America is not used to these kinds of men. It has accepted the Kings, Wilkins, Youngs, and Farmers because it helped to create and sustain them. America had little to do in the making of the Panthers. They look for solutions and symbols outside the recognized norms and therefore become unacceptable. This unacceptability breeds repression.

Please turn to page 4

ALL PASS (cont.)

ate, but imaginative. Grade for course: B. (Average grade B-)

Walter's final record would include some thirty-six comments. In addition, at the end of his senior year he might take a comprehensive examination in his major field. The department would record the result of the examination in whatever way it wished and (perhaps in concert with a cross-disciplinary faculty committee) would recommend Walter for a degree, a degree with honors or a degree with highest honors.

The kinds of knowledge a student attains may differ (skills versus information, for instance), and the kinds of knowledge a teacher has of his students may differ from course to course. A flexible evaluation system allows the style of evaluation to suit the content of the teacher's assessment. Quantities (86, a "B average") need only be used for quantitative measurement of quantitative knowledge. Or a teacher might wish (I would) to assess achievement quantitatively — his paper was a B — and also qualitatively: it was an extremely diligent, thorough, conventional and dull B paper or a dazzlingly brilliant but severely flawed B paper. There is much to be said for recording quantified evaluation, for it emphasizes the worth of what one has actually done, but very little to be said for withholding the qualitative judgments which all teachers make but which enter the record only in the edited and highly suspect form of recommendations. In Walter's case, his reformed record (which might have been English B, Political Science B, Art B+ and Chemistry B) describes more exactly what sort of student he is, what he has done, what he has learned, and when the teacher hasn't the faintest idea what he has learned but certifies that he took the course.

My proposal is bold and should offend two groups: society and students.

It is a bold proposal not because I wish to abolish grades — that would be easy and comfortable for students and teachers alike — but because I wish to enlarge the role of evaluation in education, to make the files in the administration building really important. I am not iconoclastic but more truly reverent. That is why I may offend students. I wish to subject them to the same sort of meaningful (and personal & sometimes unfair) evaluation to which they subject professors in current course and teacher evaluations (with the crucial difference that student records would not be published).

Because the proposal would expose students to real evaluation it is dangerous. A "C" does not offer as great a rebuke as the above Political Science comment. But to the degree that the student is exposed to evaluation he is also exposed to education, and education is always radically dangerous. Evaluation of peers by peers, of colleagues by colleagues, is, at best, of the proposed sort. If I put myself into an essay, a critique of that essay must finally

become a critique of my self. That is why, while some might see in an increase of evaluation an increase of "authoritarianism" (distance between student and teacher), the proposal would actually bring students and teachers closer, would involve them with each other. And that is dangerous. Personal assessments which spur self-awareness and achievement (and hurt) are already offered by teachers; I would like to encourage and record such evaluation.

The proposal should offend society for different reasons. To what extent is our present grading system a reflection not of the way teachers judge students, but of the way our society judges success? A friend of mine in business, whose view of this issue may not be uncommon, argues for grades on the basis that they teach students to compete for tangible rewards, and that the development of such competitive talent is at the root (radix malorum?) of our society. Is grading, then, simply a system of punishments and rewards designed to force the student into a utilitarian and competitive view of mental activity? The more I consider it in practice, the more I am convinced that our grading system is ineffective as evaluation but very effective as an initiation into our society.

Let there be no mistake about the relation of a college to its society, or to begin at the level of seniors, how you get jobs without grades. Under the proposed system, a graduate would have no grade point, no average, no single numerical or alphabetical indicant of what he knows or how smart he is or even of what he has done (grades confuse these issues). One (friend, parent, firm, government) could only know his performance by reading his file (and only the student himself could order copies of his transcript). That seems perfect. Colgate - Palmolive will want to know, if he isn't like a 3.4, what is he like? They would have two options, and hopefully they would use both. First, they could take the five minutes required to read the records of thirty-six courses. Second, if they desired a single number to compute and compare to other numbers, they could administer a test for those capacities and that knowledge which they respect and believe can be quantified. I am not being supercilious. Many valuable capacities can be tested. But I, as a professor, do not wish to do Colgate - Palmolive's work for them. I am seeking qualities which are not always quantifiable, which cannot be averaged, and which do not tend to emerge in competitive situations.



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As an educator in an educational institution, I wish to record the development of what I seek to encourage: an inquiring mind. I see no reason to assume that Colgate-Palmolive wishes to employ inquiring minds, and no reason why we should confuse our roles. I will administer my tests and record my results. No soap? They can administer their tests and record their results. But a college does not exist to inculcate society's values; on the contrary, the college teaches the citizen to question society's values as well as his own. The inquiring mind stands apart, and therefore a college does not serve society by pleasing it, but by educating its citizens.

The old grading system has one great advantage: its limited claims. In its very irrelevance it seems to protect students from teachers. A grade supposedly reflects only the relative (to other students) worth of your work. Certainly the greatest danger of my proposal is that it encourages the teacher to evaluate the student himself (whatever that is), not just his work, and therefore to estimate his capacity, not simply judge his actual production. But under examination I think these very real fears fade. Papers, projects, and examinations have quality (A, superlative; B, good; C, fair) in relation to the professor's assumptions as well as in relation to what other students do. An analytical mind but unimaginative mind will do well in one course, less well in another. Each teacher favors a certain type of mind (usually his own), but his bias may be hidden in a grade. Our grading is not really so limited or irrelevant; it only pretends to be. Under my system, the maverick judgment, the personality clash and the eccentric standard would be more visible and easier

to take into account. For instance, the above hypothetical Political Science professor assumed he could tell if Walter was "involved in the course." That is a dubious assumption that might presently be hidden in his grade for class participation. It may as well be visible.

The second, and lesser danger, that potential might be rewarded more than accomplishment, is real. The only answer is professional wisdom and restraint. Like any system (Pass-Fail, Fail-Safe) it is liable to human failure, and teachers must simply try to distinguish between their evaluation of achievement and their estimate of capacity. It is very important to hold students (and oneself) to actual production in spite of long weekends, parental friction and pregnant dates, because these are the surrounding circumstances of all human work. At worst, excessively speculative evaluations would appear in the record as opinions, not as grades.

The disadvantages of the proposal come to look very much like its advantages. It is dangerous, for it records the most valuable results of the student-teacher relationship; it is clumsy, because it does not represent a student's college experience by a single number or letter; it is radical, because it seeks to divorce the college from its society. Therefore, of course, it is conservative, for I follow Socrates in believing that the intellect serves society by criticizing it. Finally, the proposal is idealistic, because it does not have the slightest chance of being implemented until those who are educators decide to determine the nature of their educational institutions.

Let us make what is most central to education, not what is most peripheral, the matter of record.



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No Quiet on the Eastern Front

Next week, those who set policy at Williams will gather to decide the perennially debated question of inclusion. Those who argue for random selection point out the value of heterogeneity in the housing system, which can be most thoroughly maintained by the perpetuation of their system. Admittedly, a totally diversified house is educationally beneficial, for needless to say, it exposes the resident to varied influences which he might be less apt to encounter in a more homogeneous environment. Yet, at the present time, such an advantage can be attained only at the risk of severe dissatisfaction among many who feel severely incompatible with the designations of an impersonal roulette wheel.

The principal factor to be considered is the basic nature of the two varieties of residential units: Greylock-Berkshire-Prospect, and the row houses. Obviously, Greylock, et al, by virtue of its architecture, ministers far better to the needs and habits of the hermitic individual who desires only quiet and solitude from his house. The row houses were constructed as fraternities, and privacy was hardly a priority in the design. On the contrary, row houses cater more adequately to the student in search of communal festivity. Random selection would provide the latter genre of student little hardship, for revelry is a portable product and can be found in any unit. However, the student desiring tranquility is condemned if the cards fall against him. Certainly limited selection is a far more humanistic process and individual temperaments (not considered in random selection) would stand a much higher chance of satisfaction. Nevertheless, there is a reasonable certainty, considering the general popularity of Greylock, that many applications would perforce go unhonored.

The solution is obvious and simple. Refurbish the presently fulsome "Sophomore Quad". With soundproofing, East College, Fayerweather, and Currier -- the walls of which are notoriously receptive to music -- can be rendered as silent as Greylock. And the former two delinquents could well prosper from a subdivision of the buildings into entries, which would reduce the commotion in any one section, and secondarily, mitigate the hospital-like appearance of the corridors. And with carpeting in the rooms and hallways (which, by the way, would absorb sound in addition to enhancing the aesthetic qualities of the dormitories) and perhaps the designation of several suites as public lounges, the Quad can overcome its reputation as "the very last resort," eliminate its 39.5% dissatisfaction vote, and, most important, serve the essential function of providing a place in the sun for row-bro's seeking solace.

People's Theatre II - - A Suggestion

Last week's editorial response to Will Buck's Record viewpoint "AMT Not A People's Theatre" (Record, February 27), was prompted by our objection to Mr. Buck's judgments, and certainly not by a desire to silence a critical voice. Mr. Buck's article, while perhaps erroneous, nevertheless accomplished a positive good in forcing anyone interested in college theatre, from directors to actors to audience, to re-think either his evaluation of the role theatre must fulfill at Williams, or his justification of that role.

Of all the arts, theatre should be the most susceptible to change since its very closeness in the actor - audience situation makes it the most fluid; therefore theatre criticism is always healthy and necessary. The danger inherent to criticism is that it can become too academic or personal or rancorous, and for this reason the best criticism will always be constructive and functional.

Unfortunately, not every member of the student body comprehended the issue in that manner; if Mr. Buck was too rash in his considerations, then so were most of the tasteless snipes which "concerned" students responded in letters-to-the-editor in subsequent Records. (There is even a question whether The Record should have printed these letters; in theatre as elsewhere, a line should be drawn between what is criticism and what is cynicism; strange as it may be for The Advocate to point this up, perhaps even unrestrained journalism should have its limits; and it is only a weak rationalization to say that at Williams we tend to over-intellectualize most issues, that often the Real Story lies in personalities.)

What all this conflict reveals, however, is an overwhelming need for a new plane of theatre criticism at Williams. Right now the only criticism the theatre receives comes from The Record's reviews, which are little more than guidelines to "Well, should I see the show?" Such a concept is fine for the Broadway stage, where the critic must act as economic and artistic middleman, but rather pointless for a college theatre. All connected with the AMT, and especially the actors, should receive more intensified and stimulating criticism than what they get from The Record, or even their director, who is after all only one man; and the assumption that actors criticize each other is ridiculous. Someone once described actors as "sad clowns who rub makeup on scars," or, briefly stated, actors lie. Actors are great at telling each other they were just beautiful, baby... and not meaning a word of it. We may pride ourselves on living in a liberated age, an age in which We Always Tell the Truth Even If It Hurts, but this type of philosophy, besides being egotistical and self-indulgent, is uncomplicatedly artificial.

The Advocate recommends the establishment of a theatre colloquium, open to all interested campus members, which would take place shortly after the completion of each mainstage or studio production; in order to encourage greater ease and participation, the colloquium should probably be moderated by someone (perhaps Will Buck) vaguely divorced from the theatrical community; and in this way the actors, and of course directors and critics, would receive suggestions from a variety of participants and not just from one critic or a prejudiced friend.

On the other hand, these discussions should also consider such aspects as the themes of the play, or the directorial point-of-view; for a colloquium, in the true sense of the word, should be a conversation examining anything appropriate to the play.

Critical colloquiums are only another step into "People's Theatre." If Cap and Bells, or the AMT directors, is energetic, the first colloquium could be initiated next week for a discussion of "Amphitryon," which is closing this weekend. But above all, let us never become too enamored of our critical faculties; the real "stuff" of theatre is achieved by those active participants who act or build sets, and the theatre definitely needs more of them.



Books Are The Forbidden Fruit

DEWEY'S MARKET

The Grading Series

CEP Releases Proposal

by Robert Hermann

One of the original subcommittees of the committee on Educational Policy was the subcommittee on grading. It consisted of art professor, Lee Hirsche, English professor, Peter Berek, G. William Turner '70, and myself. As our committee was also concerned with experiential education, we decided to attack the grading problem first, hoping to create a more flexible system into which experiential courses could easily fit in terms of final evaluations.

What we essentially came up with was a compromise, and as a consequence, we have been attacked by all sides. We realized that it was only a half-way measure, but justified it on the grounds that it provided the flexibility we felt was essential, while retaining the basic structure of the present system. Or, as we told the full CEP in November:

"There are two powerful arguments for the present grading system. 1. Grades motivate students to work hard, and therefore to learn. 2. Grades provide a useful, economical means of communicating the college's evaluation of a student's successes and failures to the outside world, particularly to graduate schools and potential employers. There are three powerful arguments against grading. 1. Grades motivate students not to learn for the sake of learning, but to display what is measurable, though it may not be important. In other words, the motivation argument works both ways. 2. The existence of grades may discourage students from being adventurous in their course elections, because they fear getting a bad grade in a subject for which they have no great ability, though they may be interested in it. 3. Some teachers who wish to teach experientially oriented courses feel they cannot do so if they are required to give their students grades."

"Since arguments about the re-

lationships between grades and motivation immediately turn into arguments about the nature of man, we have looked for a mixed system of evaluation of students by faculty which will provide us with certain advantages not available under present procedures, but will still retain some of the motivating force of letter grading."

Out of increased discussion by the committee members, both among themselves and with others, we finally came up with the following proposal, which is being presented to the entire faculty for discussion this week.

"A student may elect to take one of his four courses each semester without having any grade recorded on his record except Pass or Fail. He must announce his intention to take a course in this fashion before the last day on which course changes are permitted, and may not alter it thereafter. Pass-Fail students complete all papers, exercises, and examinations just as graded students do. Instructors are not notified by the registrar that a student is enrolled in a course Pass-Fail, although the individual student is free to so inform his teacher. Instructors report regular letter grades to the registrar, who then records them as P or F. All courses in a student's major field taken in junior and senior year must be graded, except by permission of his department and the CAS (Committee on Academic Standing). Pass-Fail courses may not be used to fulfill divisional distribution requirements."

We realize that this plan provides for no real change in the grading system at Williams; it is not designed to. It is merely an amendment allowing and encouraging more adventurous course elections by students, and giving instructors the opportunity to offer certain courses they feel they cannot grade in a conventional way.

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'WHEN THE LIGHT BEAMS DANCED NO MORE ...' / by Charles Njuguna Waigi

Kamau had been determined not to cry but the pain was overwhelming. Each stroke on his behind sent a fresh ripple of pain throughout his body. Yes, it was a sharp, penetrating pain which exploded into a million menacing pins, going to his toes, fingers, ears, . . . everywhere. He wished in vain that the headmaster did not hit exactly the same sore spot — just an inch above or below would have made all the difference! Now he could have sworn his ears were on fire.

—Whack! Whack! . . . six, seven —
Now Kamau was blinded with tears and, impulsively, his right hand went to clear his eyes.

—Don't trouble me, you wretched child! (the teacher exploded). I told you to touch your toes with your fingers and to keep your knees straight. That last stroke did not count (he announced as he tapped the back of the boy's head with the stick).

—Seven, eight, nine . . .
It did not matter to Kamau now whether the count was ten or fifteen. The best way to get it all over with was to let the teacher have his own way, otherwise he would double or triple the punishment. Finally at count twenty the headmaster was satisfied, and he turned Kamau away to class with the firm admonition never to be late for school again.

Kamau was careful not to walk on the lawn outside the headmaster's office, and he suddenly realized how lucky he was to have remembered this sacred rule because the headmaster must have been watching him. The boy even quickened his pace lest his watcher notice he was shaking his head in pain and anger. The latter was considered a crime of the highest degree because it was "rude" and "defiant" for a pupil to openly show anger at his teacher. A fresh torrent of tears blinded Kamau's eyes and a thick lump of frustration choked his throat. He approached the building where the other Catholic pupils were saying their morning prayers (the Protestants used another building), and he knew he had to dry his eyes and swallow the lump in his throat before facing his religion teacher.

Kamau waited at the door until the teacher noticed him. It was rude just to walk into the classroom or to interrupt the teacher.

—Excuse me Sir, said Kamau when the teacher finally looked in his direction, I am sorry I am late.

—Why were you late?
Kamau did not feel he should be subjected to this question again since the headmaster had already taken care of it. He hesitated for a moment or two. He wanted to tell the teacher that the headmaster had already asked this question, but it was impossible to say this without offending the teacher, which would only lead to more punishment. The teacher would have said: "Don't I have the right to ask you the same question over and over for a hundred times if I want to?" They always twisted things that way and the pupils always ended up touching their toes to pay for their "impudence."

Kamau was, therefore, relieved when the teacher spoke again:

—Have you seen the headmaster?
—Yes, Sir.

—I'll check with him after class. Tomorrow, don't come in wearing that rug of shorts. This is a school, not a farm. Do you understand?

—Yes, Sir.
—Now, come in and sit next to Ngugi.
—Thank you.
—What did you say?

—Oh, I am sorry, Sir; I meant to say: "Thank you Sir." The boy had forgotten an important rule in good manners and was surprised he got away with it so lightly.

Kamau walked to the back of the room and sat down as directed. The pain from the caning had subsided a little but as he sat down, his sore behind began to hurt all over again. He shifted uneasily — leaning on his right side and then the left, sitting on the edge of the bench, moving backwards so that only his thighs rested on the bench . . . anything to take his weight off the sore spot — but again it was the teacher who won:

—Kamau, why are you not attentive? All the other pupils looked at Kamau. They understood exactly how he felt because God knows how many of them at one time or another — mostly both times — had gone through a similar experience. The teacher himself should have understood, since he had suffered through the same experience during his primary school days. There was no question but that he had himself resented this type of treatment; he had actually said so in class many times. But as if by some unbreakable conspiracy, all the teachers used their experience as pupils to justify their injustices as teachers. "You think it's rough these days," they would say. "It used to be ten times as bad."

Once or twice when the teacher had said something like this, Kamau had wanted to tell him it was all a big, fat lie; that they surely couldn't have received two hundred strokes for being late to school and a hundred for spelling the word "stick" without a "c." But he knew better than to say something that daring — it would have been suicide! Now he looked up at the threatening face of the teacher, and, as he did so, the teacher spoke again:

—Come in front of the class and kneel on the table. Now, place your hands on your head and keep your elbows level to the table. You will stay that way until further notice — this may come tomorrow or the day after but you will be wise to obey!

Now the class went back to reciting the beatitudes after the teacher.

—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

—"Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they . . ."

They all sounded the same — hollow and meaningless. After a while, Kamau didn't even hear them; he was lost in his reflections of the morning and how he had come to find himself in this awkward predicament.

Ordinarily, he never had trouble waking up in time to get to school punctually. At about six o'clock, the warm, tropical sunrise sent beams of light through cracks in the mud wall of their hut and the outside was alive with all manner of singing birds. This was a reliable timer as any alarm clock ever was and Kamau didn't have such a

clock anyway. Some such mornings, he would sit up in bed for a while, watching the beams invade every corner and every object in the house. Two or three would play on the clay pot in which his mother cooked iris, some would fall on an axe or a hoe, several would play on the soiled, sisal kiondo which his mother used to fetch corn and vegetables from the garden and yet others illuminate the neat pile of ashes under which hot coals were covered so as to preserve the fire until morning. Together, all the illuminated circles on different objects made a very pretty pattern.

Then as the sun rose higher, the beams, still in a radiating formation, would start a spectacular dance. They would all filter down — still in formation — crawling unsteadily across the dirt floor; always getting steeper, always getting shorter and always retreating to the east. Hardly could one draw a ring around one illuminated spot before the circle had retreated halfway across the ring. It was a powerful and spectacular dance those beams performed and, always, they were in complete harmony with the song of the birds outside.

This morning, however, was different. It was the first day of the rainy season. A mist hung over the whole country like a vast blanket obscuring the sun, and the usual choir of birds was nowhere to be heard. In its place came the heavy splatter of tropical raindrops; and on such mornings, Kamau slept like a log, as his mother would say.

He had awakened with a start (perhaps because of the roaring thunder, or because of the bed-bug which quickly took a sharp, last bite at the back of his neck before withdrawing to safety in the cracks of the adjoining wall) and jumped out of bed. There were no beams to provide the light, of course, and so he groped his way to the door, awkwardly bumping into several objects on the way, actually knocking one or two over quite noisily, and narrowly missing the hot coals buried in the open fireplace at the center of the hut.

He removed the peg that held the door shut, admitting a cold mixture of wind, rain and mist which caused his little brother to stir in bed and sleepily mumble something about having lost his blanket. Kamau knew there had been no blanket to begin with and he quickly closed the door. In darkness again, he felt around for a cup and filled it with cold water which he half poured and half splashed on his head in a frenzy. Still in darkness, he quickly shrugged into his school uniform, found the plastic bag in which his books were gathered, and started for school at a panicky pace. He knew painfully well that he couldn't run the four rainy and slippery miles to school in time for the morning assembly at 8 o'clock.

He had not been surprised, therefore, to hear from a distance the voices of the other pupils saying their morning

prayers in that old, familiar unison. He had wondered how many of his friends actually had their thoughts on the words. But as he approached the school and the voices grew louder, he had been, nevertheless, taken by a fear that worsened with each step. It was the worst kind of fear — based on the harsh realization that the headmaster would hardly give him a chance to give the reasons for his "crime" of lateness. How on earth could he convince the headmaster that bed-bugs couldn't let him sleep until early that morning or that he was a victim of the sudden change in the weather — his usual alarm clock? No, any explanation would be futile.

"Ah," the headmaster had shouted upon seeing Kamau, "look at you walking leisurely to school whenever you feel like . . . as if you are a boss coming to supervise his employees. Why are you late . . . (a tortuous silence) . . . boss?"

"I am sorry Sir," said the boy. "It — Well Sir, I . . ." It was no use, the boy had realized and his eyes had turned to where his right big toe was moving on the floor in circles, somewhat uncontrollably . . .

—Kamau! (It was the religion teacher who finally interrupted Kamau's thoughts). You may lower your hands now and step down from the table. I am forgiving you for today, but the next time you are not attentive in my class I'll make sure you are sent home until you bring your parents.

The teacher said this very ceremoniously. Obviously, it was supposed to be a warning to the other pupils as well. Having to bring one's parents to school for an offense was the worst punishment a pupil could receive. Most parents had never attended school themselves, and to them a teacher's discretion was virtually infallible. They would always side with him and give him almost unreserved authority to deal with "disobedience" as his judgment dictated — and what judgments some teachers had!

So Kamau stepped down from the table quietly. His joints at the shoulders, elbows and knees were aching but he didn't dare stretch in front of the teacher.

—Thank you, Sir.

—Don't forget what I said about that pair of shorts. Report to me first thing tomorrow morning; I want to see you in a new pair of shorts. Do you understand?

The teacher's voice was so final that Kamau didn't know how to explain that he was wearing the best and only pair of shorts he had. He hesitated for a moment and then said the only thing open to him:

—Yes Sir.

The bell rang and it was now time for arithmetic. Kamau moved to his classroom. He usually liked arithmetic but today, the unpleasant promise of "tomorrow" was weighing too heavily on his mind.

At the cinema: JEROME CHRISTENSEN

Unpretentious: 'CACTUS FLOWER'

"Cactus Flower", adapted from Abe Burrows' Broadway play of the same name, is an inconsequential but funny piece of light comedy. There really is little to argue about the film because if it has one noteworthy quality it is its lack of pretension. This is the kind of movie that is made "like movies used to be made," that is, with the intention of being merely a diverting ninety minutes of chuckling escapism.

Walter Matthau as a dentist with love problems moves through the film. . . well, like Walter Matthau moves through most of his films, in a comic confusion of grinning innocence and befuddled double-takes. The nice thing about Matthau's roles is that he always plays the guy who tries so hard to be bad, while we, the audience (and this time Ingrid Bergman), realize all the time that he is just an over-sized, oversexed teddy bear. There is not too much meat to this role, but then a teddy bear is only an ersatz carnivore.

The two women in the dentist's life, Goldie Hawn and Ingrid Bergman, represent an interesting combination: the meeting of the new TV (Laugh-In) and what has been best in film and theater, the great dramatic actress. In this film the New TV is triumphant. What we watch is not Toni whatshename, but Goldie Hawn; and her method of acting in fits and jumps of cute facial contortions (a comic Sandy Dennis) is eminently suitable to a film that

moves in the same manner. The plot is contrived for the quick impact of the funny line delivered and forgotten — a quantitative type of comedy.

Ingrid Bergman, on the other hand, is an actress who insists on characterization and the fluid presentation of that character as it involves itself with the plot and the other characters. Such an attitude is quite out of place in a comedy like this. It calls attention to the total contrivance of the whole plot and is not tailored to meet the sporadic demands of individual situations and the necessity of shifting from straightman to gagman. Worst of all, Bergman's intention to act, contrary to her purpose of creating a character, emphasizes instead that this is Ingrid Bergman — THE Ingrid Bergman who has such a reservoir of admiration from her previous roles — appearing in this trivial farce. She is too much of a contrast to her fellow players: who would ever believe that the woman who loved Bogart's Rick would fall for a Fifth Avenue dentist?

The adaptation of the story from stage to screen probably was not much of a job; and since the director did not spend much time thinking about it, maybe I should not spend much time criticizing it except to say that the Guggenheim scene seemed to have been filmed on location and therefore was probably not in the play.

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Seven

Friday, April 17, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts



Photo by William Taguo

'Fumes Over Greylock': Looking west from Adams, Mt. Greylock is seen in background.

WOMEN MOBILIZE IN JESUP

THE ADVOCATE presents two treatments of Women's Liberation within.

Jesup, April 7—First came Stephanie, and she was scared. Stephanie, the sports would say later, was "nice," with a green kerchief and dark hair and a kind face and sensuous looking and a little lisp that made you want to protect her. She hung over the microphone, and she punctuated everything with like or you know. When she started to falter most of the audience released a collective smirk, so Cathy turned the microphone and said hold on, you've got to realize women's liberation isn't easy to communicate to big groups, it's a more personal thing, and you've got to begin to see that; that's why Stephanie isn't used to talking to big groups. Everyone applauded.

So Stephanie squeezed off a smile and discussed the Nuclear Family and the way women become commodity values. "People don't look at them, you know, that they could like BE anything or contribute to a community." Then it was Cathy's turn. She was not frightened as Stephanie had been, nor did she use notes; and when she tapped her fingers on her temples and said "Ah, so complicated. . . When you're out on a date with some ass and you

really want to tell him off, it takes a whole lot of strength to tell that pisser to fuck off" -- you knew she'd made these speeches before.

But when a balcony boor heckled, "Don't worry, you won't be raped" did such sarcasm play into Cathy's hands, or was she perhaps hurt? Cathy wore a navy t-shirt underneath a red sweater, jeans, and sneakers, and with her wire glasses and hair yanked backward she reminded you of plain-faced girls in bleached overalls who paint scenery for summer stock. She had been joined onstage by seven squatting "sisters" from Pittsfield and Mt. Greylock who were dressed similarly. Together the women discussed "group spirit in the U.S. kind of thing" and looked possessed. Very sincere, mind you, but possessed.

When Cathy was insulted her supporters swooped to her aid, but Cathy silenced them: "Never mind, never mind. Don't even answer. Don't even answer." But as she said that she stared at the tip of her nose, the way people do when they're about to cry. She didn't cry, though, or if she was close to it, she held it in.



Photo by Ray Zarcos

The uniform of Women's Liberation: jeans, boots, work shirt, and tension.

ADVOCATE Presses For Eco Showdown Campus Signatures Sought For Proxy Control

by Dore Griffinger and Paul Isaac

As ecology and the environment become hot political issues to the point of faddism, the logical question seems to be, what kind of concrete bases for meaningful and continuing action can be constructed both at Williams and in the larger community? The suggestion has been made in THE ADVOCATE by Dore Griffinger, one of the authors of this article, that the use of college proxies might constitute such a base.

The first major effort of this kind has been made by The Project for Corporate Responsibility, which is associated with Ralph Nader. It has proposed: first, that three public representatives be elected to the General Motors board and, second, that a GM shareholder committee for corporate responsibility be created. The Securities and Exchange Commission has ordered both proposals' inclusion in the GM proxy statement for that corporation's May 2 meeting.

The chances of the proposal's success are probably not very good, yet there remains a strong possibility that considerable support can be mustered. Some of the New York City pension funds are voting for the proposal as are both Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. Support also seems likely from M.I.T., Brown and the University of Michigan.

As a general rule management at least listens to someone who sits on 30,000 shares of stock.

Even though GM has 287,600,000 shares outstanding, and thus is considerably less susceptible to stockholder pressure than smaller firms, it is the logical place to begin efforts at pollution control via voluntary acts by the polluter. In a legal brief of April 1, 1970, the Harvard Environmental Law Society wrote: "General Motors' products today account for one third of the total air pollution in the United States. In spite of this impact on the nation the corporation has spent less than 42 million dollars a year since 1967 on pollution-related research — according to a General Motors spokesman, less than 20 million dollars annually have gone directly toward developing new anti-pollution techniques. In contrast the annual advertising expenditures stand at about 250 million dollars, and the yearly cost of retooling for style changes exceeds 860 million dollars.

We feel that a petition should be

The Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute will present a small exhibition of works by Rembrandt from April 21 to May 24. For the first two weeks a 50-minute documentary, IN SEARCH OF REMBRANDT, which has been seen on N.E.T., will be shown daily. The film schedule will be 10:30 a.m. April 21-26, and 3:00 p.m. April 25-May 3, except April 27.

circulated on Earth Day, to enlist the support of the student body in a request to the trustees either to vote the College's General Motors stock for the Responsibility proposals or to give the proxies to any students with the resources for a trip to Detroit — and the inclination — to vote the proxies for the proposals at the annual meeting. THE ADVOCATE is going to circulate such a petition during the Earth Day activities.

But we feel this is only a beginning. Williams College has a substantial part of its endowment funds invested in equity securities, some of which companies are polluters. It would be unfair and incorrect to say these companies' management are opposed to pollution. It is, however, correct to say that when management feels that their jobs ride on their ability to deliver maximum short term profit performance, pollution control may take a backseat to the growth of apparent earnings. A management which knows that it will be supported by board members and stockholders interested in pollution control will be more willing to work on that area, even if it means an apparent sacrifice of a few cents on this year's earnings.

Further, we would maintain that the stockholders personal interests will be served by such an

emphasis. The purpose of General Motors is not to obtain the largest possible profit this year, but rather to earn the largest return for its stockholders over the longest period of time. General Motors' ability to sell its products may be hampered sometime hence if all the company's potential customers are dead or incapacitated due to pollutant's emitted by GM's own products.

Finally, self-regulation may prove cheaper in the long-run. Enacting pollution control one way may prove far more convenient, and no less effective, for GM. Should GM reform itself, necessary engineering and operational changes could be effected and integrated into the company's activities with a minimum of disruption. Control by legislative fiat will probably prove far more painful both spiritually and financially for the corporation.

Please turn to Page 6

Bedroom Factory Proposed Inclusion Crisis Solved

by Don C. Gifford

In the last few years Williams College has undertaken a sizeable building program. Each major phase of this program (Greylock, Bronfman, Mission Park, the library) has been well-conceived, and the two completed phases (Greylock and Bronfman) are handsome and functional buildings in the best traditional sense of those terms. The college's building program has been focused in terms of an overall campus plan, and that plan has attempted to foresee the college's architectural future and to coordinate present and future architectural patterns. But the building program has remained essentially 'traditional.' Each of its phases has been conceived as a separate though well-sited building: now a complex of residential houses, now a science building, now a library.

Each phase has gone through the traditional steps of large-scale construction: (1) immediate and long-range needs are articulated and resolved into a program; (2) an architect is chosen and he responds to that program with a set of schematic drawings which suggest the ways in which the building should relate to its environment and how the building should house its functions; (3) an extended period of dialogue follows in which the architect learns what the program-in-context means and the college learns what the architect means; (4) working drawings; (5) fund-raising; (6) construction — which has its own sequence of steps: site preparation, foundation, the construction of the building's shell; plumbing and wiring; interior finish; landscaping.

Thus each phase of a building program is in practice a 'heave of storm,' and because each phase is a special occasion, requiring unusual concentrations of skills and materials, the whole sequence is expensive. In addition, design is not a continuous and flexible process to which the community can respond in process. Design is instead a succession of set-pieces, irreversible exercises. For example, if the houses in the Grey-

lock quad are discovered by their residents to inhibit interior circulation, and even if that objection is valid, the reinforced concrete says: that's too bad. And behind the concrete's remark there are the ghosts of the thought and talk which evolved the building's program — thought and talk which in the case of Greylock reflected the attitudes of a student generation in reaction against the fish-bowl life of the declining fraternities, a generation very much in favor of individual residential privacy.

One promising departure from the traditional building program was conceived by the designers of Habitat in Montreal. Instead of



Habitat '67

constructing a building all at once, the designers suggested the serial construction of self-contained housing units, architectural modules or building blocks which could be made in a factory, moved to the building site, plugged in, arranged in patterns, piled up. It was argued that considerable economy would result from continuous construction, as against the uneconomical special occasions of large scale construction. Habitat itself, however, was built all-at-once in traditional large scale fashion; therefore it did not prove economical; but, more important, its real innovation (which was not in its architectural forms but in its architectural processes) was lost.

It is sobering to discover that a good automobile and a good four-bedroom house could have been had for roughly the same price in 1906. Sixty-four years later a comparable house will cost 15

times as much as a more than comparable automobile. And so at long last the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development in its "Operation Breakthrough" is attempting to persuade private industry to catch up, to meet the housing crisis through the application of those factory production methods which have transformed the world of consumer goods in this century. But the suggestions Operation Breakthrough has elicited from various industries are still geared to traditional special-occasion construction. What the program has yet to envision is the possibility of design as a continuous and flexible process, responsive not only to a community's needs but also to the community's evolving experience of design.

What would happen if a community like Williams College, instead of continuing to build in traditional fashion, undertook to develop a modest factory capable of flexible and continuous production of finished architectural modules? A relatively small work

force, continuously employed and uninterrupted by the weather, could produce an impressive number of architectural modules in the course of a year, and the modules would not have to wait until all were assembled but would be available for immediate use. Under the supervision of a resident architect the college could evolve its buildings as its needs evolved instead of trying to forecast those needs before they are set in concrete (since concrete makes a very indifferent crystal ball). The factory itself would furnish part of the industrial diversification which the Northern Berkshire community says it needs; and, since the college would hardly require the factory's total output, the factory could help to serve the housing needs of neighboring communities. Perhaps most important of all, a college housing factory with intelligent criticism and continuous modification could serve as an inventive small-scale model for the large-scale factories which are a national necessity.

IDEOLOGY (cont.)

Much of the Panther program is well calculated revolutionary rhetoric. The "Ten Point Plan" of the Black Panther Party is not so much an operative program, as it is a foundation around which support might be mobilized and radicalization might occur. Even though the Plan has no specifics as to how it might be implemented at a given time in ideal conditions, it suggests to black people their potential and power. It describes goals, which are desirable but which only become possible to attain when their full necessity is understood. The "Ten Point Plan" is more idealistic than functional and should be taken as such. Because the Panther Party is in its infancy, it must create the myths, norms, and values that will be supported, not for their effectiveness or prevalence in society but instead for the promise they hold. Thus the Panther who fervently believes in the "Ten Point Program," is no oblivious visionary, but an apostle of a new order.

The Panthers have many problems which may be alleviated once there is some degree of consolidation in the leadership echelon:

(1) The fragmentary ideas, which make good slogans, must take an additional programmatic values and meanings so that constructive change might be better suggested.

(2) The tendency to merge with predominantly white organizations on specific issues must stop until there is greater social, political and economic equity between black and white. Coalitions and alliances require some degree of equality among their proponents if they are genuine.

(3) The Panthers must harness their tendency to align themselves to generalized movements and foreign examples which pinpoint many problems and solutions but have little relevance to black communities. The "world wide revolution" and the "third world revolt" have little impact on the ghetto in that they broaden the references of the black community to dangerous dimensions. Marx and Mao don't pay the rent.

Another problem the Black Panthers have is their inability to bring together the disparate elements of the black community. This deficiency might be alleviated, quite ironically, by the white community. If repression follows each example of Panther assertiveness, all blacks will begin to mobilize around this fact. No Afro-American can remain secure in his person knowing his brothers are being inexcusably killed or jailed. The Black Panthers have become the sacrificial lambs (though reluctant sacrifices) on which black people might build a unified consciousness and sense of purpose.

The sacrifice of Martin Luther King (noteworthy for its inevitability) was expected to create these same ends. It did not. The result of his death was either despair or cynicism; despair because a Messiah was lost; cynicism because of the foolishness and naivete of his philosophy and tactics. Nothing was built upon King's death; there was little in King's legacy that could be transmitted into new strategies or ideas. There was, instead, a rededication to what are now shop worn ideas.

The persecution of the Black Panthers offers a greater opportunity to build useful and enduring monuments. Because the forces that repress the Panthers are signalling the end of an ideology, rather than the demise of a personality like King, the response made by the black community will be well focused, strongly unified and abrasive in nature. Ideas are pre-eminent to men and therefore difficult to eliminate. The conscious attempt to destroy the Black Panthers will give these ideas added prominence and credibility in the minds of those who cherish man's right to believe in what he wishes. Their ideas will become synonymous with their right to bear them. It was this that the two Boston Panthers hoped to tell us. We believe in our Constitutionally guaranteed freedoms and are therefore capable of advocating the Panther line.

When their rights are assaulted, aren't ours too?

Mr. Gifford is Professor of English



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The Spring Thing

Certainly one of the ironies surrounding next week's nationwide Earth Day programs is that they fall on the second anniversary of the Columbia University demonstrations. More than just a curiosity, this detail will not escape seekers of the symbolic, since Columbia represented the radicalization of so many, and the recent environmental concern might seem an indication of how far involvement has come in two years.

In fact, precisely because of the juxtaposition of the two events, an evaluation of the sincerity of one's concern, and what, exactly, one does with his sincerity, is in order.

We remember last April. The blacks were occupying Hopkins Hall. And meanwhile one of our student "leaders," dressed in the work shirt and jeans that are The Movement's uniform, excoriated an audience at Chapin for finally waking up to what it was Really Like to be black at Williams, for finally becoming as enlightened as he was. Then of course we adjourned to little discussion groups that were supposed to make us think and feel; and for the rest of the day we discussed education at Williams, and why the blacks did what they did, and how maybe we should be doing it too, and how the only thing that is Real is what we can experience, and how everything else is just irrelevant.

A full spring later, however, after the shouting, where are all those people who were once so quick to "give a damn?" A great number of them are concerned about the environment. Now, the environmental crisis is a very real problem, and one which is long overdue in gaining consideration. Yet before Williams channels its unqualified efforts into this latest cause, it would be advisable to remind ourselves of our previous commitments.

Mr. Frost, for example, is worried about support for the Martin Luther King Fund, and a disappointing attendance at last Sunday's magnificent Brahms "Ein deutsches Requiem" — where proceeds benefitted the King Fund — seemed to support his fear. Obviously the five dollar admission, demanded by the nearly nine thousand dollar production expense, was not a tremendous encouragement. Still, Mr. Frost's advice during the Hopkins takeover is still valid: that it was time to stop the talking and discussing; it was time to do something practical.

Last April "something practical" meant "give money." Caught up in the spirit, a great many people did. Right. Give money. That's what they need. Give money.

Unfortunately, that style of attitude disappeared with the close of the term. This April, too many define "something practical" as leafing through the essays in "The Environmental Handbook." Of course there is nothing inherently wrong with reading the handbook — it is, after all, educational, and will be an intellectual asset during Earth Week — but somehow the campus should take a lesson from last year and learn to think beyond its noses. The Hopkins occupation caught us all by surprise, so there weren't the usual planning opportunities; there really was little to do EXCEPT give money — at least until the fall; but in the fall the Big Issue was the Moratorium and, afterward, the environment, and no one thought about trace anymore.

That is why WHEW's proposed establishment of a permanent environmental information and coordination center is such a good one. This center would be directly connected with the Center for Environmental Studies, and therefore it would be lasting, an ecology-oriented link between campus and community. Above all, such a center would be "something practical" — something to utilize after there are no more buttons to wear.

For there is always a certain amount of bandwagonism that attends the birth of a new Cause, yet no one weeps at the abortion. Let us hope that this environmental spring will not be just another "Spring Thing" of years and right ons and evanescent involvement and commitment and concern, all of which will be forgotten in the fall and next spring when the "thing" is Indians, or Eskimos, or one-eyed malamutes. "Words fly up," as "Hamlet" teaches us, and they do; idle talk without faith is a sin of sorts, and it will only scatter into the night.

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STATE ROAD - NEXT TO A&P

WILLIAMSTOWN

Smoking Cigarettes and Watching Captain Kangaroo

One of Williams' most distinctive qualities, in the minds of onlookers, is her "innovative" system of residential units catering to the student's dining, housing, and social needs. The new non-fraternal living structure attractively isolates us from the two other members of the "Little Three" and, according to the Admissions Department, serves as a significant lure among prospective applicants.

But when you get down to it, each unit under the new housing plan provides exactly the same benefits the frats offered — only the houses present them in a democratic and somewhat less vulgar manner. It was hoped that the new system might inspire a dramatic improvement in the social framework of the campus. But, unfortunately, the exodus of Greek letters did not end the conception of a college house as one big family that nightly gathers before the centrally situated color television (which, depending upon the orthodoxy of the group, might or might not be mounted up on a towering altar, as at Garfield), guffaws at detested politicians who appear in newscasts, and shuttles someone back and forth to the refrigerator during margarine commercials. As a diversion, a night of Rowan and Martin, Lucille Ball, and Mayberry R.F.D. cannot be condemned, but something is seriously wrong when such a bill of fare becomes the social climax of the week at a residential house. Admittedly, the monotony of Channel 6 can often be shattered by Channel 11. And then there's always trusty Channel 3. But soon one finds that no matter what channel he turns to, that nauseating red box of new improved something-or-other always manages to leer at him every thirty-seven seconds, and eventually, he finds himself singing along with the strident chorus of malicious six year olds who periodically insist, "Ring around the collar." It's then that the faithful viewer realizes the error of his ways, pushes the "off" switch furiously, and plunges into every room of the house in search of something, SOMETHING, to entertain him, or at least to distract him from the "Ring around the collar" thumping in his head. Thinks he between thumps, "There must be something my thirty-five dollars per semester can buy me that beats this. There's got to be!"

Much of the agonizing boredom seemingly inherent in house living can be eliminated by putting faculty associates to work for the house. Just as a student is good for something more dynamic than scratching feverishly at an examination booklet, a faculty member or (heaven forbid!) an administration officer, when removed from context, very well might have something unusual to say in a matter alien to his discipline. With little effort, the ambitious house president could easily arrange with his respective faculty affiliates (they're in the catalogue) a series of topical seminars which would NECESSARILY prove far more captivating than Gunsmoke, and would allow the more reticent bro's the opportunity to finally meet their fellows. The latter point applies especially to the freshman initiation weeks which generally prove abysmally pointless failures. The seminars might focus upon any subject of interest to those involved and could easily include the remainder of the campus if the house so chooses.

The difficulty in the proposal arises from the all-too-existent split between the classroom and the living-room. Students return to their rooms after a grueling day at the blackboard and want only to forget the facts and faces of the afternoon. Many faculty members sense the presence of such an attitude and feel like an untouchable when they enter the residential house. Consequently they make it a point to stay away until — or unless — invited. Before the faculty can be included in the affairs of a house, the house members will first have to realize the untapped potential of such an addition to the insipid evenings of "tube" monotony with which our living units presently grace us.

Mark Twain once said, "The older I get, the wiser my father gets." The application can be extended.

LETTERS

Non Sequitur

(In praise of Mr. William Henry's "Oratio de Saeculo Aureo" — Advocate, February 26)

Ecce rediit vates. Frontis suae
Homericae amplitudinem, prope
praegravem, animadverte. Ingenio
ardentes, pupillas vide. Labra con-
spice, coalita strictim dum poma
eloquentiae intra maturescunt.
Laurus suas antumnales ad aurum
aeternum mutavit. Musa nulla
supra eum potestatem suam pre-
hendit. Nam ipse Parnassus est,
atque nos non magis sumus quam
aves impudentes quae, in declivi-
tibus magnificentiae infinitae
eius, stylobatam contractam suis
unguibus rapere frustra conorantur.

James Fraser Darling
March 8, 1970

Right On!

To the Editors:

I have just returned from a Williams weekend, where I read "Simplistic Delusions" in the Williams Advocate (March 12, 1970).

It was almost as if I had dictated the article to you! I thought I was the only one who found inconsistencies and contradictions a little too evident in the "whining" of groups like the Panthers. It is nice to know that someone else is beating his head against a wall of "love everybody" believers, too.

Sincerely,
Ann O'Donnell
Cutter House
Smith College
March 15, 1970

Earth Day

To the Editor:

In the schedule of activities for the Williams Habitable Earth Week, one item remains of doubtful success and of an academically controversial nature. I refer

to the proposal that classes relate their subject material to ecological concepts on Earth Day, or at some other time during that week.

The proposal does not call for each class to talk about pollution, pesticides, urban ecology or the population explosion. If taken in this narrow sense, the suggestion loses much of its value and, in addition, implies an encroachment on academic freedom. Although the WHEW steering committee has no intention of the latter, we do feel that the conception of human ecology as the interrelated processes and systems which form the supporting matrix for human life and activity is of sufficiently broad import to warrant its consideration in a wide spectrum of academic subjects.

Under this broad construction, it is not necessary to depart from the material of most courses in order to incorporate concepts basic to ecology. I would like to present the proposal more as a challenge to use a developing new perspective than as an attempt to dictate what shall be taught on campus on a certain day. The use of systemic relations or emphasis on background and context are familiar approaches in class discussion, but the ecological interpretation demands a complex interdependence in the relations conceived for any living system. The WHEW steering committee has sent a letter to all faculty members which includes a few examples of ecological approaches to various courses, and a more complete list of suggestions will be offered in a special feature of the The Record on Tuesday of Earth Week.

Personally, I see two distinct values in this attempt. First, the perspectives in treating material previously presented from another view will help develop the consciousness of "ecosystems" which — under heavy penalty for failure — the future demands of us. Second, this emphasis on interdependent systems (which are often obscured behind obvious actions and visible events) can provide a

Please turn to Page 6

THE ADVOCATE is pleased to announce the appointment of David Kehres as Executive Editor. Mazeltov, David.

THE REUNION / by Mark Siegel

As I banged along the road I realized, much to my chagrin, that I was still in love with Cassy. That's embarrassing. It's downright embarrassing to be in love with someone in Buffalo. I thought about that as my old Ford rattled through the potholes in the city street. The steering wheel fought me around every corner, refusing both left and right turns. One day that machine will die on me and my bondage will be finished; I'll be able to abandon it with a clear conscience. I've often planned defiling the hubcaps-turned-ashtray with cigarette butts and turning the trunk into a flower box for unholy plants when that day comes. In the meantime, my parents, who gave me the diabolical vehicle, would never understand anything less than a total wreck as an excuse for ditching it. They make no fine distinctions about the performance of a machine; it either works or it doesn't work. On a TV set, for instance, maybe you can't tell Huntley from Brinkley, but as long as the picture tube hums a little and is giving off some kind of light, it's in "great shape."

Between being in love and worrying about the hometown hassle that I was in for at this forthcoming reunion of my family I felt a little screwed up. I wasn't exactly looking forward to a day at the beach. I never worried about any of these things when I was away; my only reminder of the city in the last few years was that car. I had never answered the sporadic letters I had received, except for the last one. Now I had to remember those things; the regimented rows of two family houses reeked of responsibility, and the backfires of last year's automobiles gossiped smog in retribution for the passengers they carried. My own vehicle, that felt as if it were as old as I was, farted most horribly of all.

I had tried to stay away from Buffalo as much as possible. My first sixteen years had been spent there, and each of those years had been more miserable than the preceding one, until, at the end of this time I realized what was being done to me in the name of socialization. All those years I really was miserable, I could feel it, but I almost never realized it until I talked to my twin sister Cassandra. We hated each other until that last year, but then we'd talk for hours, with me doing most of the noise making, pouring out all the collage of years that my mind had stored; then Cassy would make some comment, almost a footnote, and I could feel all the scenes and words fall into place. Usually one of our discussions would last until about 4 a.m. when I dragged myself off to bed. Cassandra would always remain in the living room, shrouded in cigarette smoke when I left. Then I'd be too depressed to sleep. Not that I regretted our discussions — ignorance hadn't been bliss, it had only been ignorance. The last time we talked Cassy told me what I was as a child. I never knew that anyone had known me as a child until then, so it came as a bit of a shock to me. All those years that I was ignoring her, or thought I was ignoring her — I remember everything that she did, because I always remembered everything — she was watching me, measuring my actions, interpreting. I recalled the events she talked about that night, like I was running film clippings through a stop-action camera, and I knew for the first time how unhappy I'd been. I mean, I hadn't tried to fuck a cocker spaniel like Jimmy Sterns, but I had been frustrated, manipulated like a Monopoly piece that for no goddamn reason in the world was not allowed to pass Go. My Chance cards always read "pay," never "receive," and I didn't own any of the properties. Have you ever seen anyone without any property cards playing Monopoly? At first they race around the board frantically, thumping their pieces viciously the number of times the dice have decreed. Then, near the end, when they realize they can't help losing, when they realize that the best thing would have been not to play at all, they pray quietly to be forgotten for a turn or two, and curse quietly when they are not. In the end, all that is left of them is a small pile of pink and white bills in the middle of the board, and a little while later, when someone lands on Free Parking, even that disappears. What rotten games we'd been made to play. And I went halfway around the board, again and again. I hated my parents that night as much as Cassandra must have hated them all her life. By the

time I went to bed both of us knew that it was for the last time in this house, and that we'd never come back again. We knew it. And now, here I was. Cassandra was there too — they'd flown her body in from San Francisco.

I parked in front of the house. The car leaked oil and I didn't want to get the big black-and-rainbow spots on the driveway. They were peculiar spots and you could look into them and see your mind. Somehow I expected to find the whole family in the living room, respectfully subdued — Cassy's body was featured in the living room, and when she'd been alive she'd been able to intimidate my mother into a sort of hostile silence — but I was sadly mistaken. I could hear my mother bickering with Samantha as I came through the back door into the kitchen. Samantha wouldn't eat her food, she didn't like it — she didn't like anything and never would — and if my mother pursued the issue Samantha was capable of vomiting on the spot, an unbeatable point in any debate. At the age of eleven she had mastered every counter-nag in the book; she had all the property cards and played the game with a passion. Cassy used to speculate in a reverential voice as to the width and depth of the awesome hell that Samantha would someday create for some poor slob of a doctor-husband.

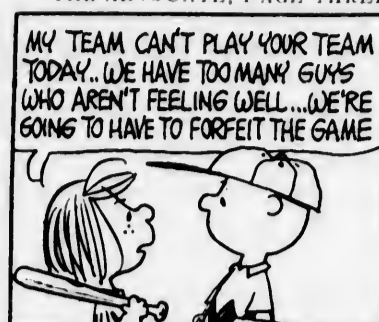
"Samantha, there's absolutely nothing wrong with this steak. I fed your brother the same food when he was your age, and just look at how big and strong it made him." My mother gestured towards me, as if I hadn't just appeared after a five year absence, but had been standing in the kitchen door all along, as support for her argument.

"Weeds get big and strong when you feed them cow manure. Would you feed me cow manure?" Tears of righteous indignation welled up in her eyes at the atrocity of being force-fed cow manure. Samantha was unbeatable.

"Don't you use language like that at the table, young lady." Samantha started to throw up and I backed out the door and went up-stairs to my old room.

There were no sheets on the bed, but otherwise my room was almost exactly the same as I had left it. It hadn't even gotten smaller, the way that rooms which are left alone for a long time often do. One of the photographs that I'd pinned along the wall in no particular sequence was no longer in place; it hung upside down by a single thumb tack just below a rectangle of bright yellow that the sun had forgotten on a faded background. Cassandra and I went to the park sometimes to take pictures. That is, I took pictures and Cassandra watched me take them. When we were younger and didn't get along she used to follow me at a distance, so that I was hardly aware of her presence, but when we were sixteen she walked next to me, and sometimes she'd suggest a certain subject or a particular pose. Some of the photos were of Cassandra. Now that I had become a professional I recognized the relative incompetence of these early pictures — the total unawareness of the relationship between light and matter, for instance — and I found the primitive ignorance more painful than pleasant. They showed reality without feeling, these early ones, unincorporated objects arranged only by arbitrary time. Some people see life like that all their lives.

I took my black suit out of the over-night bag and put it on. Then I felt better prepared to see Cassandra's body. I went back down the stairs and through the kitchen. No one was in there. I went into the living room and was alone there too, alone with Cassandra. Reunited after five years. No, I knew we'd never been apart since that night. Her casket was in front of the couch and when I knew I was alone I walked over to it and looked in. She'd never dressed up like that in her life, and she probably would have puked if she could have seen herself then, in that black blanket of a dress. Her skin was blotched green and pink, like a well-chewed watermelon rind. I didn't touch her; I can't even remember touching her when she was alive, and I didn't touch her then either. Hemingway had to end that way, she said. I'd written back, explaining that it really wasn't consistent with his professed philosophy even though suicide may have been the logical outcome of the events of his life. She must have known



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BASEBALL '70: Stand Up, Mets

by Carl Friedman

spirit. At least it will squeeze them past the Expos.

The NL West will feature an exciting five-way race. The Reds have it all — superstars like Pete Rose, and the pitching skills of Maloney and Nolan along with adequate relief pitching. The only question mark is a first-year shortstop, Dave Concepcion. If he comes through at all, Cincinnati will be first.

Atlanta should be second. Powerful hitting is the Atlanta long suit, and fielding and pitching are similarly decent. The Houston Astros might surprise everyone, but the thought of the Mets and Astros in a playoff is beyond all rational belief, so, to be safe, I'll say Houston will be third. The pitching is very good, and ex-Yankee Joe Pepitone should improve the hitting. They have a speedy club and are coming off a fine spring. They also have the enviable status of having beaten the World Champs 10 of 12 last year.

This will be a bad year for California clubs, however. The talents of stars Willie McCovey, Juan Marichal, and Bobby Bonds make San Francisco look prosperous on paper, but somehow the Giants always look well on paper and will probably finish fourth, for no apparent reason. Los Angeles is too dependent on rookies and erratic leaders such as Willie Davis or Maury Wills, but the Dodgers certainly will beat out the San Diego Padres, who are likely to finish last for the next five years. Please turn to Page 5

"Just look at their haircuts and the way they're dressed. By God, they are America the beautiful. Stand up, Mets."

-- Governor Claude Kirk, bubbling at a banquet, 3-7-70

About this time every year (with the exception of the last four or five) the question is traditionally raised: who will face New York in the World Series? Probably Oakland — after they surprise Baltimore in the playoff — will play the Amazin' New York Mets, who will have crushed a good, though not exceptional, Cincinnati club in three games. The Mets will laugh at the upstart A's, and probably slip into a nail-biter seven game series, a series which, by all odds, they should pull out on a grand slam by Al Weis.

Certainly the Mets' division title will not be a runaway by any stretch of the imagination. There will be a down-to-the-wire, four-way battle in the National League East. Based on magnificent pitching by Koosman, Seaver, and others, the Mets are the strongest. They have a great defense — you saw Agee, Swoboda, and Jones in action last year — as well as a fine up-the-middle infield. Hitting is the only problem, but they'll rarely need more than two or three runs to win, if the pitching holds up, that is. More than anything, they've got the same exuberant team spirit they had last October, and this is a quality for which the other teams can't compensate.

Not even Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh should lead the East's also-rans. The Pirate hitters are baseball's best: Clemente, Stargell, Matty Alou, Mota, Hebner, ad infinitum. And the defense is tight — the equal, or better, of the Mets, but pitching is still lacking. They could win anyway. It will be close.

Tough break, Leo — if you're lucky, you'll be third this time. Beyond Holtzman, Jenkins, and Hands your pitching is spotty. Hitting is fine, but defense will be a problem with efficient catcher Randy Hundley injured. The Cardinals look good, but any team with Richie Allen, any team which actually WANTS Richie Allen, can't finish high. Pick them fourth only because of the questionable Philadelphia Phillies and ludicrous Montreal Expos. The Phillies have a new, young team, but little in the way of established talent. What they do have is no Richie Allen, and a bit of

that already, but I never heard from her again after that so I don't know for sure. I wonder if she even got that letter.

I heard the back door open. A lady I'd never seen before came in and sat down on the couch without saying a word. She watched me and waited, not knowing what to do without a sympathetic audience. Soon my family would come and we wouldn't be allowed to sit in quiet. There would be tears and more tears, move and counter-move, and people would try and talk to me. As if they knew. As if they felt. Maybe because they wanted to feel, because they couldn't conceive of a person actually being dead except by the effect that the death had on someone else, unless they felt it as a slight personal deprivation, such as when they needed other players. But I knew about them now, Cassandra had told me, had shown me. The reunion was already over.

COLLEGE CINEMA

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An Advocate Profile:

WOMEN'S LIBERATION: Coming Out from Under

by JANE M. BREISETH

"Why split up? I want to talk to you," said a young male plaintively on Wednesday night at 9:45 p.m. as the Women's Liberation Movement speakers and audience prepared to separate into groups by sex. Yes, I thought to myself, that's just it: you want to talk to us.

A carnival aura had prevailed at what was billed as a lecture by Susan Katz of the Red Stockings at 8:00 but turned out instead to be a confrontation led by Stephanie and Kathy of Bread and Roses at 8:30. The audience's attitude, later described by a faculty member as that of "a bunch of junior high kids in a locker room doing their thing," was directly opposite the considerate attention shown by the approximately 35 women who met afterwards in the Sterling Room. Perhaps the carnival atmosphere could have been explained by the threat theories, two of which I've heard recently: that Williams men are threatened by faculty wives and other women who are out to seduce them a la Mrs. Robinson; that Williams men are threatened by liberated women discovering that men are actually obsolete. In any case, the women's meeting was more informative and thoughtful.

After we had assembled, it was ironic that Kathy's first reaction was resignation that she and Stephanie should even have been invited. "It's typical of men, that they call Boston and get the heavies when there is a group in Pittsfield." Of course she is right—why are men afraid to hear it "like it is" from the girl next door? Among the stage-sitters had been seven "local" women, from Williamstown, North Adams, Bennington, and Pittsfield, including Cathi Oakes, phone number 443-0957, whose particular message was that the Berkshire Area Movement for Democratic Society meets at 120 Linden Street in Pittsfield on Thursdays at 8:00 p.m. (This Thursday, the 16th, the film "Up Against the Wall, Miss America" will be shown.) And also among those stage-sitters had been at least two daughters of Williams men and one sister. Kathy knew full well that the "Boston heavies" carried less weight than local women. "We can't tell them the way they have to be. . . The only way is for all women to tell them." Furthermore, she knew men would not treat what they heard from women as seriously as what they heard from men. I remember the stage outburst: "I'm sitting up here and I can see your faces. I'm emotional because I'm hurt. If Seale or Hoffman or any other Movement heavies were here you wouldn't titter. You wouldn't jeer. . . think about it, for chrissake!" Kathy put it more calmly: "They have to talk to each other."

Leaders of unpopular causes are supposed to be dedicated and suffering; I think Kathy and Stephanie are. Although it's true they have the option to return to their upper middle class life styles, I don't believe they will. "I became a radical on intellectual issues," said Kathy, "but I have no choice anymore. This is what I want to do." Stephanie admitted, "College isn't an important part of my life now. The Women's Movement has integrated my entire life. Of course there are pressures. I brought it up to my parents. My father says, 'Who are you being liberated from?' (This query, I suspect, may become more poignant if Stephanie ever becomes a parent.) Both women are proud to have been told by leaders of the Left that Women's Liberation is "the only group in The Movement that has direction" and that it is "REFRESHING—a breath of fresh air." Stephanie, an 18-year-old college freshman at Boston University, was proud that over 300 women in the B.U. community had become involved in "women's lib" this semester. (She and another stage sitter emphasized that each had a more successful relationship with a man since she had become active in women's lib.—a most compelling reason for increased dedication to the Movement, I suggest.)

Money to live on is difficult to come by, observed Kathy. She decided she did not want the jobs available to an upper middle class college-educated woman; they only supported "the system." Since her graduation from college, her jobs have been substitute teaching and working in a factory. She has been reading about medicine and said only half-jokingly, "I'm the medic of the group. Next year I may work in a hospital—or I may be in jail next

year for political reasons." Sometimes she has less than \$20 a week, and thus it was particularly inappropriate that when she answered "Money" to the question from the audience about her purpose in coming to Williams, a male voice jeered, "Then you're capitalistic."

The difficulty of their way of life was suggested, I think, by their frequent appreciative references to the support derived from their communes. "We felt very good when those women came up on stage to join us," said Stephanie. "The communal situation provides strength," said Kathy. "I never could have done it

they don't relate to each other, they're going to be destroyed. They'll be alone, as women will not need them." I agree, also hesitantly.

Of course there were comments with which I disagree. I disagree that communal living will necessarily decrease our materialism: the need for privacy is too great. "After being on campus all day, I don't want a community when I come home at night," one faculty member recently said to me. One woman in the audience Wednesday muttered, "Who

I disagree with those feminists who envisage a manless world with test-tube babies, however much I may agree with Anne Koedt, of the October 17 Movement, about "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm," as her reprinted article is titled (literature was available in the Sterling Room). I repeat, however, that the women Wednesday night were not that radical. "Many of us in the commune enjoy very successful monogamous relationships — it's stupid to force women to choose," said Kathy. She did not object to a monogamous relationship, with either sex, in a commune; rather, she objected to monogamy as it is now practiced. Her claim was that a commune provided security, noting "It's very hard to be different." Indeed, I agree, it is — but monogamy as now practiced also provides security, perhaps even liberation.

I disagree, in a quibbling, on-the-other-hand sort of way, with a few of the symbols of oppression mentioned Wednesday: some women want to wear make-up, some women want to raise children, some women want to be whistled at. The crucial element here, so eloquently stated from the stage, is the opportunity to choose.

Commenting on the evening, a Williams dean said, "Too bad they were inarticulate, since they were right." And, basically, I reflected, they were right. I know they're right every time a qualified woman suffers job discrimination. I know they're right from my friends' reactions: "Did you notice the audience was more sympathetic to the prettier girl?" and "My reaction to the evening? Exhilaration." I know they're right as I recoil from Kathy's story about Kuntsler, or about the draft resisters' slogan ("Girls say yes to boys who say no."); from Stephanie's comment that "Everyone seems to have an anthropological reason for or against women's liberation"; from Cathi Oakes' account of the Cuban sugar cane cutters: "All The Movement heavies were there competing, trying to find out who was going to be the heavy of the venceremos Brigade"; from the obscenity of the question, "What are your views on sex?"

I know they're right every time a faculty member tells me that Williams coeds will take courses in the arts and not in the social sciences (he's being proven wrong). I know they're right every time that oh-so-generous-once-a-week-swimming-opportunity-for-women, held at what is well known to be the worst time of the week for Williams coeds and wives alike, has been cut short because the basketball team needs the locker room. I know they're right every time I remember my relief at receiving "C" in high school chemistry so that my boy friend's mark was higher, my male competitor for valedictorian would win, and I would be only salutatorian. I know they're right every time I realize that Freud's theory of penis envy is studied seriously. I know they're right as I remember that my husband was asked if he approved of my writing this article for The Advocate before I was asked. And I know they're right as I hear again another plaintive voice from the audience while the confrontation was ending—"We want to listen. . . . You may want to listen, I've thought, but you don't want to hear."



Photo by Ray Zaroos

"You have to be rude. People are going to put you down because you're a woman."

(endured the last year) alone." Besides the personal and objective reasons not to be further identified—"We're not individuals, we're just women's liberation. . . People try to set us up as personality figures. That's not our point"—there was also the very practical reason: "Harassment. People bothering us." And there's obviously some suffering in appearing before a hostile audience. Kathy judged other men's group to be less antagonistic. "These guys were really rude. Snotty kids are really rude."

Although I disagree with much of what was said on Wednesday and at other times about feminism, I was convinced that this is a far-reaching, perhaps revolutionary, movement. One reason is that it called my every thought and act into question that evening: Shall I wear a dress or slacks? Shall I use make-up? Shall I leave my husband for the evening, worse yet, to baby-sit? Where shall I sit in the audience? Or shall I sit on the stage? Shall I attend the women's discussion group or the co-ed discussion group? And if the "Shall I?" becomes too flip, there lurks a more difficult question just beyond, "Should I?" It is this kind of total re-evaluation — about more serious issues than I've mentioned — that is a necessary step in response to a revolutionary "movement," whether the issue involves war, racial injustice, pollution, inflation, materialism, etc. Without turning the self inside out to be examined, one is foolish to call himself a revolutionary. Perhaps that's why some who do so call themselves are laughable — they haven't served that personal exploratory apprenticeship and it shows.

Also persuading me that women's lib is here to stay was the women's approach to men's liberation. "You people are so mean to each other!" said Kathy from the stage during a chaotic moment. "Women are oppressed but men are too!" said another stage-sitter. This is crucial, I think. In response to a later question suggesting that the male ego might be too weak to sustain genuine equality with women, Kathy thoughtfully and hesitantly replied, "Yes, it could destroy men. Now men make friends on strengths (not as equals) and this is not conducive to security. If

wants to live with any other families? I can't get along with my own." The example of a washing machine was unfortunate, I thought, as I remembered the years that I had shared a washing machine: the trips to other floors, buildings, or towns; the full machines whenever I wanted to wash or dry; the scheduling problem of shopping within the washing machine cycle so that someone else would not have to remove my wash and lose my husband's socks. The vision of two infants in constantly wet diapers rose before me in response to Stephanie's question, "How many times can you wash your clothes?" and I mentally replied, "You'd be surprised." I disagree that communal living will necessarily broaden our activist love and concern for our fellow man. While a commune would provide support for social and political activists, I doubt that it would inspire or create activism. As happens now, some people would be active and some would not, and neither would be either all the time. Even in the present period of activism we've seen only sporadic popular concern for severe social abuses. It is extraordinary and laudable for an individual to sustain concern about society's ills; I happen to be married to someone who does. I don't think communes would increase his number.

WHY BURN BOOKS?

and pollute the atmosphere?

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- JOE DEWEY



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WOMEN'S LIBERATION?

They're Saying Miss America Is a Fascist

In 1969, as in 1968, the Miss America pageant in Atlantic City was the scene of a demonstration by "women's liberation" forces. The height of the demonstration came when the women burned their brassieres and girdles on the boardwalk. For those who don't know, such undergarments are part of the masculine conspiracy to suppress women.

Just what is this "movement" all about? Alan Stang, writing in "American Opinion" magazine (Dec., 1969), talked to some of the women at Atlantic City and asked where the "Women's Liberation Movement" fit in today's politics. The lady replied, "It is part of the Socialist movement, like the S.D.S." She explained that the movement "wants a Socialist-Communist society." She admitted that "women have no rights" in Communist countries, but shrugged when asked why she wanted Communism here. It appears the movement is not overly long on logic.

PEOPLE AND GROUPS

Valeria Solanis: In 1968, was charged with shooting pop artist Andy Warhol; played a lesbian in the victim's film, "I, A Man;" formed the Society for Cutting Up Men (S.C.U.M.), which demands men be eliminated and our government overthrown.

Florynce R. Kennedy: Attorney for Miss Solanis and terrorist H. "Rap" Brown; a member of the National Organization for Women (N.O.W.); a frequent speaker at Communist functions throughout the United States and Canada.

Betty Friedan: National president and founder of N.O.W.; has stated, "Women have a revolutionary job and we have to organize to do it."

Women Against Daddy Warbucks and New York Women's Draft Boards-Corporation Action: destroyed draft files in the offices of 13 New York draft boards.

Radical Women: A splinter of S.D.S.

Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell (W.I.T.C.H.): (Try to remember it's no joke. Please.) The W.I.T.C.H. is also affiliated with S.D.S.

Marilyn Salzman Webb: A w.i.t.c.h. leader; chairman of the Women's Liberation League; a writer for the Communist magazine "Guardian."



Miss America sells it?

Some of this stuff inspires one to laugh. Some say Hitler was very funny. The joke was on the laughers when Hitler seized their country. Fidel Castro was a big joke. On the campus of the U. of Havana, he was called "bola de churre" which means "ball of wax."

It is interesting to note that Herbert Aptheker, top theoretician of the Communist Party, U.S.A., has actually been hired to teach at Bryn Mawr. What do you imagine he will be doing there?

THE THEORY AND THE GOAL

Marx and Engels denounced the institution of the family. Engels wrote "the

Mr. Gagne is the chapter leader of the Northern Berkshire Chapter of the John Birch Society

by Robert Gagne

first class opposition that appears in history coincides with the development of the antagonism between man and woman in monogamous marriage, and the first class oppression coincides with that of the female sex by the male."

And today we have W.I.T.C.H. Naomi Jaffe declaring at the recent S.D.S. national convention: "The basic unity of women's oppression is in the home, and the family is the basic unit of imperialism."

Also, the Baltimore Women's Liberation has declared: "...Marxists have shown how exploitive (sic) economic systems have arisen out of the family structure."

Clara Colon writes in "Political Affairs," official organ of the Communist Party: "What is needed is a nation-wide network of nurseries...to take care of infants from six months on up and child-care centers...a coordinated national effort for federal legislation" designed to make it all possible.

The Baltimore Women's Liberation has announced: "We are tired of having sole responsibility for caring for our children" We want "state-supported, community-controlled day care centers and nursery schools and compensation for mothers who choose to care for their children at home..."

The point, of course, is simply that since the conspirators are trying to destroy society and seize it, they are naturally trying to destroy the family which keeps society together. They allow no loyalty to anything but themselves. And a giant step toward destroying the family is to remove the responsibility of child-care from the mother.

It is interesting to note that, like all Marxist revolutionaries, the "women's liberation" crowd claims to want freedom and says it distrusts the Federal Government. Yet, they didn't protest when Nixon made his proposal for a federally sponsored network of day care centers — which would put more power into his hands — they claimed his proposal wasn't enough.

They want more federal control: perhaps something similar to complete control of children such as Hitler and Stalin started. Remember that in early Russia children were raised in just such centers.

THE WAY IT IS

It is true that in America women have a few legitimate complaints. For instance, a salary should be the same, whatever the sex of the worker.

But it is also perfectly true that in America women have incomparably more rights than anywhere else ever and, in fact, have the same genuine rights as men. The reason for the difference between their freedom in America and their slavery under Communism is the fact that Capitalism is based on persuasion and Communism is based on force. In Capitalism, intelligence and ambition determine success. Under Communism, the determinant is how hard one can swing a club.

The battle of the sexes will never end, because men are men and women are women. Most of us like it that way. It is interesting to note that this exciting difference is officially frowned on in Communist countries — as in George Orwell's "1984" — except for breeding the cannon fodder the conspirators need. The point, of course, is that people who can experience joy will have the desire for heterosexual love.

'Try to explain that to the next unisex you meet!!!

At the cinema: JAMIE JAMES

More Naked Ladies: 'MONIQUE'

"Monique," the newest raunch and haunch spectacular at the College Cinema, is the most worthless piece of cinematic shit I have ever seen. I am reasonably certain that no one who has seen the movie will deny that it is an utter failure as a work of art, if it ever pretended to be art, which is doubtful; so I suppose it ought to be judged purely on its merits as a skin flick. This being my first skin flick ever, (assuredly my last) I must leave that to others and judge it the best I can without considering it as an appeal to one's aesthetic sensibilities.

The heroine of the tale is Monique, an over-aged, over-developed teeny bopper who is taken in by a sexually-frustrated, upper middle-class English couple to nanny their two children. Almost the first scene of the movie shows Mr. Horny sodomizing his wife, who testily reads her magazines (called, enigmatically enough, QUEEN) as she runs at the mouth about how she wants a nanny for the kids. So they hire the French cradle-rocker, adding considerable novelty to their sex lives as well. Mr. Horny seems to be perpetually leeching after her, much to his frigid wife's dismay (can it, can it be that she too...?) After catching innumerable beaver shots of the comely babysitter, the frenzied wretch finally lays her (his wife asleep across the hall) in a thoroughly grueling, unaffectionate breeze of passion. But what else can you do when your wife says, "No not tonight, I don't feel like it. I don't see why you get all sexy over her and take it out on me!"

But turnabout is fair play, and, as the titillating ads declare, "Monique goes both ways." So even the usually glacial missus finds satisfaction in her revels with the obliging, versatile nurse. When the husband walks in on them, he inexplicably crawls into the closet, saying "I forgot my wallet," and leaves shielding his eyes with the wallet. But now everyone is happy, even the Hornies can make it satisfactorily now. In the end, they all jump into bed together, man, wife, and nanny with their bottle of wine, and live happily ever after.

It really is horrible. What dialogue there is is incredibly dull, serving primarily to explain why people leave or enter the room. (Mr. Horny is al-

SPORTS (cont.)

The American League is still the junior circuit, as the existence of only four serious contenders illustrates. Baltimore should repeat its Eastern victory, but the Red Sox will be more of a challenge.

Baltimore still has the great team that swept to the AL crown last year. Led by Frank and Brooks Robinson, Boog Powell, superb pitching and defense, the Orioles have the best all-around team in baseball. Still, their machine-like precision may be beaten by the Oakland A's, just as it was overcome by the Mets. For, in the AL



In order to appease those who feel there is no place for sports features in THE ADVOCATE, we present this picture of Jerry Rubin or Abbie Hoffman. We think this is one of them.

The Captain's Cabin

This Weekend's Special:

The Crew's Delight:

Sauteed Lobster Meat

Students Welcome

Beer And Wine Served

most invariably reading a book as each scene opens.) Several episodes are interspersed with no apparent connection to the development of the plot or characters, such as the tedious chronicle of one of Monique's dates, which only succeeds in making her appear to be a cranky bitch.

So what possible merit is there to such a perverted vacuous film? It could only be erotic to an extremely jaded appetite. I had thought that perhaps it might be entertaining as unconscious self-parody, but it is simply too mediocre. Technically,



the movie is a silver-screen Waterloo — quite a loser. It must have been filmed on 16mm film; it has the atmosphere of a Marquis de Sade home movie. Any moment, I expected to see Monique at the age of three, masturbating in my sand pile as her aunt and uncle wave and smile at the camera. As far as I could see, it was a completely worthless expanse of ennui.

The most odious aspect of the movie is that it really makes one feel seedy and lascivious. Eventually, everything takes on a filmy layer of dirty-joke sexuality. When the mother romps on the bed with her children, I could not shake off the feeling that she was trying to get it with her nine-year old son.

I am really disappointed that whoever selects the movies for the College Cinema can dish out this crap, when so many good flicks are released that we will never see. Just because it is the only theatre available to most of us is no reason to throw away money. If people stay away from terrible movies, they will offer good ones. You really should miss this one and save yourself a buck and two hours; go to Boston and see "Zabriskie Point."

West, Oakland has only one real contender, Minnesota, to defeat, and a winning momentum might carry them past the playoff and into the World Series.

Boston (East) and Minnesota (West) will carry off second places. Boston still has the sluggers of 1967: Scott, Petrocelli, Conigliaro and Yastrzemski. I hope they beat the Orioles, but I doubt it. Minnesota will challenge Oakland for top honors, but the A's and Reggie Jackson are young and spirited, while the Twins are rather creaky. If Minnesota is to make a stand, the big hitting of Killebrew, Carew, and Oliva, must be supported by quality pitching. Jim Kaat and newly-obtained Luis Tiant will have to come back from sub-par seasons, and Jim Perry will have to prove his 20-game year was no fluke. But a very poor spring seems to indicate a downward trend for the Twins.

Back to the East, the other four teams will be led by the Yankees! The Yanks won't finish higher than third, but new, developing talent should carry them that far this season. Detroit and Washington will fight for fourth, and I'll pick the Senators ahead of Detroit on the negative factor of the McClain affair. Cleveland — weak in all departments — can look forward to a last place finish.

For some strange reason, both of last year's new expansion teams were placed in the AL's Western Division, and for this reason it is the weakest — and probably dullest — division. If the Oakland-Minnesota battle never comes off, only the expansion Kansas City Royals might save this race from forgetability. The Royals have a few major leaguers and, like the Yanks, may soon threaten the establishment. Behind the Royals will be three teams: the California Angels, Chicago White Sox, and Milwaukee Brewers, in that order. Each are nearly as inept as the San Diego Padres. The fight for sixth place may prove interesting, but I doubt whether Milwaukee fans will like the Brewers any more than Seattle fans liked the Pilots.

THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dicit Dicit

Volume One, Number Eight

Thursday, April 23, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

EARTH WEEK COMES TO WILLIAMS

The task force reports on Earth Day and Earth Day Eve on the college, the individual, planning, Greylock and the Hoosic were traditional specimens of 'involvement. Adequate intellects and fresh consciences. Gentlemanly. Traditional refreshments, as they use to say.

One difference was that the key people talking have been committed to their cause, the environment, for years. Their efforts and attitudes will continue, if the fat fades. But the bigger difference between Earth Day and past celebrations of social consciousness is the chance to follow up this week's efforts with active, particular participation next month and next year.

We now have specific information on local issues. We have found some pressure points small enough to put our hands to. The next few weeks should see the formation of a group (or several) to channel and maintain the

by William Carney

pressure.

But that belongs to the future.

About Morris Udall's speech, three points seemed worth remembering: 1) Sewerage doesn't just need to be treated, it must be recycled. Whatever men metabolize -- through both our bodies and our technologies -- must be returned in re-usable form to its sources, to fields or factories.

2) We are a species in search of a new energy source for our technology, our mega-metabolism.

Direct solar energy?

3) To design and manage a totally re-cyclic technology and nutrient system which supports our species and respects the life-rights of all other species will require a massive national (and world) effort, perhaps modeled on the space program but dwarfing it in size, duration and significance.

"What happens after that," I asked Udall as we drove towards Pittsfield to catch a plane. What do men do in a new, stable world? What does our species want of life? How shall we define our niche?

"Nobody has any blueprints," he said.

We talked about the sort of society proposed in his brother Stewart's book, 'Agenda 1976' -- about urban culture in cities conscious of the countryside that nourished them. He said he feels religiously towards wilderness, that there he senses wide connections to lives and energies other than his own.

We missed the plane. I left Udall and Tom Hudspeth speeding towards Albany and thumbed in two rides (per 120 cars) back to Williamstown. Two guys, a bag of beer and bottles in the front seat; a joint. Caught in a fast, black current we passed the land, the houses big boulders lodged in

(Please turn to page 4)

of our time, within the boundaries of civilized behaviour. At Eton all the boys go around in top-hat and tails, thus strictly adhering to cultivated standards of dress; and while the boys are eccentric for doing so, no one would suggest



College Publicity Office

Edwardian eccentrics

they are going through traumatic crises because of this. Eccentricity should be enjoyable when it comes from a state of excellence rising from a fog of mediocrity. Thus to have a beer party in the nude is not being properly eccentric, but to give a champagne party in eighteenth-



At Peace During Earth Week

Photo by William Tague

APOLLO: The Ironies of Progress

by David Kehres

It is one of the stranger ironies of our times that in the midst of great hopes and ambitions on the part of most of the world's people, there should emerge a considerable hostility toward one of man's most ambitious undertakings -- the exploration of space. An unfortunate coincidence of strong and impatient political forces with the development of space technology has produced a cogent opposition to the latter that few would have anticipated, and furthermore the political configuration of the two spacegoing powers has severely crippled the development of what should be one of humanity's greatest adventures.

Quite simply, the American and Russian space programs have found themselves little more than political instruments in the delicate struggle between great military powers, subject to the

galling restrictions that devolve from their role as pawns in the Cold War give-and-take, and susceptible furthermore to the skepticism and antipathy of much of the rest of the world which has learned to mistrust any gestures by the Big Two, however splendid they may seem.

Certainly space exploration was not conceived as a political gambit: the visions passed down by Goddard and Tsiolkovsky and others were not tied to any political or social doctrines, and the primal aspirations behind the ideas of these men have been with man for centuries, transcending any narrow autocracy or technocracy that may end up implementing them. But it is only too clear that almost all of the concrete space developments so far, from Sputnik I to Apollo II, have been performed with a sharp eye on the effects they would have on our two superpowers' status in the eyes of the rest of the world.

And somehow this does not seem to be the way man's first steps into space should work. The first satellite, the first man on the moon, the first trip to Mars, all are epochal adventures that should be the product of the efforts of all men, and should enjoy the enthusiastic support of all humanity. Instead, the great adventures have been "spoiled" by the peculiar circumstances that brought them about. Two victorious military powers divided the spoils of a conquered

Please turn to page 3

Budweiser -- drinking, hyper-sexed, pacific, Buddhist, physically-fit, a football fan, a Williams Record -- reader, an acquaintance of Preston Washington, a road-tripper, concerned about what everyone else is concerned about, and a victim of President Nixon's malicious incompetence. It is such ineptitudes as these that the writer finds wearisome: he looks forward to the day when everyone will go to classes in papal underwear and speak in Byzantine Greek.

REGISTRAR RELEASES NEW COURSES

Fingering the slits in his bell-bottom jeans, Registrar James R. Kolster '58 discussed some of next year's new courses. "I think," said Dean Kolster, "that it's important to note that these courses deal in wholes, not just parts. These are growth kind of courses. You know, sort of building blocks. A one-on-the-other kind of thing." He rubbed his bare feet against the carpet.



Photo by Bill Berry
Dean Kolster, April 1969

"Right. You know, there's so much, you know, like really unimportant material you can learn at college. Really nothing stuff. Zero. And President Sawyer just seemed to feel the administration had to be, you know, more responsive to the students. These are courses that aren't just, you know, you know, more learn it and get tested and forget it. The grass is always greener thing. These courses will stay with you — for a Second Williams and a

Third Williams and a Fourth . . . man, all the way like to an Eighth Williams. Like when we start admitting Martians and all."

The April, 1970 catalogue should be released shortly, but a preview of some of the new offerings follows.

Ideas 364 INCOHERENCY AS A WAY OF LIFE

Practice in contemporary speech patterns. Sort of a cognitive, epical kind of thing. You know. Like everything included. The giant economy size.

Philosophy 362 INTUITIVE ANTI-REDUCTION

Truth is all those monkeys at all those typewriters.

Environmental Studies 298 REALLY INTO THE ECOLOGY THING

Students threaten local industries either to prevent air pollution or have their factories burned. A special task force will encourage McDonald's to discard plastic straws in favor of paper ones, which may be chewed and swallowed.

English 345-346 WOW CINEMA

First semester: Jim Brown — Flick and the Football Ethic. Class will discover ways in which a gridiron background helps one to kill Indians, slaughter Mexicans, and rob banks. Second Semester: Problems in "Easy Rider." Class will view "Easy Rider" at least five times weekly and then criticize it from a different sociological viewpoint. To be established: Did Peter Fonda REALLY blow it, or was he just being existentially cute?

Music 198 INTERPRETATIONS OF THE WHO

The Who in terms of the what.

Religion 375 APOSTALIC SYNDICALISM AS A TROCHAIC MYTH

Ontological variations on tabescent deliquescence as a polymorphous function, such as web-footed ducks.

Gym X SAY-HEY AT THE GOLDEN GATE

Required text: "The Devil and Willie Mays." This here is a new, required course for freshmen and there are no exceptions and if anyone cuts they'll have to make it up. Willie Mays viewed as an exemplar of the Turner Thesis. Course will examine the Giants' move from New York to San Francisco as typical economic reconstitutionalism. Further topics will include Willie's divorces and financial problems, and his struggle with that vulture on the top of that mountain.

Music 204 THE ART OF LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Dazem-dazem-dazem.

Psychology 380 HORIZONTAL STEREOTYPED SWAYING

A more satisfying and certainly creative method of clearing neurotic cobwebs from the mind than empirical psychology. Swaying has an added advantage over traditional psychological approaches by complementing rather than competing with related practices such as eye tic or obsessive-compulsive ear cleaning.

Afro-American Studies 380 JOSEPH CONRAD AS A HONKY PIG

Self-explanatory. If you don't understand it, then you're responsible.

Philosophy 374 APATHY AND SOFT-SELL

Led by THE ADVOCATE editors, this course will question whether random sprinklings of pornography might get people to read "The Grading Series." If sufficient interest (that is, if anyone comes to class) students will also read Beckett's "Does James Reston Really Exist, And If So, Does It Mean Anything?"

English 292 "THE HOBBIT": FANTASY OR APOTHEOSIS?

Students investigate why an author might invent a fantasy world and people it with grotesque little men.

by Haskell

American Civilization 404 GOING TO BED WITH CLAUDE KIRSHNER

Required in the major sequence, 404 will investigate whether Middle America really exists, and if so, whether Judge Crater is living there. This will be a multi-dimensional "living and being" course utilizing such tools as Swanson TV Dinners, Green Bay Packer football cards, "My Mother the Car" reruns, candid photos of the family's big trip to the northwoods, Mrs. Paul's fishsticks, and the collected Trumpets Ole. Also required: one field trip to the dragoncoaster at Disneyland.



Photo by Bill Berry
Dean Kolster, April 1970

Drama 199-200 TRANSITIONAL CATHARSIS: HAMLET AND ART

First semester: All students memorize Hamlet's lines backward to see if it really matters. Second Semester: The Linkletter method, living without breathing. Students will attempt to transmit emotions through a six-foot lead wall.

English 347 THE NEAT PEOPLE

Fields, Peter Fonda, Bullwinkle, Smothers Brothers, Joni Mitchell, and Bogie. Oh wow



Photo by Chief William Obanhein

LETTERS (cont.)

penetrating approach to a far greater range of subjects than one would imagine amenable to a narrow ecological treatment. If I could not see this second value as well as the first in the WHEW proposal, I would be loathe to defend its application beyond courses directly concerned with the more obvious problems of our environmental crisis.

Unfortunately, the hackneyed harangue for "relevance" has too often meant a superficial syncretism of course material with current events and attitudes rather than the valid endeavor to formulate conceptual backgrounds which extend into a student's extracurricular experience. I am convinced that the conceptual basis for an understanding of ecology has relevance in this latter sense; a relevance of the sort which constitutes one benefit of a liberal arts education.

Robert Katt
April 11, 1970

SHOWDOWN (cont.)

Thus it is neither inconsistent with the aims of endowment policy (investment of funds would still be totally under the control of the trustees, only the proxies would be transferred), nor those of the academic policy of the college; for the proxies of the college's holdings might be used as a learning experience in aiding the cause of a better environment.

These proxies would provide a forum for the findings of student research groups, a focus for continuing activity on pollution, and the possibility of concretely improving the environment. The mechanics of the operation could be easily accommodated within such existing organizations as the Center for Environmental Studies.

This proposal is not intended to rectify all the ills of our environment in one fell swoop, yet it does offer the possibility of constructive action within the sphere of Williams College. We have merely drawn the outline of an idea: the possibilities are limited only by the abilities and creativity of the Williams community.

BOYS

Help Keep America Beautiful

GET A HAIRCUT

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The Environmental Handbook

The Population Bomb

The Frail Ocean



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On the Grading Series

With a heave and a grunt and a weary sigh, THE ADVOCATE's expansive Grading Series offers its swan song on the pages of this issue. Through the course of the Series' duration, a remarkable lack of enthusiasm has been generated by its lengthy, often technical and generally semantic articles. Such a reaction is easily understood, for despite the fact that grading-reform numbers among the relevant issues endemic to the snack bar, the formal point-for-point arsenal with which most of the authors attacked may well have resembled a law review much too closely for the cerebral palates of many readers. No, the Grading Series cannot be affirmed a popular success.

Nor can it be awarded the distinction of an intellectual triumph; unfortunately, none of the intellectuals - at - large was aroused enough to contribute his thoughts in response to any of the essays presented, so no basis for judgment exists.

Yet the real success of the Grading Series will be ascertained next week when THE ADVOCATE launches its second grading poll. If the ballot is accepted as more than an insignificant throw-away, or an irritating nuisance - if the Williams community invests nearly as much thought and effort in the questionnaire as they devote to the periodic polemic against "educational apathy," "collegiate ivory towerism" and the hundreds of other transient, rhetorical, inconcrete, and therefore utterly ineffectual gestures groping at academic excellence - then the Grading Series will have succeeded brilliantly. It is the hope of the editors that enough readers, on skimming over THE ADVOCATE while waiting to see Dean Kolster or meandering through the Mabie Room, may have inadvertently chanced upon the thoughts of a grading proponent, considered the author's words for a moment and commented, "Yeah, that might be a really good idea." After all, when enough kerosene is spilled, some flying spark just may find it.

Course Pass-Fail: THE ADVOCATE's Grading Proposal

In sanctioning the grading plan entitled "Course Pass-fail" (outlined below), THE ADVOCATE is certainly urging support for the enactment of such a system. However, it should not be thought that the Grading Series served as the vehicle through which THE ADVOCATE hoped to drum enthusiasm for its own specific brand of academic evaluation. This editorial is by no means the key or the culmination of the Grading Series; rather it should be viewed only as another suggestion to render more complete the list of proposals which preceded it.

Course Pass-fail (to summarize the plan in an easy-reference Newspeak term) is perhaps the simplest of the conceptions articulated in the Grading Series. It calls for every student to have the option of taking ANY course on a pass-or-fail basis (with a verbal commentary accompanying the accreditation) if he chooses to do so. Otherwise, the student may elect to receive evaluation in the form of grades.

Such a system is predicated upon two realistic assumptions: that there are many reasons a student may choose to attend Williams, and that there are many and varied temperaments which comprise the Williams compendium.

With these in mind, THE ADVOCATE suggests that Course Pass-fail is best-suited to cater to these essential differences. A student plugging for medical school might consider and rightly so, grades as the determinant of his professional future; he may view medical-schools as grade-oriented and feel that anything short of a roster of grades or a numerical average would impair his opportunity to gain admission into the med school of his choice. On the other hand, the potential composer may wish to gear the greater part of his education to pass-fail because he does not intend to apply to a graduate school that harps upon grades and averages; and pass-fail would enable him to escape the syndrome which bound him all his life to working for a reward totally unrelated to the concerns of his disciplines; studying under pass-fail would free him from the extraneous lure of the "bitch-goddess success," or vanity, or pride, and allow him to concentrate upon his real interests - curricular or extra-curricular - whatever they may be. Furthermore, some students respond well to the pressure of grades, where others suffer under their tyranny. For some the vision of a "98" presents a valuable incentive; for others, it stands as a threat to a value system.

Of course, there remain numerous other factors which might be cited in reference to the benefits of Course Pass-fail, yet they are no more than ramifications of the principle upon which the proposal is based - the fact that goal and temperament do indeed vary. Perhaps our age of individualism and the liberated mentality confront the educational structure with a new factor: diversity - a factor which Williams of yesterday found insignificant, or merely non-existent.



The Captain's Cabin

This Weekend's Special:

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BROILED BROOK TROUT

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The Grading Series

THE PRESENT SYSTEM

by Stuart Dornette

Wherever one looks in today's society, there are daily enactments of a conflict as old as man. The classic motif for this form of conflict is US vs. THEM. US are the good guys, they of complete moral and spiritual virtue. THEM are the bad guys, they of utter moral turpitude. Clearly it follows that if we are to strike a blow for goodness, then it must be a blow across the head (or other anatomical feature) of one of THEM.

There is today, one prominent area of human endeavor where this type of conflict has, unfortunately, been forgotten. Gentlemen, ...and ladies, let there be no mistake: the teachers are our enemies; they are THEM and it behooves us to use whatever is in our power to make life difficult for them, for it is only thereby that we strike a blow for "truth, justice, and the American Way." The principal weapon (in fact, the only one, unless and until US get to positions for hiring and firing teachers) still left to us is the grading system (you thought I would never get to that topic, didn't you?). Therefore, it must be preserved at all costs.

Grades are clearly hard on THEM. It is members of THEM who must make those razor-thin gradations between, say, an A- and a B+; between a C- and a C; between an A+ and an E. It is THEM who spend days going over fifteen-page papers checking for spelling, grammatical, stylistic, and informational errors. It is THEM who run up and down stairs taking into account the aerodynamic properties of those papers trying to arrive at some sort of weighted average.

Surely, you say, there must be other reasons for keeping the present grading system.

This issue marks the close of THE ADVOCATE's seven part Grading Series. The position of THE ADVOCATE is described in this week's editorial. Next week, THE ADVOCATE will repoll the campus on the issue of evaluation.

Naturally. Grades do, for instance, act as a reward for he who does well: they are thus very central to the psychology of learning. They also, of course, act as an automatic incentive for he who is not doing his best: they help him to discipline himself, to buckle down, to get his work done. In this manner grades help maintain our esprit de corps in our never-ending battle against THEM.

In addition, grades provide an immediate record for graduate schools--another set of statistics about each of us, perhaps less personal than recommendations, but certainly more pertinent than graduate record examinations.

Finally, there already is, in Williams' present grading system, room within which a student can experiment outside his range of virtuosity. The pass-fail winter study is one place where everyone is required to experiment, at least to some extent. In addition, there is the fifth course pass-fail option or just the possibility of audited courses which may be added to the student's record. Four years ago everyone at Williams was taking five courses a semester, and the work load has not increased in theory since then. Why cannot a well-motivated student today take five courses if he wants to get in that extra math course without endangering his average?

Still there is the overriding issue which must not be forgotten: We are US; they are THEM; and US must make life difficult for THEM in every way possible. In the words of the immortal Professor Voeglin, "Don't let THEM immanentize the eschaton."

At the cinema: JERRY CARLSON

Wife Swapping: 'LOVING COUPLES'

This Week's TITillating feature flick at the College Cinema is the second most incompetent movie I have ever seen. ("Fuego" still holds a strong first place). "All the Loving Couples" is another look at those naughty things that happen in those big hours in Beverly Hills. It all started with John Cassavetes'



"Faces"; a grainy awkward attempt at cine verite, which was too austere for most audiences and flopped. But Hollywood never says die. Next came the slick comedy version, "Bob, Carol, Ted, & Alice." If you threw away your mind and closed your eyes during the serious moments, it was funny in its own perverse way. The problem was Bob, Carol, Ted, & Alice never managed to wife-swap. The next step is logical in the mind of any grade-D movie producer: give the neanderthals what they want, make a movie in which they not only talk about those dirty-dirty things, they really-truly do them.

It would be too honest to give the audience the simple sexual-satiation they want -- besides, we all know

that audiences want art these days; after all, they are not neanderthals.

The first step in making a new wave 'art' movie is to cover up your non-pilot with all those neat-keen camera tricks: make a ball in an inner tube an intercourse symbol, put a camera on top of a spinning bottle, change from color to black & white, and do not forget plenty of fast cutting to excite the audience in the sexual scenes. Someone should give the director a Brownie and let him take pictures of his children; it would be more interesting.

And then there is the script. Four couples come to a party and swap wives. That being all the plot, you must throw in some pseudo-psychology (e.g. watching the orgasmic face of a social climber as money is waved at him). Fill the remainder of the gaps with such moronic one line jokes that the audience would almost beg to see an Abbott & Costello rerun. But do not forget relevant comment on pop culture: slice in some Putney-Swopish commercials. The audience will get a chuckle when you show a phallic cigarette and the jingle in the background sings, "It's not how hard you make it/It's how you make it hard."

As hard to believe as it is, the script writer is a virtual Shakespeare compared to the sound editor. If he ever makes the pretense of having enough intelligence to turn a tape-recorder on and off, he should be bound and hung in his own tape.

At least, "Fuego" had some nice Argentinian scenery.

APOLLO (cont.)

and despised Nazi Germany, in the form of missile scientists and technicians, exploited them mainly to develop new and more fearsome weapons, and added a couple of space programs as an afterthought when it seemed they could be used to political advantage. Hardly a glorious beginning. Pure science in the space programs—at least in the U.S. program, and presumably in Russia's—takes second place to the generals and marshals that direct most of the space research for their own ends. And the grand phrases that are constructed for our astronauts—"We came in peace for all mankind"—ring not false, exactly, but nevertheless quite hollow.

A further unpleasant thought is that both countries' space programs may suffer the same fate as many other diplomatic and military programs: termination, because they have outlived their usefulness. Is this not occurring right now in Russia? The U.S.S.R. dropped out of the "moon race" presumably because it did not seem that they could win. It would be rather a disaster if the United States decided not to build any space stations or Mars expeditions because they had no propaganda or military value, but such a decision seems frighteningly possible nowadays.

The obverse of the determination by the American and Russian governments to politicize their space efforts is the surprising hostility toward space programs on the part of social activists everywhere. Some of the talk about "priorities", some of the rhetoric about "If we can land a man on the moon. . ." is dogmatic and fatuous; the space program is an easy target for those who decry government spending that does not immediately bring about social reforms, and it is much neater to castigate Apollo as a symbol of Establishment irrationality than it is to bring sound arguments to bear against the real wastes and follies in MIRV, ABM, Laos, and



Photo courtesy Time, Inc.
so on. (Aside: does anyone really think that a cutback in NASA funding from \$5 or \$6 billion a year to \$3 billion would benefit anybody besides other departments in the Pentagon establishment?) Because of the way the space program has developed, though, and because of the urgency of so many social problems today, there are any number of very sincere, very solid arguments against the con-

to letretta

tensed to spring - out into
the world
trapped between two thighs
heard the scream of blackness
and the knife freed me
from the womb
and the knife shall
free me from a womb of
whiteness
before i strangle from the
stench

it ain't ours

the three of us,
wif a black jacket
hung ova our right shoulder, an'
the bad walk,
the pimp, the almighty strut
down Lenox ave.

WE are MOVAFUCKAHS
always will be - once our
feet touch city.
but whitey tole us
t' pledge to be good negras -
he pulled dat rag from between
betsy ross' mildewed thighs
an' tole us t' look at it an'
respect it.

ofay chicks neva was our
thing - so WE couldn't hardly
dig praising dis refuse from
dis ancient babe's womb an' shit.

WE just tole the boy t' leave
our country alone - for all dese
years he say - "you ain't part of
my country" an' den get an attitude
'cause WE reject his snot rag as
our symbol -
WE got our own symbols.

tinuation of any programs past the Apollo series. Many persons who would eagerly support a manned Mars mission in quieter times cannot honestly do so right now. If not a tragedy, this is at least a very unhappy paradox.

In light of Russian inactivity over the last couple of years, it seems probable that their space program is being curtailed for one or some of the above reasons. Whatever the goals of their program were, they either have been met or are being abandoned to a large extent.

The world's space effort, then, is in danger of being killed by circumstances before it has really had a chance to get started. If space flights are stopped, or even officially "suspended" for any sizable span of time—say a decade—there is no assurance that they will ever again be resumed in our lifetimes. In many

ways man is not ready to go to the planets, but if the momentum that has been built up since 1957 is allowed to stagnate, it may be far too long until we manage to make a fresh start.

What can be done? A good beginning would be for the United States and the Soviet Union to abandon the idea that space flight is nothing but a propagandistic sideshow, and to begin to make their programs cooperative and, wherever possible, international. While there is nothing wrong with planting the American flag on the moon, Congress might allow future flights to carry a United Nations emblem instead of angrily forbidding them to do so.

There is a reservoir of support for moon landings among the peoples of the non-technological countries that is too often underestimated in this country, and this support should be encouraged and rewarded by making the future space missions truly international, in terms of personnel and funding. There may be some reluctance on the part of certain nations, there may be some military secrets that the various technological nations will have to surrender before the other countries' espionage units discover them; but there will be for the first time a sizable and dramatic program that can call itself a project of the entire world.

sun chile

within timeless moments of separation
my mind flashes smiles that once
belonged to words
i was the wind, your smile
once said, and everything shall never
hold me.

see how you sparkle;
you demon chile of Black sunlight -
a sorceress
after the softness of you has
pounded my memories softly into sounds,
the inward bleeding of my ears
fills my mouth with blood.
how you love to lick that red liquid's
redness, inside my lips.
your face upturned and flushed with
that nut brown cocoa of the
sun children
your tongue dipping, pressing into
the warmth between my lips
and my tongue between your lips....

BY J.T. THORNTON

This poetry writing does not pretend to address itself to white people or white things. Black art has since moved past the immature stages of indulging white readers in their apparently desperate search for masochistic flagellation and for new modes of guilt-tension reduction.

As white critics will change little in the world of Blackness, I submit these excerpts from the Black world solely on the Advocate editors' request, knowing that they will be difficult to appreciate.

j.t. '72

(jamel t. katara)

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dicit Dicit

Volume One, Number Nine

Thursday, April 30, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Intellectual College Trustees Sanction Eco Petition Yo-Yo

by J.R.M. Fraser-Darling

The intellectual is a sub-species of homo sapiens which has evolved without any more help from biological evolution than the average football professional. No one really knows what the intellectual is; it is as mysterious as the Abominable Snowman. One presumes it haunts the academic world, just as one might find a rhinoceros in the zoo. When President Nixon visited Great Britain a year ago, he had a scheduled meeting with pre-selected "intellectuals." Some eyebrows were raised when the identities of the so-called intellectuals were made known. Enoch Powell is considered an intellectual, George Wallace is not.

The image of the intellectual changes with the times. Some years the appellation of intellectual holds a hint of deprecation, in others a touch of hero-worship. In Tsarist Russia an intellectual was a lean young man with rimless spectacles and a bomb in his pocket. In Gaullist France he was a red-haired boy who ripped up tiles on the Boulevard St.-Michel. In nineteenth-century Oxford it was someone who came from Balliol. In the 1920's the face of the intellectual was reflected in the clear eyes of Maynard Keynes, in the curling lip of Virginia Woolf, in that great, faraway gaze of Joyce. The voice of the intellectual today is wafted over the air by the croaks of Malcolm Muggeridge.

There are intellectual mannerisms. He takes off his glasses when talking (but only if he is standing) and lets them dangle from his index finger. His hair is combed neatly over his bald patch, but is allowed to flow in unruly fashion, horizontally around his ears; excrescences of

Please turn to page 3

Earth Week draws to a close. The verbiage softens, the seminars are forgotten. The discussion turns away from planning and pesticide and heads into spring, and baseball and finals and graduation and Italy in July as seen from the seat of a Honda. The Earth-people, like all impressarios, had their day, and while it lasted it was theirs that became the cause celebre. But as the posters drop to the ground, this movement joins the ranks and the podium awaits the representatives of a new group with its own special week.

But like other social movements, the environment will have a second hey-day, and a third,

and a fourth, and eventually "ecology", "recycle" and "methoxychlor" will become part of the vernacular. 1969-70 marks the genesis of environmental concern so far as the man-on-the-street can be considered a participant. Never before had an environmentalist found himself on the cover of Time Magazine; never before did the environment receive top priority in a presidential administration; never before was an environmental studies program included in the Williams College Catalogue. Certainly the bandwagon is beginning to roll -- but it is only beginning.

In Issue Seven of THE ADVOCATE, two staff writers, Dore

Griffinger and Paul Isaac, took a positive step and announced their intention to circulate a petition sanctioning Ralph Nader's drive to coerce General Motors into active concern for



Photo by Ray Zarrow

Griffinger, Isaac, and Nathan

the environment. The petition, which was distributed throughout the campus with the help of Art Nathan, urged the trustees of Williams College to vote their 21,000 G.M. proxies in support of Nader's three proposals which demand that G.M. put three public representatives on its board, that G.M. change its articles of incorporation to protect the environment, and that the corporation create a shareholders' "watch-dog committee" to watch over the actions of the corporation concerning the environment.

However, the College trustees, at their meeting in Williamstown last weekend, decided to abstain from voting on the proposals because of a basic disagreement with the third resolution. They did, however, draft a letter (printed at left) expressing deep concern for the environment, and their wish that General Motors would re-evaluate its substantial commitment in this area.

Sponsors Griffinger, Isaac, and Nathan differed greatly in their immediate response, especially in terms of the significance which they accorded the petition and its outcome. Their reactions appear in this issue of THE ADVOCATE.

Mr. James M. Roche
Chairman, Board of Directors
General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Mr. Roche:

I write to you and to your Directors as Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Trustees of Williams College, which holds in its portfolio 21,000 shares of your company's common stock, with particular reference to the topic of environmental pollution.

While certain parts and procedures recommended under Proposal 4 of the current Proxy statement do not seem to use the most effective way to proceed, we would like to express our intense concern with the problems to which it is addressed and to urge that GM take a national lead in meeting them proportionate to its relation to them. If more than half of the pollution of our air is caused by the emissions of automobile exhausts, and General Motors produces more than half our total cars, you and your directors have a major responsibility to reduce to the lowest possible level this tremendous source of pollution.

Here at Williams we established several years ago a Center for Environmental Studies, for teaching and research in the general field of environment. We hope that through our own area of education we can make a contribution to the solution of such problems, but feel that General Motors has a far greater opportunity and a corresponding obligation to face them far more vigorously than the industry has to date.

Sincerely,
Alfred E. Driscoll
Chairman, Finance Committee
For the Board of Trustees

Hated Inclusion? Try a Commune!

by David Kehres

With the traumas of freshman inclusion safely behind us, it is tempting to let the whole issue of housing fade away again until next spring, and not worry about the questions that are being raised with regard to the Residential House System — questions about its fairness, its effectiveness as a framework for student organization, its capacity to induce individuals of varying temperaments to live together productively. Perhaps it is time for Williams to do a little more than just talk about minor changes here and there in the existing housing setup: Professor Nathaniel Lawrence has proposed that the college try turning one of the minor residential units into a self-help co-op.

The co-op principle is hardly a

new one. With the costs of higher education rising so steeply, collective living arrangements



Photo by Ray Zarrow

Professor Lawrence: Proposes Commune whereby a number of students share the cost of renting a house, prepare their own food, do their own maintenance and repair work, etc., are becoming more

and more prevalent in schools across the country. Mr. Lawrence believes that a cooperative experiment here at Williams would have not only these financial advantages, but also considerable social benefits.

Because, let us face it, student morale here is generally quite low. There are very few houses where everybody gets along with everybody else without much pointless bickering. Quite obviously, something is not right. Part of the problem is due to sheer frustration, of course. Mr. Lawrence maintains that there is considerable pressure on students nowadays to think in global terms, to try to save the world; failing that many of them just "sit in their rooms and pout." But part of the problem here at Williams, he feels, is that our housing system itself tends to discourage students from developing worthwhile relations with one

another. Obvious differences aside, life at Williams "bears a remarkable similarity to an all-services-supplied resort in the Catskills... Scheduled athletics, free plays, free movies, beautiful surroundings, accommodating staff. Unreality." While a co-op does not guarantee that students' inter-relations will improve, it ought to supply a middle ground for involvements somewhere between apathy and belligerence, and rioting in Boston.

What we need, Mr. Lawrence says, is a living arrangement in which students are dependent on one another. When the fellow in the next room is cooking your dinner, or helping to pay your rent, you are a little less likely to ignore or dislike him than if you were just thrown together randomly by house assignment and room draw. Furthermore, if students living together share the

Please turn to page 4

Williams Student: Eco-Rape

Have a face-off with a polluter—tomorrow morning in front of the mirror.

THE WILLIAMS POLLUTION-MOBILE A single round-trip to Vassar burning one gallon of gas every twenty miles leaves the following trail: 37 pounds of carbon monoxide, 2 to 5 pounds of reactive hydrocarbon vapors, 8 ounces of nitrogen oxides, and three ounces or 26.2 quarts of sulfur oxides, with lead particles evenly disbursed throughout. A road-tripper can at least buy lead-free gasoline; American premium is 41 cents a gallon. Planning to drive to the library tonight? Walk instead, and breathe deeply while you still can.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FLUSH THE TOILET? The long journey begins, first stopping briefly at the primary settling tank where "organic solids" are degraded to water-soluble form, then out into the clean, sweet (sic) Hoosic River, joining the sewage of Williamstown, North Adams and Adams. The whole crowd floats merrily into Vermont while the bacteria work at digesting the goodies into a form algae can use, thus turning the river into a peasoup swamp. (True, the bacteria have a hard time with the water so saturated with inorganic wastes and chemicals.) After the Hoosic passes through Vermont as the only grade D river in the Green Mountain State, the effluents all stream into the Hudson River at Hoosic Falls. The pollution load increases rapidly as the Hudson flows to the Atlantic

by Robert Katt
cancer, emphysema (an up-and-coming, horribly debilitating disease) and minor ailments such as acute bronchitis.



Miss Earth, 1970 Photo by William Tague

MAKING PLANS FOR 1980? Before most Williams students reach their thirtieth year, still a young age for junior executives, the continuance of present trends will lead to the following: Massive famines in the third world will bear the same relation to Biafra that megalopolis bears to Williamstown. "Red tides" in the oceans will substantially increase as massive blooms of plankta feed on nutrients pouring from the world's rivers and eventually change the ecological community of the ocean: even as man wistfully prepares to "farm" the



Hamburger resists extinction

Photo by William Tague

HAVE A SMOKE. Get a dozen or more chain smokers together in your room and close the windows. This is great practice for living in any American city after you graduate. If possible, practice inhaling carbon monoxide, nitric oxide or sulfuric acid fumes, since some people believe the human organism can adapt to any environmental conditions and they may just be right. Since living in New York City introduces into the lungs the equivalent in toxic substances of 38 cigarettes per day, perhaps we rural inhabitants should take up chain smoking in order to keep up with the magnificent growth rates in lung

nutrients in order to feed starving billions. Killer smogs in American cities will begin the breakdown of an urban-based society. Violence will spiral as slum citizens cough their way out of the fatal smog banks, seeking air a man can breathe and live to tell about. Deformed births from the mutagenic effects of chemicals placed in the environment during the sixties and seventies will be so common that Thalidomide scares may become a way of life for pregnant mothers. Average American life expectancy will drop from seventy years to fifty or less, so don't plan too far beyond 1990.



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The Winter Study Committee is looking for students who might want to offer instruction in sports, crafts, hobbies, avocations of all kinds -- during next January's WSP. If you have talents to offer in such extra-curricular activities as, for example, cross-country skiing, photography, karate, fencing, scuba diving, folk music -- whatever, please get in touch with Prof. O'Connor at Ext. 347 or his box in the library; or Jim Glenney '71 in Prospect House, phone 8-8540; or Rex Krakauer '72, in Gorfield House, phone 8-3600.

EARTH WEEK (cont.)

(Continued from page 1)
moonlight's whitewater. All day the mountains had been black under random rainclouds.

At Southworth School, when James, Katt and Goodwin had closed their discussions, Carl Reidel sought air and the night outside. "Where's this movement going?" Over black coffee, we worded the singleness of earth. Spirit on the waters.

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The Trustees' Decision

Two weeks ago, as Williams Habitable Earth Week was just about to begin, an ADVOCATE editorial expressed the opinion that "it (is) time to do something practical," that "idle talk without faith is a sin of sorts." We were worried that the Earth Week spirit would disappear as quickly as did the "Give A Damn" enthusiasm one year ago — without the achievement of any tangible results.

In that same April 17th issue, the ADVOCATE announced its intention to mount a campus wide petition drive to mobilize support for Ralph Nader's efforts to make General Motors recognize its responsibilities in the field of pollution control. We are thus pleased to be able to announce in this issue that the Williams College Board of Trustees has formally decided to support the principles of the Nader proposal if not its implementation.

The response of the radical environmentalists to the trustees' decision has been to condemn them for not standing 100 per cent behind the Nader proposal. We would disagree with them. The Nader plan hasn't a prayer of passing — it never did. There are 285 million outstanding GM proxies, and the nation's universities collectively hold just slightly over a million of these. Mr. Nader submitted his proposal, not with the hope it would be passed, but as a means of alerting the General Motors Corporation and the nation to the problems caused by the automobile. The letter of the trustees to Mr. Roche citing General Motors' "major responsibility" would clearly fall under the spirit, if not the letter, of the Nader resolution.

The ADVOCATE regards the decision of the trustees as a victory — a victory for Paul Isaac and Dory Griffinger, who initiated and organized the petition drive; a victory for the College, which has taken a firm stand in support of our right to survive; and a victory for the environmental movement. It is but one small step, but as that corny old Chinese proverb say: "Long journey begin with first step."

LETTERS

NATHAN REJECTS VOTE

(The following letter has been mailed to Mr. Alfred E. Driscoll, Chairman of the Finance Committee, Williams College Board of Trustees.)

Dear Mr. Driscoll,

I have read your letter of April 25, 1970 to James M. Roche, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the General Motors Corporation. Although I appreciate the Board of Trustees' and your own understanding of General Motors' responsibility for automotive pollution and for developing anti-pollution equipment, I feel that the Board of Trustees has not adequately met its responsibility as citizens and G.M. shareholders to press for positive change in the policies of the company.

You state in your letter that General Motors has "a major responsibility to reduce to the lowest possible level this tremendous source of pollution." General Motors has in the past tried to shun this responsibility. G.M. has been aware for many years now that their automobiles are a major source of pollution, but out of fear of diminishing profits G.M. has not committed the necessary resources towards improving this situation. Automotive leaders tell us that a pollution free car will be ready by 1980. With a turnover rate of about 10 per cent per year, our roads will not be pollution free until 1990, twenty years from now.

The situation is such that we cannot wait twenty years for clean air.

Instead, G.M. and other auto manufacturers must be pressured into more dynamic and rapid programs to eliminate pollution. One method to do this is through the proposals of the Campaign to Make General Motors Responsible. These proposals (numbers four and five of the proxy statement) would require that "There be established the General Motors Shareholders Committee for Corporate Responsibility." This committee would have a limited life span of one year, and

it would investigate whether G.M. was doing its best to produce safe, and pollution free, automobiles. The proposal would also expand the Board of Directors to allow three public representatives to sit on the Board.

Unfortunately, the Board of Trustees has chosen not to vote the 21,000 shares of General Motors stock it owns either way on this issue. Apparently the Board is clearly committed on paper to protecting the environment, but when it comes to taking the positive and constructive step of voting 21,000 shares in favor of this commitment the Board fails to act.

You vaguely state in your letter that "certain parts and procedures under Proposal 4 of the current Proxy statement do not seem to us the most effective way to proceed." Let me ask first: if this is not the most effective way to proceed, what is? And second, what — besides writing mildly critical letters of doubtful consequence — do you plan to do?

Proposal 4 would in no way hinder the Operation of G.M. The committee would be purely investigative — can the truth hurt that much? As to Proposal 5, which you do not even criticize, the three nominees of the Campaign to make G.M. responsible are outstanding members of the community — Rene Dubos, since 1927 Professor, Rockefeller University, Department of Environmental Biomedicine; Betty Furness, lecturer, television performer, and columnist on consumer affairs for McCall's Magazine, former advisor to President Johnson on Consumer Affairs 1967-1969; Channing Phillips, President, D.C. Housing and Development Corporation, 1967-1970, Minister, Lincoln Temple, United Church of Christ, 1961-1967, and first Black nominee for President of the United States.

Approximately half of Williams' students have signed a petition requesting that the college vote its shares in favor of

At the cinema: CHARLES RUBIN

Nazi Decadence: 'THE DAMNED'

Over the past couple of years, as we have learned to expect more from movies, a concomitant emotional development has been an inurement to many of their devices. A film like "The Wild Bunch," for example, with its slashed throats, decapitated fingers, and spurting blood becomes externally numbing after awhile, probably because after the opening scene ambush, in which outlaws and bounty-hunters "have at" each other while slaying innocent elderly women in the process, we lose our ability to be repulsed. We recognize that this is a film about violence, not just a violent film. People who complain that "The Wild Bunch" is too violent (and there are plenty; a *New York Times* letter once accused "films like that" of leading to the Vietnam war) simply miss the point.

On the other hand, this type of analysis may be misleading, especially when a film like "The Damned" comes along, and suddenly we know that we're not immune to everything, after all. "The Damned" is filled with the same climate of horror as "The Wild Bunch," only instead of streams of rushing blood we are treated to portrayal after depressing portrayal of decadence. And we don't become numbed to it. We should be so lucky. This is a film that runs two-and-a-half hours, two-and-a-half enervating hours, and when it was over I wanted either to vomit or cry. Not because the film was so badly put together, but because of what it did to me. Somehow, perhaps naively, I've always believed that a film was to be enjoyed; it may take something out of you; it may shock you so deeply that you will never forget it ("Los Olvidados," for instance); but it shouldn't scar you: it should never make you ungrateful for the experience. But this is the way I felt after "The Damned" — sick, uneasy, debilitated. And if Luchino Visconti, the director, would respond — as I suspect he might — ah! but that is what I meant you to feel. . . . then I am very sorry for you, Mr. Visconti.

The story concerns a German steel dynasty in 1933, the year Hitler became chancellor. Germany is a tense, expectant nation, certain of its destiny to rise from the ashes and flames of the first World War. The von Essenbecks are a metaphor for such a nation: outwardly united, yet actually riddled by a bitter struggle for power and control. Symbolically, Visconti stresses the link between the von Essenbecks' and all German life by infusing the film with reds and blacks, the colors of the Nazi flag. The opening sequence depicts bright red flames leaping in a blast furnace. Reds occur often at the beginning of the film — in a boutonniere, bound volumes, various armbands, and blood — and their appearance is generally startling, standing out on a somber surface. As the film progresses, however, black easily overshadows red, predominating in such objects as coat and tails, iron works, smoke curling into the sky, mourning coaches, stormtroop uniforms, or limousines, all of which are supposed to indicate the sinister, darkly hopeless quality of the environment.

Mad-ness

To the editor,

I found Bill Henry's and James Fraser Darling's recent exchange of opinions most enlightening. However, I feel obliged to add my own perspective on the dilemma they have exposed by citing a little-known utterance of the renowned Classical scholar, gourmand and antiquarian lecher, Alfred E. Neuman, who on several occasions was heard muttering:

QUID, ME ANXIUS SUM!

W. Laurentius Hollar
Class of MCMLXX
April 28, 1970

the above proposals. I feel the Board of Trustees has made a great mistake in not honoring this request, as well as in not consulting any students involved with this petition, before making their decision.

I hope the Board will reconsider its decision and vote for these proposals and in the future take further positive actions to aid in protecting our environment.

Sincerely,
Arthur Nathan '73

When the baroness (Ingrid Thulin) marries Friedrich (Dirk Bogarde) the Nazi flag is again reflected in the shadows under her eyes, the powdery whiteness of her face, and the thin red rings of her lipstick. The last shot of the film is the blast furnace again, only this time it is dark.

What Visconti achieves with all this artistic care is a film so utterly bleak in its conception that it becomes merely superficial. "The Damned" is so self-conscious, so grim, that even its few decent moments are caught in a wake of turgidity and lugubriousness. Visconti is so dreadfully Serious about everything! The only breaks in a steady, downhill plunge come accidentally: a musical score sounding inanely like "Doctor Zhivago" done um-pah-pah; or an SA (Storm Troop) sympathizer (Rene Killdehoff) who storms around like a miscast Mafioso, and who at one point — true Aryan that he is — implores a servant scrubbing his back to "Rub harder!" And some of the dialogue: "I know you can't bear me. But I don't demand that you love me." Even the camera work is stilted. After framing a servant brushing down the coat of the old Baron, the camera pans left and shoots the Baron's exit through a mirror. Why?

It really is rare to see a film as utterly humorless as "The Damned." For here is a nostalgic collection of horror movie zombies, lurking in corridors, peeping at keyholes, or self-righteously quoting Hegel to each other. Sometimes, though, they do other things. Like the scene where Martin (Helmut Berger), the hissing faggy sort, tells his mother "I will destroy you" and rapes her. Or the scenes where Martin gives a cozy feel to a couple of eight-year-olds.

Let me go on record as saying I'm tired of this type of film. It is plainly offensive, and it is annoying.

Someone, somewhere, must be making a movie of "Cabaret." Wait for it.

Reading this review over, I seem to have gotten rather arrogant. If there is anything positive to be extracted from the whole murky business, perhaps it lies in the knowledge that the College Cinema was willing to respond to the wishes of a faculty member in obtaining "The Damned." Perhaps also this will answer some of those critics who feel the College Cinema is merely a mercenary organization that is unresponsive to community opinion. "The Damned" wasn't the Cinema's fault: if we can't pick 'em, well. . . .

COLLEGE CINEMA

By Popular Demand



He was soon to become the second most powerful man in Nazi Germany.

MON. - THURS. 8:00

FRI. - SAT. - SUN. 9:45

GRIFFINGER CALLS G.M. BATTLE 'SOCIAL LANDMARK'

by Dore Griffinger

The chance that the three environment resolutions will be approved during General Motors' May 22 meeting is extremely small indeed — but the very fact that they are being presented is a landmark in the creation of a more socially conscious business community.

Never before have the corporations of America been under such severe pressure to direct their operations in a manner consistent with human interest. Companies which worried only about increasing their profits are now being pressed on a wide range of social issues.

What are you doing about pollution? How many Blacks and other minority people do you employ? Do they all hold low level jobs? What are you buying from Black-owned companies? Can you improve rundown housing?

These are questions being asked top management today by all quarters of our population and John Gardner, head of the National Urban Coalition, believes students (and other citizens) certainly should continue to pester large corporations with their demands. Pester them they will. The significant event occurring today is that Ralph Nader is virtually being multiplied many times over. Any company which thinks it can ignore popular protest is living in a dream world.

Take General Motors. When a group of young Washington lawyers organized themselves this year into the Project for Corporate Responsibility and demanded that G.M. present nine different resolutions to its stockholders before the annual meeting, the move didn't attract much attention, and G.M. flatly rejected all the demands. These men were acting as shareholders: the group had bought 12 of General Motors' 290 million shares outstanding. Unswerving, the lawyers took the matter to the Securities and Exchange Commission. To G.M.'s surprise (and chagrin), the S.E.C. ruled that three of the resolutions be included in the proxy statement sent to every stockholder.

This is believed to be the first time that resolutions on social matters have been officially placed before stockholders by a corporation. Of course, the G.M. management has spent \$500,000 in recommending a "No" vote, and, in addition has threatened to cancel General Motors scholarship money at the Universities of Texas and Michigan, should those universities not vote against the proposals. But the public will no longer be damned sitting down; Corporate America can expect to witness more and more social action, and can anticipate an increasingly profound effect.

YO-YO (cont.)

genius. He is either pompous or taciturn — both a product of intense shyness and personal pre-occupation. He likes good wine but is personally untidy. He scours the earth in search of others of the species.

The archetypal intellectual is almost extinct. No longer do we see those dreamy old men, their white manes flowing behind them,

for belief, but delivers Sibylline prophecies, concise as machine-gun bullets. His tie is square-tipped and he smokes Balkan Sobranie. He fails on purpose to see the twinkle in Spiro's eye. He calls himself a personal friend of Archbishop Makarios, but has only offered him a cigarette in the Seychelles. Rape is accepted practice since Eldridge Cleaver martyred himself on its cross.

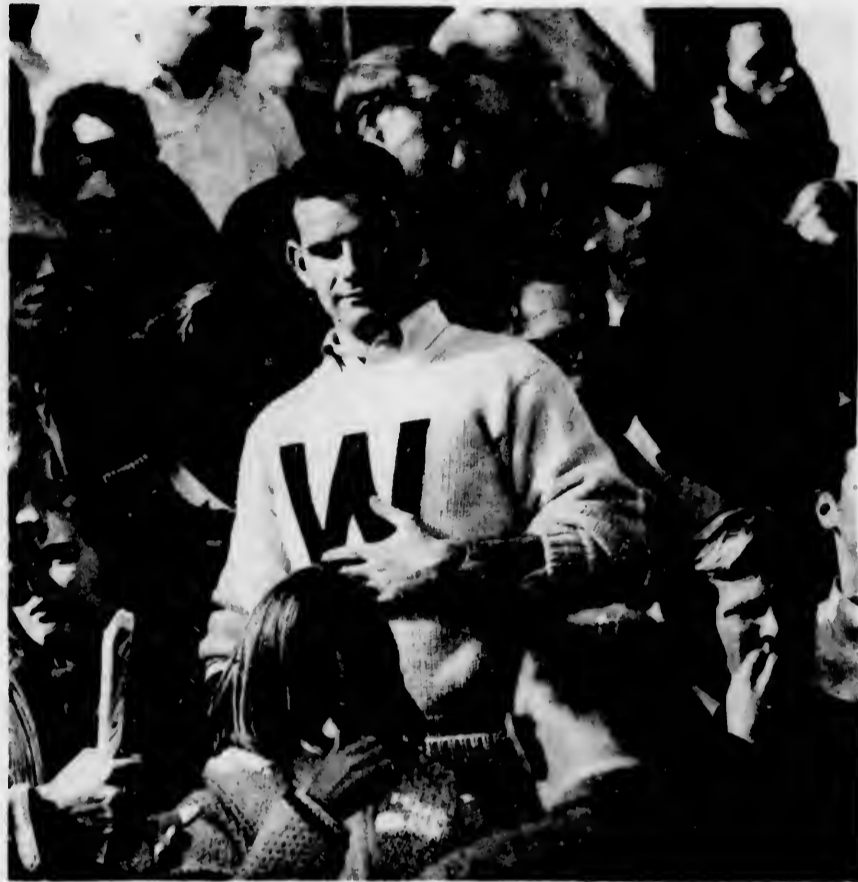


Photo by William Tagus

The Isolation of the Intellectual

walking past us, hypnotized by their toes. No intellectual is absent-minded now, he leaves that to the politicians.

Who is the modern intellectual in the United States? He has a personally acquired fortune of \$60,000.00. He spent his sabbatical in Milan negotiating for a Masarati. He is tall and slim and a socialist. The absurd in humanity amuses him. He has a social conscience based on Walter Lippman's column in Newsweek. He reads novels by Graham Greene, but takes care to condemn them in public. In conversation he does not give reasons

William Manchester is a bore. So is Marcuse, now. He has read all the womb theories. He has made some up himself, like playing naughts and crosses. When it rains he is lonely. The sun catches the flash of his teeth. He heard of Unkschneider's theory that Western civilization originated in influences from Zimbabwe, blown north by Sahara sandstorms. Unkschneider beat him to it. Good thing, really. Unkschneider's neck is black and blue, soon it will be forfeit. He might decide to be a college president, but it means growing old. He had better think about changing his image.

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dicit Dicit

Volume One, Number Ten

Sunday, May 31, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

THIS IS INCREDIBLE... THIS IS INCREDIBLE

There is no editorial in this issue. Rather than debating the strike, this article attempts to tell the story in terms of images, small moments of drama that use the strike as a background. Eight writers have contributed. Italicized segments convey first person incidents which are not necessarily written by the same first person.

I don't know why, but I always carry a book to dinner with me. As if I'm actually going to read it. I guess it just gives me security, a feeling that well, I may be far behind in my work but damn it I'm going to catch up. Or maybe it's a sex-substitute. That's an original thought.

Anyway, as we walked over to Greylock in the six o'clock stillness, I was trying to convince my friend to work for THE ADVOCATE. I had just gotten to how good it would look on his law school application — an argument which is about as low as you can sink — when we reached the dining hall entrance and saw all the signs. STRIKE. Nationwide student strike. Everyone mobilize.

... "What now?" said my friend, not especially pleased.

... "It must be the Revolution," I said.

... "Groovy."

... "Beautiful."

... We went in and had dinner.

signs. Emotionally he was probably right, too, because few people mentioned the strike during Greylock's ordinary Sunday night chicken floomp. Russ Pulliam asked Rick Beinecke what was going on and Beinecke said it was all spontaneous, and there were no leaders. Which meant that Beinecke didn't know anything, either.

The meeting that night was called for 7:30 in the Rathskeller. Some people thought the STRIKE would need direction. Some thought it already had too much. Everyone agreed they needed a meeting, even if it was only to say they didn't need meetings.

Someone also said that this meeting was only for freshmen since the STRIKE was "really a freshman thing." Jim Lobe, a senior, ran it. He said we need a Communications Committee, "a committee like to coordinate ideas and like to plan it."

"No committee."

"No planning."

Chris West, on the spot for WCFM news, bulled his way through the crowd like a lady bargain-hunter and thrust a giant mike in Lobe's face. An undercurrent of can-the-Establishment-honky-rat-pig-WCFM went through the group, but Lobe continued resolutely, noting how surprised he'd



All Strike Photos in this issue courtesy of Ray Zarcos.



Strike leader Lobe.

Russ Pulliam considered a spearful of lettuce before sliding it into his mouth. He was wondering what the Record could do with the \$200 which the paper had won in suit from The Camera Box. "We could use a new camera," said Russ.

"I don't know," said John Finnerty, the business manager. "I thought we could get a camera and then buy a few records for the guys."

They had returned from Yale earlier in the afternoon, not very many of them, and most of them freshmen. Jim Lobe would later say, "The upperclass is about three hours behind the freshmen," and chronologically he was pretty accurate since the upperclass ate dinner about three hours after a batch of freshmen had pasted up the first STRIKE

been with Yale students, whom he'd always compared to Williams students; he said he'd seen them call off classes and set up effective workshops — "a free university kind of thing" — which 75 per cent of the students attended, the others going home. There were a lot of surprised snickers; yeah, but at Williams with all our hockey players... And the "Even Williams" slogan was born.

"If we unite on one issue then Prof. Lawrence says we could probably get faculty support."

"I know some other profs, including Prof. Burns, who would back us—"

"Hoooo, Burns?"

THE ADVOCATE is pleased to announce the smashing appointment of James Fraser Darling as Managing Editor.

"James MacGregor Burns?"
"THE Professor Burns?"
"Burns will never back us."
"It's bullshit."
"We don't want their support."
"Who cares?"
"The strike isn't going to succeed if we restrict it."

Finally someone said, "Remember we're not striking against the college, but against the government" and there was thunderous applause.

"This is about social action, about really doing something, about fucking up the government."

And then the announcement: "Purdue is striking."

Purdue. Haven of the longlegged, broad-backed running backs. Smashing Plymouth Rock with its boulders from the West.

... I was squatting on the floor, taking notes in my English 208 notebook, trying to think of an artsy-cutesy-Joycean way of saying, "Jim Lobe was dressed in a work shirt and jeans, the uniform of the Movement," which I didn't want to say because I'd said it before about Women's Lib and maybe everyone wears the same uniform but it's kind of sickening to remind people all the time.

A meeting was planned in the Greylock Quad. Two students emerged from the Snack Bar carrying sheets of red armbands and on the way ran into Mr. Phil Smith.

"Want one?" he was asked.

"No thanks."

"Maybe next time."

"We're supposed to be wearing

black," someone said.

"It doesn't matter."

"I just threw my old black armband away last week. But, you know, a new year, a new armband. C'est la Revolution."

The sky was red over Greylock, merging in perverse symbolism with the purple mountains. Nostrils flaring, a thin, wispy student cried, "Stop all activities in the Greylock Quad!"

"Right."

"Right on!"

"Stop all frisbee games."

"Burn your frisbee for peace."

The chanting started, powerfully at first with "Strike! Strike! Strike!" pounded into the wind, launched against the night. Then

(Please turn to page 3)



COMMUNE (cont.)

same sort of common ideal or purpose, the chances for productive social interchange are much greater than they are in a simple dormitory or dormitory-like house.

As a model for a good living arrangement, Mr. Lawrence suggests, one might take the fraternity system at its best. Students in a frat house are dependent on one another in a co-operative manner, and share traditions that can be quite beneficial to the members and to the college as a whole. One of the best traditions here at Williams was that of inviting faculty members to the houses once a year or so for an extracurricular "faculty panel" where students and their professors could discuss the issues of the day on an informal, equal basis. Here is a tradition that did much to foster the "Williams community" that is so often lamented today. While not advocating a return to the fraternity system, Prof. Lawrence points out that in replacing frats with a residential house system the college unwittingly destroyed what in many ways was a valuable social system, one which could be quite beneficial if it were properly reintroduced today.

What "traditions" would a co-op have? It is conceivable that under a co-op system students with similar interests would want to live in groups according to academic or extracurricular interests. One could envision a "German house," a "French house," a "Bennington Big Brothers House," and so on. If this is "discrimination," it might prove more workable than any "fair" random-selection process.

Mr. Lawrence has proposed, therefore, that the college take a building like Park Hall and turn it over to a dozen or so interested students for a couple of years as a pilot project in "communal" living. There would be problems, certainly, but there would also be rich opportunities. If the pilot is successful, more co-ops could be tried; a co-ed co-operative is not out of the question. If the college administration lent its support to such a pilot plan, some of the dissatisfactions of student life could be eliminated, and Williams could have a new, "relevant" form of constructive non-academic action.

Isaac Challenges Earth Week Dedication / by Paul Isaac

The post-mortems of W.H.E.W. and its failure to stir a major response from the campus will probably be spread across the pages of this paper and many other campus publications over the next few months. I feel that certain reasons stand out quite clearly.

One is the danger of fatigue. After the numerous moratoria, marches, and other miscellaneous political activities that took place here during the last year, many students were just worn out and thus unwilling to support another series of campaigns, panels, and petitions. Mao to the contrary, the average human being does not enjoy being in a state of permanent political ferment.

Perhaps more important was the lack of melodrama in Earth Week, particularly as it was handled at Williams. Unlike the Moratoria, the environment has no straw-man apotheosis of evil like Nguyen Cao Ky, no structure like the "Military-Industrial Complex" that it can set up as arch-villains. On the other hand, we could not play the good guys with respect to the environment. We are all polluters (some one million cans are thrown out each year by the students on this campus), and we will all continue to be polluters to a greater or lesser degree, unless we return to the technological level of the Middle Ages. Some schools nevertheless picked a company, like Dow Chemical or United Aircraft, and used it as a Ky-type villain; the approach at Williams was far more reasonable and open-minded, far less exciting, and far less successful, however constructive it may have been.

Theatricality and a strong dose of rhetoric seem to be the only things that inspire support for a cause at Williams. An example would be one small part of the Earth Week activities -- the GM proposal. From Wednesday thru Friday there was circulated around the campus a petition, asking the trustees to vote the College's 21,000 General Motors shares in favor of Ralph Nader's Project for Corporate Responsibility at GM's annual meeting, May 2.

The idea had its Williams genesis in an article by Dore Griffinger in THE ADVOCATE in February. The response to the article seemed favorable, but no concrete proposal emerged.

In early April I read about the Nader GM proposals and suggested to Dore that this might be a

good opportunity to put some of his ideas into practice. THE ADVOCATE decided, about this same time, to make the above mentioned petition one of their main WHEW efforts. Meanwhile, Art Nathan of the WHEW Committee on College Action had independently come up with the same idea, and had seen Dore about it. The three of us combined forces on the proposal. An article was published in THE ADVOCATE's Earth Week issue boosting the idea, and the petitions (many of which, bereft of any signatures, still hang on various bulletin boards around campus) were written, printed, and circulated. We were hoping for at least 750-800 signatures, and were disappointed when we received somewhat fewer than this. Perhaps we were incorrect and immodest, but we believed the petition to be a moderate, well-thought out proposal for starting to deal constructively with pollution. Perhaps that was the problem: in being moderate and nonflamboyant the petition may have lost the support of students who hoped to prove their alleged radicalism by signing something very militant.

I am forced to ask, then: is theatricality -- like burying a car -- necessary to generate support on campus? Apparently so. Marches, burials, and rallies, though, do not cause anything to be done about a problem in and of themselves. When it comes to ecology, it is not enough merely to have a turn-out of students at entertaining and semi-social public events. People have to be willing to investigate a problem, formulate a solution, and work for the implementation of that solution. Too many students regard such an effort as too prosaic, too time consuming, or

(that all-purpose slur) too "establishment," with the result that small and ineffectual groups are left carrying the ball in most campus campaigns. All too often theatricality has become an end in itself, rather than a way of mobilizing support for constructive action.

The emphasis here seems quite often to be on the word rather than the deed. The mere expression of some "radical" or "progressive" sentiments is considered an acceptable contribution toward solving problems. This encourages verbal radicalism -- it is simply a question of "out-radicaling" the next person's sentiments. Meanwhile, meaningful activity is discouraged, since action is considered above and beyond the call of duty and, in any case, many people outside our tight little undergraduate world are put off by rhetoric. Progressive ideas phrased in a more moderate fashion might be far easier to enact.

Art, Dore, and I thought we had a good proposal. We also thought that with a show of considerable student support the trustees might go along with our proposal. We didn't want a confrontation; we wanted to help clean up the air. We're sorry if our petition didn't call for public cremation of stock certificates or burying Hopkins Hall in old auto parts. If the lack of such a proposal was the reason why people did not sign our petition, I don't think it's our petition that needs changing. Clean air is everybody's cause, and we'd like to get as many people involved in it as possible. Perhaps next time we will. Next time, though, when a petition is passed around remember that on a petition the medium is not the message.

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LETTER

To the Editors:

I was pleased to read the review of the movie 'Monique' by Jamie James in THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE (April 17, 1970).

The following quote by the outstanding Negro American journalist George S. Schuyler is quite in line with the movie review:

"It is an axiom of subversives, formulated by Adam Weishaupt when he organized the conspiratorial illuminati in 1776, and reaffirmed by his successors, including Lenin, that the key to destruction of a free society is to provoke the degeneration of 'democracy' into rampant immorality by promoting every

conceivable perversion. Go to a movie or a bookstore, pick up a copy of a college newspaper, note 'Life' magazine photographic celebration in November of half a dozen films promoting Lesbianism, scan the New Left Press (where pervers open advertise their wares to the young)—or just read the minutes of a meeting of the National Council of Churches. The Communists are moving fast, perversion is abounding, and America is in serious trouble. She is rotting at the soul."

Mr. Schuyler's quote is from "American Opinion" magazine for May, 1970, of which he is a contributing Editor.

I intend to send a copy of THE ADVOCATE to Mr. Schuyler as I'm sure he

Book Review: JEROME CHRISTENSEN

'MAN, LAND' / by William Carney

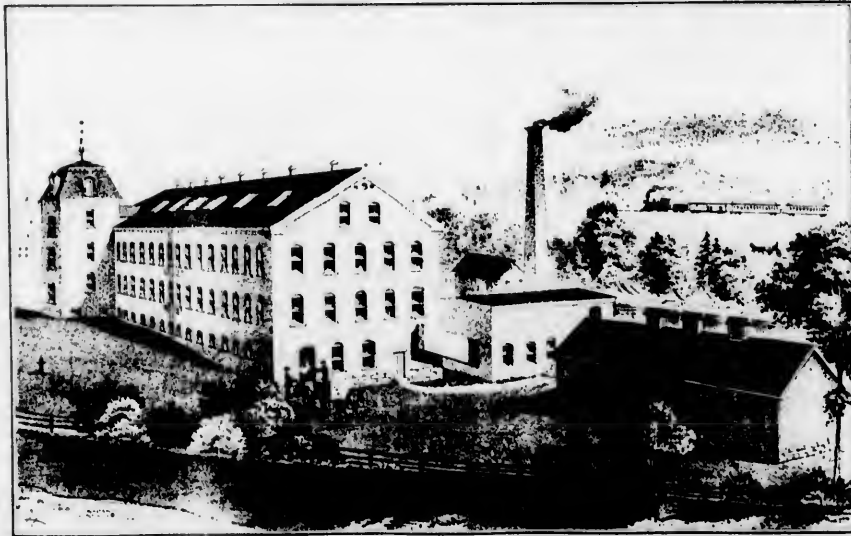
"The foundation of environmental studies is ecology, and the first premise of that science is," according to William Carney '70, "the earth's interrelation by energy exchange." *Man, Land*, Carney's account of the first two years of Williams' Center for Environmental Studies is a fluid and subtle combination of structure and theme, well exemplifying the implications of that first principle.

Carney's primary concern is a presentation of the vision that motivated the founding of the Center and a description of some of the effects that the Center has had during its brief span. He begins, therefore with notes of his impressions of the convocation that marked the founding of the Center and recounts some of the discussion that took place among scientists and professors of the humanities and social sciences at Mount Hope Farm before the convocation itself. The viewpoints presented represent various areas of interest and expertise and set the tone for the Center's conscious effort to expand "modes and concepts of cooperation, community, society," an aim which in academic terms was to take on an inter-disciplinary intent.

Moving to 1968 Carney describes the substance of seminars of the Berkshire Panel for the Public Environment, an organization set up by the Williams Center with the aid of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation and composed of forty men from various professional backgrounds. The wide-ranging discussions variously focused on concern over the nature of planning, and the relation of that planning to other institutions of control, to the 'silent majority' of the country, and finally, gropingly, to the land itself. Just as the pre-convocation discussion revealed the diversity of academic disciplines involved with environmental questions, so these meetings exposed the impressive if not bewildering array of conflicting claims and expectations that need to be considered before making any corrective proposals.

Two themes emerge out of these pages. The first is the increasing awareness of the wide range of problems that are subsumed under the rubric of environmental studies. The second arises from the structure of the book itself, which moves vertically from an office in Van Rensselaer, to Berkshire County, to New England, and finally to a

philosophical overview of the problem in the section entitled "A Day in the Night." Each area can be seen in ecological terms as a niche in a hierarchy that is related, as are those in nature, by energy exchanges. The implication of this is the crucial connectedness among these different spheres. Berkshire County cannot solve its environmental problems without an understanding of the greater area of New England, nor can New England hope to cope with its regional difficulties without an accurate conception of the frustrating



Hawkins West and Co's Woolen Mills, Dalton, Massachusetts

resistance of local problems to satisfactory solutions. Both county and region depend on an understanding of the larger context of the ecological dilemma and the necessity of re-thinking very basic ideas of man's relation to nature. This philosophical pursuit is in turn prevented from becoming idle speculation only by continuous attention to the concrete problems of pollution and overpopulation.

The tension between the general and the particular crystallizes in "A Day in the Night." The section divides into three parts. The first is a Williams student Sylvanus Urbanus' impressions of the College as architecture, education, and environment. In the second part he and other students discuss the issues of ecology. The views expressed range from adamant, issue-oriented activism to a prophetic vision of a return to the land.

Hayfever and Adrenalin

YOUNGE LADDS MATCHE WITS WITH LEFTIST WOLFES

by J.R.M. Fraser Darling

"The ancient ideal of 'Tellus Stabilita' has never been realized, except, perhaps, by the English aristocracy in the eighteenth century."

Mr. William Henry and I had just opened a bottle of Chateau Haut Brion 1949 and were enjoying it on the terrace of Brooks House in the early days of May. Mr. Henry savoured the aroma of the claret in one long, thoughtful sniff and then begged leave to differ: "For two cents, I know,



you would go back to the eighteenth century, but really, James, you ought to take more notice of the world around you.

will be glad to know there is a "breath of clean air" on the campus of Williams.

Sincerely,
Robert P. Gagne
North Adams, Mass.

May 4, 1970

Mr. Gagne is the chapter leader of the Northern Berkshire Chapter of the John Birch Society

Golden ages are only figments of the imagination. I myself think the New England campus in 1970 approaches nearest the ideal of a Stable Earth." He sank back, exhausted, into his chair. A slow, satiated smile of triumph crept across his face. Suddenly it disappeared, as we heard a thunderous noise of uproar from the direction of Chapin Hall. I jumped up and instinctively my right hand clutched for my sword-hilt, until I remembered that I had the misfortune to be living in the twentieth century. More up-to-date, Mr. Henry had already plunged into the azaleas behind an imaginary machine-gun. A flock of doped goats reeled across our line of vision. Soon the cause of this spectacle appeared, a wandering rustic smoking pot. We asked him what was happening. "Mes chers citoyens," he replied, "c'est La Révolution! Aux armes! Vive la grève!"

"Nous devons aller en Angleterre, immédiatement," I said, turning to Mr. Henry.

"Non. Vous oubliez la noblesse oblige. Nous devons rester ici," he answered with the measured calm of the courageous.

"You are right," I sighed, "as Newton said—for every revolution there must be a counter-revolution. The banner of empire must not fall from America's hands. Surely imperialism has been an end in itself. It has been the divinely appointed mission of the West. Once Great Britain and France held Asian, African, and American lands in thrall. Weary, those nations flopped upon the barren strands of unbalanced budgets; all flesh remaining was consumed by socialist vultures.



Even the marrow was sucked out for baby bonuses. But Columbia (O revered plutocracy!) swooped like an angel of mercy, pampered the decaying nations of Europe, and unfurled, once again, the standards of Colonialism. We must stand by Nixon sahib in his hour of trial." There was a loud pop as Mr. Henry opened a bottle of Chateau Margaux 1928, but its sweet echo was drowned by renewed shrieks from Chapin Hall. The house radical was coming towards us, but tripped on his hair into a puddle a few yards away. I allowed him to wipe his face clean on my boots.

"They are burning the Vice-President," he cried, his eyes glazed with ecstasy, or something more habitual, "but only in effigy. The boys in Art 101-102 are constructing a guillotine with which they will nobly execute bourgeois-capitalist-racist-imperialist-fascist pigs."

"Why pigs? What about horses, bald-headed eagles, duck-billed

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STRIKE (cont)

weakly with "Join us! Join us!" for fifteen seconds of fire. Then embarrassment and silence....

"No; I wasn't chanting. God no. Chanting is for freshmen and, you know, those who need a sense of belonging."

"Everyone on this quad needs a sense of belonging. You're wearing an armband, for God sake --"

"But I wasn't chanting."

Smug, too. Smug as hell, that was it. Everyone sure of the rightness of the situation. Of course we strike. I mean, what else can you do? I mean, what with war-oppress-race-draft-and-John-kill-Wayne-kill?

"I was standing behind the speakers, scrawling notes, when a freshman in a tan leather jacket asked me what I was doing."

"Ever since 'West Side Story' I've had an aversion to leather jackets, so I answered 'Just some writing,' which, I have to admit, was a brilliant response."

"What for — the newspaper?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, don't use any names."

"I don't know any."

"I mean that — no names. You don't want to use any names."

"I don't know any."

"You don't understand"

"I do understand."

"You see, if you go around using

freeze, rolling his big wide eyes, rolling and rolling them: oh Lordy, oh Mistuh Bud, oh Mistuh Lou, oh help — oh puh-leeeeeze help....

Now it is 1970, and a lot has happened in thirty years, including three wars, and that is one of the reasons this individual is still scared.

"What's happening is a real questioning of this existence. It's being threatened by bombs and, you know, death. That's it: death. That's the ultimate question. The one resolution of conflict is death. Death is Cambodia, death is pesticides, death is Vietnam. Even what I'm confronting is death. That's the basic unifying factor. It's really hard to explain — that this whole thing is one thing. Only you've got to try to explain it...."

Oh help. Oh puh-leeeeeze help....

At twelve midnight, Sunday night-Monday morning, the first official student gathering—a College Council meeting—took place in Room 3 of Griffin Hall. To many it seemed a most inauspicious beginning. After the first fifteen minutes of undirected bickering it was difficult to imagine that this movement would progress beyond the traditional Williams sandtrap of factions and rhetoric.

One optimistic sign: the general mood was unmistakably buoyant and enthusiastic. People were joking, laughing, propelling paper planes, fondling dogs, and firing spitballs at one another. The blackboard dominated the attention of all new-comers with the announcement: "STRIKE. . .3, we're out."

Council Chairman Greg Van Schaack, sporting a newly cultivated van dyke, opened the College Council assembly with: "I'd like to welcome you all tonight." This was greeted with anxious snickers. Then Jim Lobe, who was soon to become one of the pivotal figures of the Strike, made his first public appearance, showing himself to be mild, moderate, and modest in an "I'll be the leader if you want me to be, O.K.?" sort of way. We were told the Strike was a total success at Princeton. The audience sat quietly. Lobe explained how the idea originated: "As we were coming home from New Haven, several members of my group said, 'Williams wouldn't strike. But wouldn't it be fine if Williams had one?'" The audience wasn't sure if he said "fine" or "fun."

Sunday night, I moved to the Radio Station with the idealism of the strike occupying the major part of my head. Things were going well. Maybe the slogan "Even Williams" could apply — I was doubtful though. For those who have never been to the radio station at 11 on Sunday night, I had better explain. The place is dead. No one is there except the DJ. This night was different. The loudspeakers were not humming the usual jazz, but a queer guttural sound. Upon entering the station I encountered several newsmen and ex-newsmen for the radio station. The newsmen at the radio station are, with one or two exceptions, very difficult people. They are the kind of people who weren't born with a sense of humor. The guttural sound was the old station tapes of Amos and Andy —

which, to put it mildly, was not exactly appropriate to a jazz show, much less to the mood of the campus.

The DJ told me that a person higher up in the station had told him to play it. When I told the announcer that he was probably going to get conked on the head, and that this higher-up could hardly take that responsibility, the DJ locked the door to the booth. I returned to the jeering ex-newsmen and collected my sports. Ordinarily, I report with a friend on Sunday, but he was working on the strike. Meanwhile, someone from the Record wanted something from the newsmen. The head newsmen, who had this information, promptly locked himself into the broadcasters' booth without giving up the information.

Lobe proceeded to suggest that the College Council make suggestions. One auditor remarked that it was most unusual for a strike organizer to ask for constructive contributions and leadership from the student association.

Various members of the Council, and observers, contributed their own viewpoints throughout the two-hour 45-minute exchange.

"Reality still exists in the Purple Valley," said one.

"We must be willing to put our academic future and draft status on the line," announced another.

"The strike should at first be called for a week, and then we should decide about the year," noted Bob Grayson.

"You'd better have a commitment, you'd better have a direction" This by Van Schaack.

In response to an objection that the strike would be aimed at the college, one commentator replied, "We're not striking against the school or Sawyer, but against Nixon and the country."

But after 45 minutes of expostulation people began to drift from the room. Though nearly everything said at the C.C. meeting was expressed eloquently, and with obvious sincerity, no direction was established, no questions were seriously debated with resolution in mind.

With the exception of one dramatic exchange between a bystander in an army jacket, and Greg Van Schaack—

"Quit fucking around...I'd just like to tell you all, I think you're full of shit...Are you willing to lay your diploma down for Vietnam and the Blacks?"

"You quit fucking."

the remainder of the meeting degenerated into a volley of personal commentary on all aspects of the issue, culminating finally with the council's approval of the strike.

1:10 — "Stagnocracy," mutters one frustrated onlooker. "An ambiguous strike led by an unknown group for an unclear reason," says another.

1:15—A number of disgruntled radical freshmen begin to leave through conveniently placed windows.

1:18—The Record reporters turn their attention to a nearby dog.

After the meeting I spoke to a psychology professor who told me he's gathered all the books he could find on how to influence

(Please turn to page 4)



Student and faculty debate at Greylock.

It was announced that there would be an all-campus meeting at Chapin Hall on Monday night at 10:45. "Chapin Hall! 10:45!" someone began to chant, and it was repeated once, rather ineptly. "Let's liberate Greylock," a spidery form on a hill shouted. "A lot of those people are still working in their rooms."

Up the hill they shot, not many, and most of them freshmen, great snakes of commitment, shedding a few scales at each entryway.

I followed a group of freshmen into a Hopkins entryway. I kept telling myself, come on, this is for real, for once it's really sincere.

The entry was lined with a thick odor. Sniffing the air as he climbed the steps, one of the freshmen sighed "Ummmmmmmm beeevo!"

"We're not fighting for democracy. If we were we'd be in Greece, helping the right side," said an intense freshman to an upperclassman. The upperclassman lay on a sofa, a copy of McTeague near his feet. Two other sophomores sat in comfortable chairs, and three freshmen stood behind the one who was talking. "Come on, we're not going to injure the U.S. with this strike," continued the first freshman. "Just as the U.S. wouldn't be hurt if we pulled out. It would be no better or worse. We're going to alienate a lot of the country with this strike, but this is worth it. This is it."

"Yeah," agreed a sophomore.

"We've got to make our move."

"Right."

"Because we're wrong in a great many places, but we're right about this."

"You know it."

"This involves a lot of really long rapping and unhappiness. We can't just jump up and down."

"This is too important."

"Right."

names, you wreck up, you know, the spontaneity. You isolate things. Make them more important. And this is all got to be spontaneous."

"Uh huh."

"Look, don't fuck up The Movement."

They had been studying, ignoring the noise from the quad, when the four freshmen marched in. Now the freshmen were gone, and they were discussing the politics of confrontation.

"I think it's healthy, a lot better than most of the classes we have here."

"That's existence. You know, confrontation."

"That's what education could really be: getting around and talking — talking things out."

"These kinds of things should happen more often. But people are cynical about them. Like the Hopkins Hall thing last year. There was kind of a carnival atmosphere, you know, kind of a sideshow. The seniors say things like this come around every spring and then fade away. Like Frank Bartolotta says, seniors say bullshit: I'm not getting trapped up in this."

"They're lost causes."

"But you can't say fuck 'em—"

"Yes you can. So many guys here, they think 'cause they listen in class their heads are all developed. Their heads are up their ass."

There was a noise out on the quad: sharp, loud, then drifting apart and gone. He was tall and very black with a slight, mid-Atlantic, Baltimore-to-Richmond slide in his voice. His eyes opened very wide when he talked. In 1940 he would have been a pullman porter in an Abbott and Costello comedy, inspecting the upper berth and finding a lion there; and then, teeth chattering, he would

STRIKE (cont)

people's attitudes. There aren't many, but he has them if anybody wants to read them.

Before the evening's all-campus meeting there was a 3:30 rally back on the Greylock Quad. Actually, "rally" was a misleading word, because the whole thing was formless, "spontaneous," which meant that no one had wanted to make preparations.

However, since "spontaneous" generally means blaring the libidinous pulse of rock from any available speaker, many were probably puzzled by the predominant thrust emanating from Bryant: the shriek of Russ Hodges in ecstasy at the Polo Grounds, 1951.

"And The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the --"

Bobby Thompson's home run. "What has this got to do with the strike?" a student in a Hulk t-shirt asked.

"Well, The Giants beat The Dodgers that year by coming from behind. First they tied them for the pennant, then they beat them in a playoff."

"So?"

"No one thought it could happen. It was a miracle. Obviously the students are identifying with a fortunate underdog."

"Do you believe that?"

"No."

Mr. Tom Bleezarde is the editor of all alumni publications. On this drizzly Monday afternoon, watching the students and faculty from his position beneath the caw of Bobby Thompson's home run, he was probably wondering how to explain the strike to alumni; it wasn't going to be easy. This next Alumni Review would have been so simple: a big slant on environment, a dash of freshman inclusion, and the usuals on the golf team ("Ephs Rally for Little Three. ..."). But now this strike, and right on the deadline too. If there really were a God he sure as hell never edited a magazine.

A student told Mr. Bleezarde that the strike was a symbolic act. Mr. Bleezarde was not impressed. "Symbolic acts went out with the French Revolution. The last symbolic act was Lady Godiva."

Fred Stocking, who is Morris Professor of Rhetoric, is an owlfaced man who squints with emphasis when he talks. He defended the strike: "We just can't go on with the usual routine. This is more important. The students I've talked to are troubled. These aren't bomb-throwing kids. They're standing around puzzled, kind of humble. We've got to go into the bag of devices at our disposal and history has given us the strike. I think we've got to take the chance."

But an art major, walking beside the web of trees along Main Street, disagreed. "Notice how everyone says 'Even Williams.' This is just the wish of frustrated people trying to expiate their guilt feelings by being involved. This is the easy way. Striking doesn't take a lot of effort. It's also a lot of fun—no finals. One character last night got it confused with the Moratorium. He said, 'We'll strike one day this week, two days the next, three the next—and

wouldn't that be something? No finals! Right on!' Really, the strike is coming first and the issue second. Why don't they do something effective like organize in the summer not to pay taxes or to boycott government services like the mail. That would be a real sacrifice."

Of course, the official beginning came Monday night at Chapin Hall. Many were committed to an indefinite strike before the meeting began. As one dedicated



striker put it, "As of this day, my work at Williams College is finished." But most students entered Chapin hoping others would take a firm stand, yet unwilling to take one themselves—until they were sure of the numbers.

"I climbed the steps of Chapin and passed beneath the Roman facade. On all sides I was surrounded by others like me, waiting on line for the information sheets and craning their necks above the mountain of heads in front of them, hoping to catch a glimpse of the developments within. The first thing I spotted was a sign which proclaimed: 'Faculty eats.' I grew alarmed at the tone the meeting seemed to be taking. But as I moved forward and rounded the pillar, I realized that the sign actually announced: 'Faculty seats on left.'"

Every seat was occupied and aisle space was at a premium. Everyone knew that within two hours something momentous would take form, and there were plenty of stories, plenty of speculation, plenty of gossip. The unbreaking drone of voices could be heard throughout the room, punctuated periodically by the crackle of mimeo sheets.

The "Old Guard" of seemingly professional radicals were scattered among the audience. The faces around the podium were new—not the ones usually associated with podiums. Several onlookers asked who this one was, or who that one was. Greg Van Schaack, unruffled as always, was Master of Ceremonies.

If Van Schaack lacked the dynamic and mercurial, he possessed the more important quality of equanimity. Behind him sat the energetic, rabbit-like figure of Jim Lobe, whom nobody, it seemed, had ever seen before. Rumor had it he spent the previous year in Moscow. Some thought he was an "outside agitator." Later he was to reveal himself, gloriously, as an anarchist. Perhaps he was like Pan-tagleize who got out of bed one morning only to find himself at the helm of the Revolution.

The crowds kept pouring through the doors until it seemed that no more could conceivably fit into the building. Two banners decorated the front of the room. To the right of the stage a red banner stretched along the wall proclaiming "Peace." On the left hung another red banner with the clenched fist of the Revolution. Below the first appeared the words "U.S. Imperialism Must Stop Now" and beneath, "We Shut Down." The only unified com-

mentary before the meeting began was a brief chorus of "Strike now. Shut it down."

Officer Willard Busl stood by the door at Chapin, and I walked over to him. One fall, a spiteful Freshman Revue director, who had run naked through the freshman quad and been apprehended by Busl, hollowly satirized this officer, painting him as the archetypal bone-crunching, mace-carrying Pig. It was a pretty rotten song. I had to sing it, so I know.

Each Sunday Officer Busl delivers a sermon at the Baptist Church in Stamford, Vermont where he is a layman. I have never heard one of those sermons. However, in his role of assistant director of security, he once caught me dangling from a Morgan Hall fire escape; so we're old facial acquaintances.

Watching the crowd pour into the hall, I asked him if he were expecting trouble, and he seemed to consider the suggestion humorous.

"We don't have a troublesome campus," he said. "We're different. We're different. I really believe it."

"My name is Greg Van Schaack and I am your chairman tonight, as it is." The meeting opened and the undercurrent subsided. Following the chairman's introductory remarks, Jim Lobe appeared before the microphone and modestly apologized, "I... I... Jeez, I've never spoken before a mike. Is that O.K.?" He announced that Princeton and Wesleyan both voted for an indefinite strike. This met a round of applause. He asked the audience to "please be as respectful of Greg as you possibly can." This met a round of laughter.

Then the students were officially informed of the faculty's decision to suspend classes for two days. The announcement was greeted with uncertain applause; admittedly, the move was token and insubstantial, but nevertheless it was made by the faculty. Soon it was announced that only students would vote. But a distinguished looking gentleman stood up and said, "Arthur Carr. Our understanding was that this

was a college-wide meeting where faculty voted as members of the community." Tremendous applause. Then President Sawyer's statement was read. It supported youth and opposed the War and received thunderous and lasting applause. Later J.T. Thornton, speaking on behalf of the Afro-American Society, denounced the student body and Sawyer for co-opting it. But the students backed Mr. Sawyer and bitterly denounced Mr. Thornton with a chorus of hisses. Indeed, at Williams, the strike was certainly not against the College. One radical mumbled something about an umbilical cord.

Am I the only one who was hurt by J.T. Thornton's hatred? I don't care if he's black, that was a vicious and horrible outburst, and I sat through it wanting to cry. I haven't wanted to cry for a long time, and I can't even remember the last time I actually did, but that was the way I felt. I can be a pretty intolerant creature, but at least I'm trying to learn compassion. It's hard, but at least I'm trying

The vote count on the issue of a strike against the war in South East Asia went quickly. The verdict: 1,054 in favor; 141 opposed. The issue of political oppression created a brouhaha because many felt that racism should be decried along with it. Furthermore, many members of the audience were beginning to direct accusations of "railroadism" at the Chair. "Just... God, take it easy guys. Cool it, baby," the Chair responded. The dialogue proceeded much like this:

"Why weren't you in New Haven to hear about it? How much do you know about the Black Panthers? You can't bury your head in the sand."

"I was in New Haven this weekend and I hope to go to Washington next weekend."

One girl commented: "It's things that are happening here, and oppression is now, and maybe we can have it all." Believing the resolution should concentrate on only one demand—South East Asia—Professor Charles Samuels questioned, "Do we want to withdraw or do we want to symbolically throw up?" Later he asked, in an imitable Kennedyesque manner, "Are you involved in politics or are you involved in moral hysteria? You are involved in moral hysteria!" Someone then informed the audience that "there were four people today at Kent State who were not killed in Viet Nam." The resolution was altered by the Chair to include opposition to racism, in addition to political oppression. A voice vote carried the motion that the resolution be accepted. The College was now on strike against the War, political repression, and racism.

It was agreed by the house that the strike be indefinite in length. Certainly there was limited opposition. What about the students who wanted to continue their work? But what about the effectiveness of the strike? But don't the students who pay tuition have the right to get their money's worth? Maybe, but think about the priorities—think about the killing and the waste and the hatred. But what does that have to do with finishing out the

semester? Etc., etc., etc. The fidgeting, bench-weary audience wanted only to learn how long the strike would last and go to sleep. It was 1:30 in the morning.

Indeed, most present fully intended to strike indefinitely. They would forget about finals and papers and late-night cups of Savarin, and, instead, would canvass and spin the mimeo machine, attend rallies and organize, phone alumni, write to Senators, educate, zoom to Washington, plead with Congressmen, reason with the local P.T.A. It would be a busy busy month.

The faculty planned to vote in two days. No one knew what they would say. But the students said it didn't matter. The strike, they said, would go on. Fevers were pitched high. The fists were raised, hearts were inflamed.

One student, torn between delight and disbelief, jumped up and shouted, "This is incredible. I've been here for four years and anyone who reads that Williams College is shut down just won't believe it. Nothing like this has ever happened before. This is incredible. This is incredible." Just too incredible.

Tuesday morning, Chapin again, nine o'clock. The second part of The Great Strike Meeting. "If this college meets on Wednesday night and tries to end the strike that's bullshit. We do not need the faculty. The strike has to keep up."

Cheers. Suggestion: Why don't some of us go to North Adams State—

Right. —and help them get their strike going?

A few right ons, but mostly indifference. The Ephmanual says that North Adams girls are notoriously stupid, and some of them aren't built too beautifully, either.

"Why don't we go as a college?"

Van Schaack: "Fine. Great. Go. What can I say?"

MacBrown's Poli. Sci. 102 class was going to talk about the French student revolts of May 1967 in their class Tuesday morning.

When we entered the chapel, a handful of people in the front were listening to a small voice reading passages from the Bible. We walked down the aisle and I sat next to a man who was holding a copy of the New York Times. He stood up and read the story about the four students who were killed at Kent. Then he sat down again and the reverend asked for silence. It seemed such a contrast from the boisterous noise of pompous argument and cheer outside. There was no crowd to give moral support anymore. There were our own souls. Two people on the stage began to play guitars and sing "We Shall Overcome." No one sang very loudly and it was the first time I'd heard it sung so sadly.

"We can talk in circles all day but we got to adjourn this meeting so that members of the committee can have a chance to prepare the form letter by 1 o'clock." It was Charlie Ebinger, chairman of the group on "Congressional influence" speaking. The standing capacity crowd in Griffin room 5

had obviously surprised the committee—only eight tables had been arranged into a square formation.

"Let us write a form letter, distribute it to interested members of the community and then mail the letters to Washington at an appointed time," suggested one student. At first there was a near consensus on that but then a faculty member pointed out that "if the mail arrived all at the same time looking identical," it might be dismissed as just another influx of junk mail. "These people get a lot of mail each day and are influenced most by the mail that looks most original. . . it has to be a personal letter explaining your reasons for striking and showing the degree of your commitment to this thing," somebody explained. There was no applause, probably because this is the sort of thing everybody thought he knew all along.

About a hundred people clustered on the Chapin steps for the one o'clock "progress report." Half the people were handing out leaflets and the other half was folding them, crushing them into a pocket. Dean Frost was asked if the flag could be lowered to half-mast in honor of the Kent State students.

"I'll find out," Dean Frost said. "Can't we just do it?"

"I'll make a call right now," he said, heading toward Baxter.

"Why don't we just do it?"

"Do it. Do it," started the chant, but nobody did it. They all waited for Dean Frost to return.

We got to North Adams State around eleven Tuesday morning and were given red armbands by a boy and two girls standing near the parking lot. We asked them "Who's organizing the rally here?" The boy replied "Well, it's sort of us. The three of us."

The girl in the yellow dress at North Adams was talking about "all the things Spiro is saying right and left. . . (pause. snickers from the crowd)". . . mostly right, I guess!" And a voice from the back of the crowd called out "Mostly wrong!!"

Leaving North Adams State, we drove down the road to the Washington Street church. When we got lost, there was the friendly woman who told us that if we asked her anything, she wouldn't answer. We finally arrived. The Washington St. Peace Church was decorated with wall-to-wall people swatting flies. Then the pamphlets that were to be distributed ran out. We waited. The time passed as children and dogs raced through the crowd. North Adams girls coming and going provided some of the less ideological mental delicacies of the strike. When the racing children broke an ashtray, they were kicked out. The dogs continued to fight. Finally, the Williams men began to make moves to pick up the North Adams girls and things became a little more exciting. The rhetoric of the strike was flowing thick and heavy. The same people were saying the same things and nothing was being done. An hour after we arrived, we left. Things hadn't changed.

Bennington was quiet. Girls were lounging on the grass, some with guys, many in little rings of discussion, a lot in barefeet. In many ways it was business as usual with girls roaming through the mailroom or buying tuna salad sandwiches in the snack

bar. A sign on the mailroom door read:

If anyone has seen, checked out, or has his/her copy of The New York Review of Books issue on the conspiracy trial. . . please notify. .



Chapin: Monday night.

Many were waiting for news of the strike vote, and there were a few Williams strike co-ordinators, arms folded across their chest, acting like expectant fathers.

The girls were voting on two issues. "The big question," said one girl whose husband goes to Williams, "is the idea of freedom. Whether everyone is being forced to share a common political view."

The second question stated: "The proposed tuition rise is unfair and unconstitutional. We refuse to accept this decision as made and we refuse to accept the increase. —Yes —No"

By three o'clock there was still no strike decision. In the language of the strike, most considered a Bennington strike *fait accompli*, but the curious were hanging around anyway. A Williams striker was explaining silk screening to an interested girl in a print dress. Two girls were taking each other's picture with an Instamatic.

The sun was high and bright.

"Did you go to the meeting?"

Sheepish no from her friend.

"God, you didn't? Where've you been?"

The sun was high and bright and a gentle breeze was blowing. It had been raining earlier.



C.C. Chairman Van Schaack and Thomson at Chapin.

A Spring Street merchant said, "The whole thing stinks." A co-worker behind the cash register elaborated. "It's foolish. Nixon's not gonna bring 'em home Thursday. If he makes his move, he's gotta stick by it. I didn't vote

for him, but he's my President so I gotta support him. Do you want to be a second-class power?" He ran his fingers along his white turtleneck. "Eight years ago Khrushchev predicted that the

downfall of America would come from the college campuses."

One block past the bank on the west side of Spring Street stands an unobtrusive white frame house that, probably, at one time, lodged a family with three or four children, and perhaps their pet terrier — just like any other house in Williamstown. Yet, whatever domesticity the building once boasted has since been painted over with fresh colors — those of the American Legion.

My friends and I decided to case Spring Street for random commentary about the strike. It was a last minute idea to try the Legion and we entered with no small amount of trepidation. The Legion, in the minds of many Williams Students sits along side Cape Kennedy and the Kremlin as a place where unauthorized personnel are strictly non gratae.

As I entered the Legion I passed through a large front room with a juke box, a card table, four card players, a pool table, two pool players, and little else. No one said anything.

Past the front room lies the center of the Legion's activities: the bar. A row of men stretched from one end to the other. The bartender, a young man with black hair named Butch, prone to speak in monosyllables and grunts, was busy clearing used glasses from the counter. A few eyebrows elevated slightly as we entered and several faces looked curiously towards us.

The desperadoes have just brushed through the swinging double door of the Lone Saloon in Copperhead Gulch. The undercurrent stops immediately and the customers sit apprehensively,

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STRIKE (cont)

waiting for the inevitable to happen. Then one figure rises slowly from the bar. He's big and tough and knows he can lick anyone in sight and even if he can't it don't really matter because sure as hell they won't lick him. "My name is Fill Baker," he states in a rough, untutored proprietary way. "I got a boy in Viet Nam. He's trying to pursue victory. And there will be victory in my opinion. Every protest, every demonstration prolongs the war so that MY boy will have to spend more time in Viet Nam. Everytime they protest, they prolong the war. The tragic part is that kids like my own will keep going over while these kids are fuckin' around. Let's get the sonuvabitch over with."

Fillmore Baker, legend in his time, disproved every unfavorable preconception I held about him. No, he was not formally educated, but when you spoke to him you knew that this man tried like hell to learn as much as he possibly could, without the benefit of finely polished tools. And when we talked he dropped his g's and pluralized his singulars, but it didn't mean anything because it was part of a magnetism that held you alert to the conviction beneath. He reminded you of an unschooled Hemingway. Baker was wrong about his politics, wrong about his social beliefs, hypersuspicious of Communists, and if he ever became President I would move to Canada. But Fillmore Baker is more than a political theoretician. He's a sincere compassionate gentleman who fathers his peers through a natural authority. Needless to say, they revere him fully. He's had a life that wins him a place in the Oresteia and he insists that, having weathered it, he will not allow it suddenly to be changed by a group of college kids who "haven't even wet their balls in the frozen stream" of life. "Ninety per cent of this country is like me," he'll tell you. And Baker is their spokesman — with a sharp mind, an articulate mouth, a dynamic will, a love of God and Bible, and a supreme faith in the evolving destiny of America.

"What do you think of the strike?" they asked the grocer at Ken's Market.

"Oh, it ended this morning."

"What?"

"Just heard it on the radio. Ended at twelve noon."

"The student strike?"

"Student? No, I mean at Sprague."

The sixty-year-old man wore short sleeves and grey, baggy pants, and he was very drunk. "Son, I've been to four universities myself. You're just as good as me. Do you realize how rough it was in the 18th century? Do you realize how rough? Where I live there were three soldiers scalped. The French and Indians came down."

He pointed to an unshaven man in an undershirt sitting at the bar. "You wanna watch out for him. He's a man."

"Shut-up," said the man at the bar.

The drunk pointed to another man. "He's a real man, too." Then he punched my shoulder and mumbled something in disgust. "Weakling. Why don't you—that's an idea—why don't you learn to be like him," the drunk continued, referring to the second man and his immense, flabby shoulders, bulky hips and 280-lb. frame. "Now, there's a man."

Planted around the bar, squatting on barstools like stolid eagles on eggs, the legionnaires

all agreed with their fellow who said, "You know what's wrong with this country today? You remember when your old man used to take that old razor strap, pull down your pants and whack shit?"



The drunk was still talking. "I was brought up as a gentleman. I could handle a sword."

—Really?

"Yes. You've never seen blood have you?"

—A little.

He punched my shoulder again. "What's your name?"

—Charles.

—Stan.

—Charles.

"Charles. Charlie. There was a great Frenchman at one time named Charles the Sword."

—Really?

—Yes.

—Oh.

"Charles what?"

—Rubin.

—What?

—Rubin.

Another man turned around: "That's Jewish."

"What's wrong with that?" the drunk asked.

"Nothing. I get around some. I know names. I know a Joseph Rubin in North Adams. Son's named Harvey."

The drunk pulled me aside. "There's a man inside you want to see: Art Bushee."

I went to see Art Bushee.

"He's pulling your leg," said Art Bushee. "I don't live in Williamstown."

Bushee was playing poker with three others and I thought, what the hell, and asked do any of you others have any particular reaction to the strike?

"I think it's silly myself."

"Four," said another.

"I'll double. Somebody's paying good money for you guys to go to school. You ought to take advantage of your opportunity."

Signs.

Suspended from the white-washed front of the Legion headquarters:

Richard A. Ruether
Post 152

American Legion

Blues and golds. Austere. To the point.

And from the red-brick and ivy of West College, a bedsheet:

STRIKE

Red letters on white. Austere. To the point.

Grape soda cans, tied to the bottom of the sheet, protected the sign from the uncommitted, rustling wind. When the wind blew, the soda cans thumped against the windows.

I thought he had left, but suddenly he appeared beside the pinball machine and put his hands on my shoulders. He pulled my head down, piping his yellow breath into my ear.

"Quiet like, let me tell you—you're pushing your luck. Disappear. You're pushing your luck. These people love life—Not like you. You're wasting your time. Let me warn you, right? Watch out."

They were still standing around beside Hopkins Hall when the

school buses came by. A couple of third graders or so got off. One of them said "It's the strike. They're on strike, you know." A friend of his called back over his shoulder "We'll talk about it when I come over to your house."

As the big Wednesday 1:00 meeting broke up, I thought about which of the committees I wanted to get involved in. Since I had a car, I decided that I might be useful to the "five-college" people. But, they seemed to have lots of cars available; besides, I wouldn't have known what to say or do on someone else's campus. So, I went over to Seely House, hoping to find something to do at which I would be competent, preferably some form of menial labor. As I walked down, I saw a group already gathered on the lawn, organizing themselves. Next to them, a smaller group was discussing something. I went over to this group, who were

typists. Because like they really need typists, you know? So like maybe we can set up with a table or something inside, and have an in-put and out-put pile; 'cause there'll really be lots to type once this thing gets started. Have you all got typewriters?"

"Mine's in my room," I said; "I'll go get it."

"OK. Great. And bring paper, OK? OK. Great. Let's all go get our typewriters and meet back here in, oh, fifteen minutes. Like, I know it sounds funny and well — you know — 'get your typewriters' instead of 'get your guns,' but like we can really help."

Someone makes a suggestion: if there are, say, a million students and faculty on strike all throughout the country, let's each chip in a couple of bucks and give two million dollars to some advertising outfit that knows what it's doing. If we can't change people's attitudes, let's get somebody who can.



The eight o'clock meeting Wednesday night was primarily informational. Its official purpose was to present and evaluate the events of the initial forty-eight striking hours. Some asserted that the meeting's proponents desired it so that the strike could be amended to accord with the faculty's decision on course completion. But the advocates of the assembly umbrageously denied the allegation.

Of course, the center of interest was the faculty's announcement. They had conferred privately in Griffin Hall for over three hours and the much awaited result was read to the Chapin audience by Professor Barnett and explicated in laymen's terms by Mr. Bevis. Bevis fielded the audience's questions brilliantly and deserves considerable credit from his

colleagues for converting a potentially explosive situation—certainly the "Williams Plan" was substantially less beneficial to the students than were the counterparts at Amherst, Wesleyan, Harvard, and Princeton—into a character-victory for the surprisingly conservative faculty.

But the highlight of the assembly was the impromptu tour de force rendered by Prof. R.G. L. Waite which attacked the few bewildered, who wished to air their questions, and transformed the term "chicken shit" into a household word.

"The faculty decision will cripple the strike. No one wants to study during the summer and how the hell can we possibly handle eight courses at a time next September?"

"We can't," whispered his cynical friend.

According to the publicity, The Pause for Peace was "a coalition of citizens concerned about the war and the growing division at home." The Pause was led by George Marcus and David Tabb, both assistant professors of political science, and both of whom the publicity naturally promoted to Professor. The headquarters of The Pause was in Van Rensselaer, and for the first strike days a steady stream of workers carried messages up and down the stairs, typed alumni addresses on index cards, or phoned newspapers in the Berkshires. No one really knew what was going on, but they worked anyway because, after all, it was the strike and they were Doing Something Constructive. Besides, everyone had implicit faith in The Pause leaders, even if the leaders never talked to anyone, and even though they seemed to spend most of their time locked behind office doors.

Mr. Marcus was leaning against the door of his office.

Mr. Tabb entered, brushing past the students milling in the outer office. He was obviously preoccupied and didn't look especially happy. Standing in front of Marcus he said, "George, you want a progress report in one sentence?"

"Okay."

"Progress report:—"

"Let's go in here," said Marcus, and they went back in his office, shutting the door.

Then there was the problem of the date. No one could agree on one. Seeking to unite segments of the business, labor, political, and religious communities in a "peaceful but public" action, The Pause called for a one-hour work stoppage. No date. Just a one-hour work stoppage, any time that's convenient for you.

At first The Pause was to be May 20, then May 27, then between 2 and 3 p.m., then between 3 and 4, then 2 and 3 again. Meanwhile telegrams like the one from Polaroid:

"Polaroid decided last night that they cannot wait until May 20 to strike. Dissatisfaction must be shown immediately"

didn't help matters, either.

I kept telling The Times that Pause for Peace was a great story, but they

were'n't sold. Right now, they said, just file your daily paragraph. Finally I got Miss Haney at the National News Desk. Listen, I said, you don't understand: ABC is coming, and it's out on the wire services, and Ramsey Clark supports it. . . Right now, she said, just file your daily paragraph. But Ramsey Clark, I said: Ramsey Clark! This is going to be a big story! Right now, she said, just a paragraph: "Only call us back if something significant develops. In other words, even if a building burns, that's not newsworthy. Call us back if four or five people get shot."



George Marcus

A telephone rang madly in Professor Barnett's office. Mr. Marcus stepped out of his office, said "Will somebody please answer that phone?" and disappeared again. Peter Clarke, a junior and religion major, told the caller "I'm sorry, Mr. Barnett is not here. His office has kind of been co-opted for The Movement."

Van Rensselaer is also the Williams College Center for Environmental Studies. Normally the Center has three phone extensions, but currently The Pause for Peace has co-opted two of them. Outside the central office is a line of bulletin boards covered with WHEW announcements or environmental clippings or pictures of birds and fish; like the bones of a once-great now-extinct creature, these are the remains of Earth Week.

Williams had channeled all its spring efforts toward Earth Week. But when Earth Week finally arrived, one week earlier, it had rained constantly and the grounds were layered with mud and most people had stayed indoors. Now it appeared that Earth Week would be forgotten, just as the Moratoriums had been, just as the Hopkins Hall crisis had been.

Cynthia Townlee, the Center's secretary, is stoic about it all.

"The environment's certainly not forgotten from our standpoint. We're not going to let it drop. And the boys we worked closest to were very conscious of it and still are. Anyway, this place is usually like a morgue: a little excitement is good. I'm enjoying it."

Bob Katt was born in Goshen, New York, was an Eagle Scout, and grew up on a horse. He generally wears a pair of faded jeans and a bright yellow shirt, and with his angular beard he tends to remind one of Johnny Appleseed: a comparison which Katt, one of Williams's most active student environmentalists, would be unlikely to resent.

Katt put his hands on his hips.

"We'll get back to the environment. We'll have to. The war in Vietnam is making the earth unsafe for habitation. It's ecologically unsound: you're destroying human ecology, the system on which people live. Besides this country has diminishing resources. People will see that, and we'll be back to environment."

...The funny thing is having read Kunen's book. I remember one part where he starts asking himself exactly why he was there, and he finally says maybe I'm just here to meet girls.

...But what am I doing? After all, I voted against the strike. I'm not so hot at things like this, movements and all, that's the problem. I'm much better at wondering why people always say "blow down" when they mean "reduce."

...I guess I'm curious about how all this will change tomorrow when wads of the committed go to Washington. Will The Pause for Peace (a coalition of citizens concerned ab. . .) pause for peace, or will we continue? In a sense I'm annoyed I can't go to Washington. I really wanted to see what it would be like, what a "youth scene" was like. Good Lord, I'm going to be twenty in a couple of weeks and besides being stuffy, introverted, and something of an old fart, I've never been to a "youth scene." Wooooooooodstock. Oh wow. Just, you know, It.

...Though, of course, if we are to believe this strike is all sincere, and I keep telling myself that it is, Washington might not be much of a "youth scene," but dangerous. Which is probably another reason I wanted to go. Not that I want to get caught in a bloody riot or anything, but that my father didn't want me to go. He didn't really tell me not to, of course: "Well you do what you want, but if I were you—" That's all he knows about the peace movement: the violence and the burnings and the blocked traffic; that's all most people know; really, who am I to be so self-righteous, until recently that's not much more than I knew. People don't usually recognize that the press Mr. Agnew condemns so easily hurts the Left as much as the Right. Bombings are interesting and newsworthy. Peaceful protests are filler. Just like last year when the blacks occupied Hopkins Hall: after they had actually come out, the story made page 58 of the Sunday Times (which is the second section that no one ever reads). Or as Miss Haney says: "Call us back if four or five people get shot."



Pause for Peace

Three weeks past cherry-blossom time. Certainly you can envision the lovely pale pink balls nesting at the end of every branch if you really set your mind to it. But it's so damn hot and you don't really want to think about anything and, God, you have to squint as you look at Honest Abe sitting much taller than you ever thought he'd be. You try to picture

Richard Nixon up there and you break into a merciless chuckle. Richard Nixon! PRESIDENT Richard Nixon to you, sir! The news reports highlighted his 6 A.M. visit to the Memorial this morning. They described how tired and weary he looked, and how he chatted with the college kids he found there, and how he talked about every subject in the world and then finally got around to the one subject on his and everybody else's mind. He told the kids that when he was their age he greatly admired Neville Chamberlain and thought Winston Churchill a fool. But he soon learned it was Churchill who was really the hero. And you think to yourself how presumptuous of him to compare himself to Winston Churchill. You look up again at Abraham Lincoln. Then you recall what you learned about Lincoln in History 203: how he was actually more concerned with politics than with freeing the slaves, and how the Emancipation Proclamation was no more than a political beau geste. And you give a sardonic little laugh and say to yourself, maybe Nixon belongs there after all.



Student, teacher, baby.

I was amazed. Everyone told me Washington is a shabby, sprawling slum with periodic oases of neo-fascist concrete. Well, it's hardly that. It's a magnificent city of wide-open knolls, of shade-trees, and of enchanting brownstones on hilly boulevards — and, oh yes, of traffic circles, one after another, which tend to prove somewhat enigmatic unless you know precisely where you're going. After several desperate phone calls I finally located the home of some relatives-of-friends-of relatives who were kind enough to house and feed just about anyone who needed a bed and breakfast. I arrived with two friends, not realizing my hosts had four children of their own. But they said they didn't mind in the least — and that four more guests, in fact, were expected. Five more, it turned out. But that was O.K. too. Fourteen for breakfast the next morning, sit-down no less. There was plenty of food ranging from noodles to bagels, and if we weren't satisfied, the kitchen was at our disposal. Over the subdued tones of Sesame Street, which the children were quietly scrutinizing, the discussion turned to the bruised and swollen thigh of one breakfaster who hiked-for-peace from Denison, Ohio to Columbus. He told us he slept little last night, as he was busy soaking his ankle in the sink. After breakfast, we left our wallets with our hostess and our host drove us downtown. He was going to the demonstration too.

Lobbying.

Rex Krakauer, Hank Maimin, Greg Van Schaack, Kelly Corr, and Messrs. Bevis, Eusden, and Sutcliffe went to Washington together. "We came, we saw, but there were some minds we just could not conquer," Reverend Eusden explained.

Rex Krakauer related one evening's adventure. "We had only gotten about two hours sleep. We came back to where we were staying, and most of us figured these old guys won't want to do anything. I know I was dead, I just wanted to sleep. But Sutcliffe says he knows this great Greek restaurant. So we all piled into a cab — with

Eusden sitting on Bevis' lap. We got to the restaurant and they put us upstairs in the nightclub. All of a sudden the lights go out and there's this singer, really nice. Looked just like Sophia Loren. I said, 'Sophia Loren.' Sutcliffe didn't get my meaning so he said, 'What the hell, Xavier Cugat.' Bevis says, 'Hot damn, Richard Nixon.' So I contribute, 'Chicken shit, R.G.L. Waite.'

"Then Eusden stood up to get a better view."

A Friday night meeting of The Pause was held before the concert. Earlier in the day, carrying a napkin with Senator Yarborough's phone number on it, Mr. Marcus had said, "We need better organization," and ostensibly this meeting would be partially about that.

This was the first time Marcus had met with the students in forty-eight hours. He stood beside a blackboard and asked who was running a certain group. A student spoke up. "I think it's fairly symptomatic of what's going on here that you don't even know who's running the committees."

"I do know."

"Well, a lot of people don't know. I think there's a lot of frustration around. Kids have been typing in the alumni office for three days without any idea why they're doing that."

Another student came to Marcus's defense, shouting: "We're trying to get the war over. And, well, we can't all be generals. Some of us have to be privates."

The rock concert had been postponed forty minutes. The concert was a benefit for the Strike Fund, one dollar contributions asked, but people who had bought tickets earlier at five dollars were reminded they could

(Please turn to page 9)

* * The ridiculous Super-Panovision-eyeball-stretcher of a screen embraced the thousand empty theater seats and the few sweating bodies that were present at the matinee. Charlie Chaplin was dancing around in a little three-foot-by-seven-foot section of the screen, but I couldn't focus my eyes on him because his private world was being swallowed up by that huge white snake of a screen. Charlie was trying to make it with some chick but the cops were beating down the stairs after him and, quick as he was, he could never manage more than a center-stage kiss and a behind-the-back feel. I was afraid that if I took my eyes off him for a minute he'd linger a second too long and the cops would catch him with his pants down, but between the giant snake screen and Jill, who was sitting there watching me watch Charlie, I couldn't seem to concentrate. Finally I grabbed Jill by her pop-corn greasy hand and led her out of the auditorium.

The sky was that Sierra Club poster blue that forever flies over suburban America, but which only mocked the dark folds of our city on special occasions. That afternoon I could feel its felicity smiling down on me in a pretty plastic pucker, inducing a blindness that reminded me of a theatrical police grilling.

Jill poked me and I squinted at her out of my good eye. "Say something."

I couldn't think of anything.

"Come on Jack, say something." She smiled at me reassuringly and my mind raced around in circles for something that needed saying.

"Fucking nice weather we're having, lady." I couldn't think of anything else.

"Weather? Weather! Is that the sum total of your dialogue, sir? Is that your conversation for the afternoon? I ask for a little conversation and I get a foul weather report. Can't you think of anything to say? It doesn't have to be a goddamn rhetorical seizure or anything, just a little conversation."

"I'm sorry, lover." LOVER. That word wasn't right; seventeen-year-olds just didn't talk like that, but I couldn't help it. "I was just thinking about my big empty house and my big empty bed — that bed's been empty way too long now." My big empty stomach growled at me. I could almost hear the corn popping in the hot city air. Fuck it. "I love you."

She touched my arm and I pulled her closer as we walked, so that my nose touched hers when I turned my head. I tried to stare into her pupils, but my eyes crossed from being too close to her nose, so I just hung on to her arm the way a sleeping child clutches a teddy-bear.

"Jill, you're sure you want to do this? I don't want to force you—"

"Of course I am, silly. I love you Jack, and we can't go on pretending we're little kids, pretending we don't know what we're both thinking every time we kiss. I want this as much as you do Jack."

Goddamn it I loved her. "Let's go," I said and led her kiddy-corner across a playground and down an alley into the residential district. We cut across a grass-tufted mud patch that might have been somebody's lawn and onto a

cracked sidewalk, littered with stones and glass. Two children, animated gingerbread figures in the glaring afternoon sun, stared back at us from the mud. They might have been playing together, yet each seemed completely oblivious of the other. The little boy was poking aimlessly into potholes with a short stick, while the little girl straggled along behind him, singing.

"Hey, wake up!"

"What?"

"Talk to me Jack. Sometimes you act like I'm not even here."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I was just thinking."

"Thinking?" She peered up at me, breaking our stride for a moment. "You're not worried are you?"

She was right, of course, but I shook my head, and something that had been bubbling away unnoticed in the back of my mind suddenly came to a boil. "I was just thinking about people. Married people, I mean. Jill, why don't they love each other? They must have at least faked it, once upon a time. When did they die? Parents, all the parents I know, just sit around the tube all night drinking beer and smoking cigarettes. My old man watches the baseball games, the football games, hockey, soccer, basketball — I swear he thinks the last two words of the national anthem are 'Play ball!' Do you think it's all part of being old?"

"Don't say that, Jack! Say we'll never be like that."

She tried to demand that, but she was really pleading. I

Jack / a story by Mark Siegel

squeezed her reassuringly around the waist and didn't answer. We walked on in silence, up the steep street, until we came to the squat wooden house at the top of the block. The asphalt driveway curved into the deserted garage like a fat black snake disappearing into a tree stump.

"You are scared, aren't you Jack? I mean, just a little?"

I drew her closer and looked down at her as gently as I could. "Just a little. But we can't go on the way we have been, love. It's just not... well, I don't feel like a real person. We've been children too long."

"I know, I know," she broke in quickly. "I'm just worried about us, Jack, that's all. I mean, I know we've got to do it, and I don't give a damn about my virginity, but, well... I'm still worried. Jack, are you sure you won't love me less for this?" She squeezed my hand and clung more tightly to my arm.

"Maybe I'll love you in a different way, but I won't love you any less. Come on Jill, this isn't 'The Edge of Night.' What could possibly happen?"

"I don't know. I'm just worried about it. Maybe because we're both virgins. I mean, you always act like such a baby whenever —"

"Come on mom." My stomach was roaring now and I didn't need this conversation, so I pulled her up the front steps. "Baby wants to be suckled." We stumbled over the doorstep and scrambled up the hallway stairs into my bedroom. Jill sat down on a stool in the corner. I remember looking at her very carefully as I closed the door. Afterwards I wanted to

be able to remember her exactly as she was then.

The room stank from my cat, even then when the little bastard was out tomming around somewhere else. Ragged comic books and neglected model cars lined the filthy shelves against one wall. Comic books weren't cool at the time. Opposite the door, where Jill sat, was a record player, a cardboard crown that the captain of the cheerleaders had given me (along with a kiss) after we won a football game, and a table that supported the few textbooks that I'd ever bothered to bring home from high school. One of them, I think it was "American Civilization," had my entire pictorial collection of a dozen nude women (in assorted poses, many of which must have hurt like hell), pressed flat between its pages. The kid I bought them from at school said he took them himself, but they were all of older women and we pretended not to believe him. My bed was against the back of the room, unmade down to the white sheets. It was too small for even one person, and I wondered how the two of us were going to fit into it.

"Jack, can we listen to some records?"

"I'm afraid I don't have any with the right kind of rhythm." Hell. What was Step One supposed to be? "How about a drink?"

"Don't, Jack. Don't make a game of it."

"I'm sorry," I said. This was awful. I had to do something, to say something, even if it was something inane. "You don't want

irritated.

"Well, they always skip over that part in dirty books." I groped around on the nightstand. "Here." Jill remained prone on the bed, and I listened to her breathing while I struggled with the rubber. I stretched out beside her, caressing her flank, kissing her awkwardly on the mouth, then the shoulder, then the breast. I felt like I'd forgotten something besides the rubber, but I couldn't think of what it could be. Suddenly I rolled over on top of her, trying to force her legs farther apart with my weight.

"You're crushing me!" she gasped.

"Sorry." Jill didn't answer. I propped myself up on my elbows. I couldn't tell if she had her eyes closed, because her head was turned away. She felt like cold clay; I prodded her and I knew what a dibble stick must feel like digging around in the desert. What should I do now? I wished to hell that she'd help me. How could I know if I was doing the right thing if she wouldn't help me? I lowered myself off my elbows and kissed her. She embraced me and returned the kiss, and we struggled together momentarily. Damn it, I couldn't get in! I had to do something soon. She was waiting. I rolled her onto her side, kissing, pawing, fumbling. Oh hell! Do something! I pressed her to me as hard as I could. Going, going, going.

I fell away from her. "I can't do it." I said.

"You can't do it?" she shrieked in horror.

"Well, I tried..."

"That was one hell of a try!"

We lay apart, silent, me on my back, Jill turned with her face to the wall. "Say something to me, Jack."

"What can I say? I'm sorry."

The weight of the air crushed my stomach. I couldn't breathe. Say something. I had to say something. Think, damn it, think. "I'm sorry." It was toneless. My stomach was tightening up and I was sweating like a horse. I couldn't help it. I couldn't do anything. "I'm sorry." I felt myself slipping and falling; I couldn't even reach out to break the fall. I wanted to scream, but I couldn't make myself do it.

I heard Jill crying. She was crying, but what could I do about it? "I'm sorry." I must have said that a million times by now. I listened to the sobbing, helplessly, wishing I could cry myself, knowing I couldn't. The terror of knowing I was helpless drained me. Do something. Do anything. Just stop lying there like a dead man and help her. Save her at least.

Do what? I listened.

I got up and went over to the stool. I dug around in her purse until I found a cigarette, lit it unsteadily, and inhaled as deeply as my shortened breath would allow me to. I choked, but it didn't matter. The sweat was turning cold on my throbbing scalp. I listened to Jill cry without looking at the bed. Then I looked. The naked white mattress made it look like a mortuary slab.

I looked and listened for a long time. After a while I could hear sounds beyond the crying, a long, long way in the distance; sounds like children playing.

"Oh brother! The great lover forgets his rubber." She was

STRIKE (cont)

make "larger" contributions, if they wished, and a lot of people felt intimidated.

But now they were waiting for the concert. The sky was overcast, so a few gathered on the sheltered steps of Van Ren, their knees up underneath their chests. A dog lay in the middle of the floor, his eyes batting slowly shut in the quiet. A red armband hung around his neck.

There were plenty of seats at the rock concert, but the balcony was lined anyway, people standing by open windows that let the just-before-the-rain breezes in. Occasional paper airplanes cruised from the balcony.

Ron Ross slithered across the stage. He was wearing shiny green pants.

"Okay. Van Morrison will play first. We'll have to wait about twenty seconds for him to get up here. Then we'll have a show." A minute later Ross was back, smiling: "Van's tired. He just got back from the West Coast to where he's living in Woodstock now. He just finished a soccer game between Joe Cocker's group and his group. He's tired." He stared into the wings, still smiling, his voice beginning to ripple with a small giggle. "He's bouncing a soccer ball against the wall."

.. I know I shouldn't be cynical like this, but it strikes me that ten years ago lyrics running:

You know, the leaves on the trees are a-falling
To the tune of the breezes that a-blow
would've been sung by Perry Como.

It's probably because I think these things that I'm uncomfortable around rock. Here I am, dateless at a rock concert, and carrying an umbrella. Oh, of course it looks like rain. But Woodstock looked like rain and how many umbrellas were there?

The overweight policemen stood near the door. In the darkness you could see them watching the girls with the dark, trailing hair. One girl went by and you could see her breasts bouncing, and as she passed the policemen you could hear the sigh of sixty.

It's not too late,
You can't stop now
sang Van Morrison.

Intermission.
Announcement: "We're going to try to pick up Nixon's press conference—"
"Bullshit!"
"Bullshit!"
"But we're having technical difficulties in picking up his frequency."

The speaker system never worked. Then The Pentangle said that Jackie "you know she's ah singer. She's just received a call from London an' she won't tell us what it is, but we all know it's pretty bad, so you'll have t'excuse us."

Everyone left quietly, though swiftly. If they hurried, they could catch Nixon in the Senior Lounge.

.. Frankly, I had expected a riot. Thank God for non-violent peace strikes.

.. As we left, someone made a pitch for more money. "We're operating on a six-

to-one ratio. Which means that money is going out six times faster than it's coming in." Shaking a cardboard box, a student at the door pleaded, "A home for your money? A home for your money?"

.. I could have wretched, but I gave him a quarter. What the hell.

There he was: Tricky Dick. Not so jowly anymore, the make-up men have fixed that. Tricky Dick trying to be light and casual, not quite bringing it off, and the newsmen dead serious. At one or two places he even tries to smile.

"The students and I have the same goals."



Reaction to Nixon's press conference, May 8.

"When the action is hot, keep the rhetoric cool."

And never willing to admit he was wrong. Professor Greene supposedly has a theory that the President can never say he was wrong; psychologically, it would destroy the country. All right. But what about just a little wrong? Just a little? Your statement on Kent State, Mr. Nixon? Wasn't it a little cold? .. Well, you know, that's what happens when violence begets vi-

Whatever hopes of Woodstock-revisited a youthful demonstrator may have brought with him to Washington have been scorched to death by an apolitical sun. Too hot—too hot to talk, too hot to smile. The march to the Ellipse wends slowly and silently forward, much like a massive funeral procession. Now and then someone will break off from the ongoing chain and plummet down upon the front lawn of a museum or Government building. If he's lucky, he'll find a shady patch to sprawl out upon. And he'll sit quietly and rest as the parade brushes by him.

Posters fly past him denouncing Nixon, demanding his impeachment, asserting that "Fighting for peace is like balling for virginity." But he's seen them all before many times. The only things that differ are the faces beneath the signs. Or do they really differ at all, he wonders. Occasionally he'll be approached by the representative of some multi-lettered organization that sounds more like a Federal bureau than a peace committee. He'll be handed a mimeographed announcement of a rally, or a pocket map of the city denoting the locations of hospitable and sympathetic local universities, or instructions in the event of gassing, or possibly important phone numbers to memorize. He doesn't want these monotonous

sheets; what does he need them for? All he wants is an ice-cold orange drink.

.. It's difficult to ascertain where, precisely, the mass of throbbing flesh first begins to dwindle into the straggling few. Perhaps you could say Constitution Avenue. It's the logical place, at any rate. From Constitution Avenue, the scene is impressive, if not overwhelming. For a moment, I deluded myself into believing that half of America was stretched out in front of me, beneath the imposing facade of the White House. A laughable idea! .. From somewhere beyond boomed the magnified voice of Dr. Benjamin

Spock, M. C. for the peace movement, and its resident sexagenarian. It was a calm, self-confident avuncular voice, and I understood immediately how he made his fortune in a nation of nerve-shorn mothers.

.. Suddenly it occurred to me that a microcosm of the Ellipse gathering was forming on the other side of Constitution, under the Washington Monument. A thousand surging heads seemed to radiate from some unidentified Mecca buried deep within. This crowd was packed air-tight, like a jig-saw puzzle; the tone of its congregants was desperate and impatient. Finally, my curiosity was aroused to the extent that I could simply not pass on unenlightened. And so I approached the gargantuan monster and was soon sucked into its ever-expanding web. Slowly, almost by osmosis, I was smothered closer and closer to the inner sanctum, until finally, once again, I found myself able to breath without inhaling some girl's pigtail. And then, at last, to my great relief, I arrived at the center of the circle. Only to find the words—THINGS GO BETTER WITH COCA-COLA—and five young venders busily working the taps.

There's only so much rhetoric a person can take, and in the blistering heat the amount diminishes considerably. After awhile, you found yourself responding "Right on!" without even considering what it was you were supporting. After all, it was either ending the War, freeing Bobby Seale, or spreading the strike. One message was almost the same as the next.

There were, of course, several very salient exceptions. Such as Mrs. Martin Luther King's very brief, but thoughtful, address. And folk singer Phil Ochs's moving lyrics:

I flew the final mission in the Japanese skies,
Set off the mighty mushroom roar;
When I saw the cities burning
I knew that I was learning
That I aint a-marching anymore.

delivered in a boondock-twang and set to a quick catchy guitar. Judy Collins was also on hand. Her voice wasn't as clear as usual, but the audience listened, and when Judy Collins asked for money and guaranteed everyone that they could trust their neighbors, you saw the dollar bills passing back and forth wherever you looked.

Another salient departure from the usual was the widespread chant of "Fuck Richard Nixon" aimed at the White House directly in front of the Ellipse. If Nixon was home, he couldn't have missed it. The President was undoubtedly the devil incarnate for those present at the demonstration. The quality of mercy was noticeably absent from the proceedings. When the rhetoric turned ad hominem, Nixon was indisputably the one.

.. Directly in front of me sat a singularly obnoxious fellow and girl—both, presumably, in their early twenties. They were dressed in deep green capes which lent them the appearance of either Appalachian refugees or Robin Hood. The guy was bearded and balding; the girl, pretty, but hardened, the kind you're certain chairs the local Women's Lib chapter. Every time an unsuspecting soul ventured inadvertently down the aisle which, ostensibly, was reserved for medics, the girl would bellow. "This. . . is. . . a. . . medic. . . lane. Go back. You can't USE this lane. It's for medics ONLY." Perhaps the wanderer decided to ignore the lass's warning under the valid rationale that the aisle was the only one in view. At this point, the girl would launch into the most incredibly graphic invective—packaged in a raucous bitter screech. Now and then the man would join his haridan with his own choice phrases. And together they proceeded to make the aisle safe for the ill and sun-stricken. I felt so sorry for the two of them. Perhaps they had good hearts—after all their end was a noble and loving one. But maybe they were too far into the love thing to remember how to love.

"What was the reaction to Nixon's press conference?"
"Obtuse."
"Obtuse is a good word."



Washington armtag.

.. At three o'clock the demonstration was virtually over. The leaders emphasized towards the end that we were to spread the strike, that this demonstration is not the culmination of the student strikes, but rather the beginning of a general strike that would soon paralyze the nation. And then Nixon would HAVE to end the War. And so, my two companions and I joined several thousand others in a slow migration to the street. We were not quite certain where we would go now. Where does one go after a demonstration—especially if one wishes to escape an anti-climax. The possibilities were innumerable. We could picket the State Department, or H.E.W.—where protests were being (Please turn to page 10)

STRIKE (cont)

organized. Or we could finish the afternoon at the National Gallery. Or perhaps climb the Washington Monument. But Bob had a better idea. "Why not," he suggested, "visit my cousin at Watergate?" And so we did, passing the remainder of the day in the Watergate swimming pool and sauna bath, with the Movement, for the moment, far away.

A lady was up from Pittsfield Tuesday and was emphatic about the need for us to get off the campuses and talk to people. "There could be nine million of us in Washington, and President Nixon would sit in the Lincoln Room and pick his nose."

They drove to North Adams State, debating whether future TV sets would come equipped with voting buttons. As opposed to the papier-mâché panic of Seeley, the Strike Center at North Adams is a little cave of a room, a desk, a telephone, a couple of peace posters, a couple more peace posters, various peace symbols, and a fat, big-breasted girl in sandals. They had come to meet Frank Mankiewicz, who had been Bobby Kennedy's press secretary and was now a Washington columnist. Mankiewicz was going to speak before a New England College Conference in the North Adams auditorium. He was making some notes when Bob Shuford approached him.

Bob Shuford is both gentle and sarcastic: compassion with a built-in needle. He is a Williams graduate. He has worked in the admissions office for the past two years but is leaving next year to pursue his studies. Somewhat jittery, he said, "I wonder if you've heard of this idea Pause for Peace."

"Tell me about it," Mankiewicz said. He crossed his legs, tilting back in his chair, a thumb at one corner of his mouth, a cigarette in the other. "This is just colleges?"

"No, nation-wide."

"Got any unions?"

"We're talking to unions."

"What is the idea, strike for an hour, for what?"

"For peace," Shuford said and launched into the propaganda: peaceful but public (click) a chance for everyone (click) strikes had to move beyond

Mankiewicz stepped to the rostrum, climbing the rather cheesy train of an introduction billing him as "today's voice of the anti-establishment." His face is lined and his eyes are deep-set; his stomach drooped in a slight pot-belly; he wore a conservative jacket, a white shirt, and a blue tie; he could easily have been a labor leader, or maybe, minus the tie, a construction worker.

"I haven't spoken at a school that's been striking before, but I feel that if I keep my schedule I'll be speaking at a great many more in the near future." This remark received a sprinkling of applause, so he tried another joke about the Illinois delegation at the Chicago convention, which nobody got. Mankiewicz drew in some breath and surveyed his audience. Now he knew them. These were obviously not the politicians.

Speaking at North Adams State, Frank Mankiewicz said:

"At this moment this movement is the most powerful thing in the country. There's your first lesson: this administration will react, and react in a panicked way. Second lesson: this administration is finally learning how this country feels on Vietnam. In light of this, you would be making a grave error to quit now."

"Every problem that tears apart this country—the continuation of poverty, the rage of our black citizens—there is not one political problem which is not traceable to the Vietnam conflict."

"As long as the war goes on, this country will be sick. You can't put 32 billion dollars into death and expect this country to live. The community has to say, 'This war is over.'"

At one point in Mankiewicz's speech he said, "I have a feeling that 700,000 students on strike wouldn't make a difference to the President. But if Chrysler dealers called up and said business was slow, get out of Vietnam, we'd be out." I remember gleefully writing that one down. Aha, I said, why of course, of course, if Mankiewicz believes that he's got to buy Pause for Peace.

Mankiewicz had promised to return to Williamstown to talk with The Pauses's "inner circle." As we got into his car, he said, "Did you see that remarkable statement

"Are we crazy?" said Mr. Ed Moscovitch, assistant professor of economic, to Frank Mankiewicz, political expert-in-residence.

"Well, maybe. Tomorrow you may discover someone's planned a three-hour strike on the 28th."

"Would a large percentage of management and labor be

A voice from across the room swirled a drink in his glass and said, "I don't understand that."

"The President may say this is great, pick your hour. This is a great time for every American to demonstrate his desire for peace."

"Though it has to have some



Alumni Contacts room

receptive to stopping?"

"They could be persuaded."

"Not like the Moratorium?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because they objected that was all college kids. Largely, they were right."

"Could you raise \$750,000 in two weeks to support this?"

"Not you personally," Mr. Marcus hastily added.

"Sure. Get the right methods. The only objection could be: in two or three days there may be something that people may be more interested in giving money to."

"You think people will buy it?" someone asked Mankiewicz.

"Yes."

"You're sure?"

"Well, I don't know. The labor movement is very hawkish. The war is against Communism... and it's good for jobs."

"George Estes's son goes here," Marcus said. "His father is the President of United Aircraft."

"What the hell's United Aircraft?"

"It's a corporation."

"Oh. I thought it was a union."

Mankiewicz and The Pause group were agreed that a Pause for Peace, and just for Peace, was too ambiguous and unfocused. Mankiewicz suggested linking The Pause to the proposed Hatfield-McGovern amendment which would cut off all Vietnam war funds by July 1, 1971.

"Suppose we use the phrase 'Bring all troops home in a year' rather than 'Support the Hatfield etc. bill?'" asked Moscovitch.

"I suppose," answered Mankiewicz, displeased.

"Or would you say go for the bill?"

There was the light! "I'd say go for the bill. I would think if you support bringing the troops home in a year you'd be forced to support the amendment."

"Our tentative date is the 27th," said Tabb. "Could it come up by then?"

"It could. That's why I say stay loose."

Mankiewicz was adamant. "You can't go with Cambodia. That's ending soon. Any day now the President will go on TV with a sign that says 'CENTRAL OFFICE.' In English."

"The great danger is that the hawks will take it over," Moscovitch put in.

anchor to the right," said Mankiewicz.

A moment later Tabb asked, "But why should Hatfield-McGovern put us on? Who are we?"

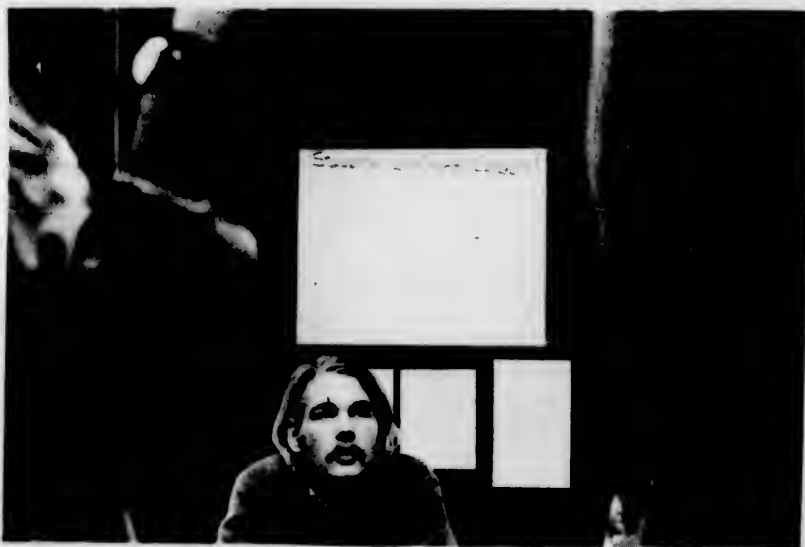
"They'll put you on because here's a group of students at one college actually doing something. They'll love it."

Dr. Fred Leavitt heads the United Advertising Campaign for Peace. Dr. Leavitt, a lecturer in psychology, is soft-spoken and mild, dark-haired and thin, almost bony, and extremely young-looking. "He don't look like much," one student insisted. "But he fools you." Over-all he reminds you of the scientific genius who lived next door and whom everyone labeled creepy because he couldn't throw a football.

The UACP wants to "Change the minds of America" through Madison Avenue, which unfortunately means selling peace like Saniflush, but that's the way it goes. Dr. Leavitt points out that war gets a lot of free advertising—Savings Bonds, Join a Navy-See a Worl', even the Boy Scouts. Therefore "peace" should counter with a series of very humane television commercials; no burned, bleeding babies but widows and children, soldiers and truckers, all of whom want peace for very sincere, personal reasons. In other words: the type of soft-hardsell that will hit home to Middle America. In other words: Change the Minds of Middle America.

"You mean 'Change the mind of Middle America,'" someone said.

The entire strike bureaucracy often entertained the characteristic subtlety of a brick in the eye: Seeley House became "Action Central." On the second floor of Van Rensselaer, in the sterile room The Pause labeled Staff Central, Mr. Tabb discussed his recent trip to Boston. The Pause for Peace planned to go nation-wide, but Mr. Tabb had seen lots of "positive action" lately. "This type of thing is going on at every campus," Mr. Tabb said. "And everyone thinks they're going to make it. We think we've got a chance, but so do they. Somebody's going to pull it off and maybe it'll be us. The thing that's probably going to make this thing work is that there's good organization, even as hectic a one as this."



Pause for Peace: Priority Contacts room.

(click). . .

Mankiewicz was impressed, though. "Sounds good, if you can tie it all in."

"Can it flop?"

"Well, it can't really. But you've got to protect your flanks."

of the President's? He said I guess the Russians will protest it just as we protested their invasion of Czechoslovakia. Even he can see the parallel."

The Pause wanted to go nationwide: "...a budget of half a million, a staff of sixty."

It was raining outside and the rain somehow made the drab gray of Seeley House substantially more drab. Maybe it was my spirit that was bleak, for I had just spent the preceding hour traipsing through the rain from entry to entry with a relatively insignificant news release. One of the menial, but necessary, tasks in a strike, I told myself as I patted myself, verbally, on my thoroughly drenched back.

I came to Seeley because I had run out of copies and needed thirty more made up. Fifteen days into the strike, and I was still utterly confused about which desk served what function. So I approached a rather imperious gentleman, busily studying some document upon which he would soon pass sentence, and explained to him my



problem. Quickly he ripped off a sheet from his pad and scrawled the number "30" and his initials. He handed me the scrap and resumed his scrutiny. I plowed my way through the 11 p.m. Seeley House loiterers whose faces had become increasingly familiar, but whose names still remained a mystery, and found my way to the mimeograph room where the operator sat leisurely sipping a cup of coffee. I asked for thirty copies of the bulletin and he processed the request instantly. I thanked him, drilled again through the smoke and gossip, and stepped back into the rain.

Later that night, as I emptied my pockets, I found the sheet with the number "30" and the two initials beneath.

Luther Mansfield is Professor of American history and Literature. When Professor Fred Rudolph was editor of *The Williams Record*, then-assistant professor Mansfield wrote a long letter-to-the-editor criticizing *The Record's* style; so Professor Mansfield has a long history of confronting student activities.

"It seems to me that to stop classes is not an appropriate response. At the same time, what other kinds of protest could you make that would be heard? I'm all for those who are now getting actively interested in politics, but that doesn't necessarily mean you have to stop college to do so. The idea of a week off before elections was a perfectly reasonable notion. Whatever else you come to college for, we certainly hope you turn out good citizens."

The Ephman's burden, someone called it.

Bill Matthiesen had been to Amherst, Smith, and Holyoke, and with a self-satisfied smile he reported, "Those people are about two weeks behind where we are. Down at Smith and Holyoke they're dying for things to do. If you go down there they say 'What should I do?' and you tell them and they do it." Matthiesen wanted to encourage anyone "who still cares, and you still should, because there's still a war going on" to travel to other schools and help them "get their strikes going."

Casey, a bearded history major

who had been to Washington, was annoyed by this idea. "I'm tired of these self-righteous beings. All I kept hearing in Washington was complaints about strikers organizing at other schools. Why can't we just organize at Williams? There's plenty of work to be done here. I think it's interesting that most of this Messianic fervor is sending men to women's schools, and not to Dartmouth, for instance."

Tell someone you go to Williams and if he doesn't answer "William and Mary" he's bound to reply, "Gonna be a rich businessman, eh?" No wonder Williams suggests the business ethic. Just look at the strike with its myriad committees, subcommittees, chairmen, acting chairmen, and associate acting chairmen. There's the Alumni Communications Committee, the Union for National Draft Opposition, the Independent Schools for Peace, the High Schools and Churches for Peace Committee, the Five-College Co-ordinating Committee, the Washington Committee, the United Advertising Campaign for Peace, and the lobbying committees, to name the more prominent. A veritable corporation.

Perhaps the one strike organization that seems the most glamorous is the Pause for Peace. Several people have whispered words forboding its demise, but the latest rumor tells that Mayor Lindsay offered the Pause an office in New York City, and, perhaps, a private secretary. Guess you've got to know the right people to move along in the peace racket.

The library is quiet now. Students do not rustle papers or roll their pencils along the table while contemplating a difficult physics homework problem. The worker at the check-out desk has not inspected the due date on a book for several hours now. Down in the Reserve Room, James, who looks forward to his eleven o'clock quitting time and to his cup of tea at the Snack Bar, conscientiously studies his Latin while ruling over his domain of empty chairs and unused turntables. Today's issue of the *New York Times* lies idle in the Mabie Room; one need not wait for another student to finish with it now. And as I sit in my solitude to work on an English paper, I miss the inspiration of feeling others hard at work around me, and I wonder about it all. The students claim to be on strike to create a better world.

What if nature were to go on strike to protest the war with her environment?

Suddenly Pause for Peace ran out of gas. There seemed to be no more outside support, and there was no more money, and there was no more enthusiasm. One student who had worked from the very beginning blamed much of the failure on the leaders. "They don't respect the fact that students are giving time for free. They're being very elitist. Students are dropping right and left." The once-bustling Pause now survived, quite uncomplicatedly—for there was nothing to do but wait for the money which wasn't coming—with about fourteen students. "Take that guy who was in here typing for three days," the same student continued. "Harry. For three days he typed up index card after index card. Then the ADA man takes one look at 'em and says, these are useless, throw 'em away. And we actually threw them away. And that was the last

we saw of Harry."

The Pause had one last chance. If IBM would accept a ten-minute work-stoppage, the idea would be legitimized, and The Pause would be "golden." IBM met for two-and-a-half hours and flew in Nick Katzenbach ("God knows why," said Marcus) before saying no. At 11:45 a.m., Thursday, May 14, The Pause for Peace paused for good.

At 11:30 I couldn't wait any longer and left to keep an appointment. When I returned it was just after noon. Mike Lehman walked down the stairs carrying a stack of papers. "We're dead," he said.

At the post-mortems for The Pause everyone just sat around on the steps making flip remarks, then silent, then flip again; everyone seemed extremely unsure of what they thought they should be feeling. Cam Blodgett co-leader, Alumni Contacts, shrugged his shoulders at Marcus, saying "See you later. Next time you get another peace thing going..." his voice trailing off. A phone rang and someone hurried to get it. "Should I answer 'Williams College?'"

"Just say hello." "Well," said Marcus to another student. "Now you know how not to run a peace movement."

Where you going? "Over to Spencer to drink some beer."

"Sure they have some?" "They have a whole keg." "But will there be any left?" "I imagine. I mean, a keg." "That's typical Spencer House. Vote two hundred dollars for the strike fund one night, then take twenty-two out for a keg the next."

The day after The Pause folded I found an old publicity sheet taped to the library door; there was an addendum inked beneath it: "Williams initiated this proposal. If Walter Reuther gives his support, then the national work stoppage may come off."

During the two-thirty UACP meeting a girl said she lived next door to Paul Newman and would try to interest him in the program. "Whatever for?" someone asked.

"To go around to neighbors with a bucket," Dr. Leavitt replied.



On WAMC, Vincent Brann was reading a World War II memoir. The bombing of London: the ambulances and fires and Luftwaffe flying more than 1,000 sorties daily. But it was hard to hold. I couldn't get an image. In the snack bar the other day, Michael thumbed through those green Time

glossies of khaki in Cambodia. He said, "My imagination isn't good enough. I can't picture myself there."

A gathering in front of the biology building. These people are talking about tactics; we have to be political realists, and we must not get trapped into the same kind of demonstrations and marches that have been failing for a whole decade. It's Gene McCarthy here, again and again, instead of Abbie Hoffman.

"If we're willing to sacrifice for peace, and all that, how about a sacrifice like getting our hair cut and dressing nicely so we can talk to people and have a chance that maybe they'll listen?"

"We could get two, three million kids going around door to door, getting people's signatures for or against the war. A referendum; you could say look, here are the names of all these people who want us to get out of Vietnam..."

Feeling lonely, I walked over to the Chapel, possessed of the crazy notion to find out why the chime-player was playing "Home on the Range"; what relation, however existential, it had to the strike. I couldn't find my way upstairs. The Bible on stage was open to Matthew, and I read "Judge not, that ye be not judged," hoping to draw some great meaning from it and have an Experience. When nothing happened I flipped the heavy pages to the inside cover; a penciled inscription read: TO MY GOOD FRIEND PHINNY BAXTER, FROM J. CHRIST '00.

Emergency Poems. Jesup Hall. Jonathan Aaron, assistant professor of English: "All poems, in one way or another, come from emergencies, or are about them." Searching for heterogeneity.

Bill Carney talked about "renewed perception of the earth."

Barbara Howes: To save face. We bomb to obliterate faces... Peter Kane Dufault: We'll shame the bombers home... Michael Dennis Brown: Asia has cut off its ear and sent it to us...

And whore-like (chest out, shame within, finally shame without) the audience listened. Sounds rather than words. Barefeet smacking on the floor.

We were in the bathroom, and I was sitting on the sink. We were talking about the country. "The only thing that can save this country," he said, "is a strong leader. The type everyone rallies around, like Kennedy." "That's right," I said. "The country needs someone it can trust." "Someone it can buy a used car from."

He had been to Albany State for the rally, and he had seen the fists in the air. He had heard the shouts of right on. He had heard the shouts of right on even when a member of the Chicago Eight said you can't listen to your parents, forget them, this is the Revolution, you may even have to kill them. He had heard the shouts and seen the fists in the air and, standing on a hill and knowing the allegiance was sworn, he was frightened. He was frightened because the chants and fists reminded him of something else, something he didn't like to think of, an era when two dictators had risen to power by mobilizing the students first, and when a "silent

(Please turn to page 12)

THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ELEVEN

Thursday, October 8, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Freshmen Discuss Admission Standards

by David Kehres

A Williams student will usually drop into the Registrar's office once or twice a year, and many students pay occasional calls to the Financial Aid office too. The only contact most Ephmen have with the Office of Admissions, though, is that occasional smile, chuckle, or grimace upon passing the door while going to an English or Econ class upstairs in Hopkins Hall, or upon seeing an extremely nervous pre-freshman traipsing up the steps of the building flanked by even more nervous

ADVOCATE asked freshmen what they thought of Messrs. Copeland, Shuford, Smith, and Wick and the job they had done in assembling the class of 1974.

Few freshmen went so far as to say that Williams selects a certain "type" of student, but many of them indicated that our school's name has definite connotations in various parts of the country. Outside New England and New York, Williams suffers from the "William and Mary" syndrome, and as a result there is

mosphere and the people here. "The alumni I talked to had this place all wrong," as a Williams Hall freshman put it, indicating that perhaps most older alumni are rather out of touch with the Williams that has changed so much in the past decade.

It emerged from THE ADVOCATE'S interviews that around New England the "Williams and Mary" syndrome is supplanted by a "Jack Armstrong" syndrome: Williams as a school of senior-class presidents and local citizenship award winners. A freshman from suburban Boston related that the most prevalent question people asked his parents was not "Where?" but rather "What sport does he play?" While not claiming that Williams advertises for a certain type of student, a number of freshmen felt that it had ended up with fairly distinct types, alternatively "jock," "preppie," or "bevo freak." In each case, though, the accuser denied that he was a member of the "type" he identified. A Sageite proudly claimed "In my case they blew it." Another qualified his charge with "Of course, I'm not a Williams man." A recurrent theme throughout the interviews was the question: "Why are there no fat people at Williams?"

Many freshmen were uneasy about discussing "quotas" in admissions. Wehn one commented that there seemed to be only 7 percent blacks in the class of 1974 instead of the usual (?) 10 percent, a friend replied, "But the Jews are up to 13 percent, so there's your 20 percent quota again." Few interviewees were so positive, however, and most seemed not to have formed any



Freshman Conversation

Photo by Jay Prendergast

parents. Except for such cases, and an occasional diatribe about athletic recruiting or quota-filling, Admissions is very much a non-office to most of the campus.

Nevertheless Admissions is obviously one of the most influential factors in determining make-up of that cliché, the "Williams community." THE

no "Williams type" comparable to a "Harvard type" or even an "Amherst type" which a newcomer must adapt to or resist. The people who do know about the Purple Valley speak of Williams as an isolated, small school with good academics and a beautiful campus, but generally do not get any more specific about the at-

Critique: Don Beyer

Rebirth: MOTHER'S IMAGE

We had heard that Janet Johnson, a folk singer of some repute in the Northeastern Radical-Sober communities, was to appear at Mother's Image, Williamstown's new underground coffee house. Motivated by curiosity, a little dope, and the promise of seeing our names in print, we set out for her second set Friday night. After assuring "Mother" that we were not from the Record, we were accorded a most gracious welcome, partaking in some incredibly good home-made bread. We then settled on a mattress in a candle-lit corner and awaited Janet's entree.

Entertained with an unaccompanied version of "Til There Was You" by a golden-voiced neighbor on the cushion, we had a chance to survey the place. Old telephone cable spools, equipped with candles and ashtrays and scattered between mattresses entirely too comfy ever to have been supplied by B&G, served as coffee tables. Sitting Bull, Uncle Sam, and Jesus Christ were hung on the wall, their price tags perhaps reflecting their relative worth in the society forming on the floor. Bruce Brigham pipes and Unisex clothes were displayed in one corner, the coffee kitchen nestled in another. The place was happily full, the audience a mixture of dedicated and borderline freaks, sipping coffee and munching on the rapidly disappearing bread.

Then, from the recesses of the soon-to-be-opened Brigham-Seakwood health food store, emerged Janet Johnson, clad in country-western suede slacks, petite brown tie shoes, and toting an Appalachian autoharp. This veteran of the '68 and '69 Newport Folk Festivals seemed shy as she



"Mother"

Photo by Bob Burt

arranged herself on the stool, but this impression was quickly dispelled with her first number. We were somewhat annoyed with her unsettling shifting of voice pitch from low to high and back again, but the strength and clarity of her voice in both ranges facilitated our rapid overlooking of this one and only flaw in her performance. Her autoharp technique was far from complex, but provided a very adequate background for the display of her major talents: her voice and her composing ability.

After apologizing to the audience for seeming blasphemous, she sang an inspiring verse about "seeing Jesus in your smile". She followed with a soaring version of "My Dog Blue", accompanied by a

short monologue on her childhood in a small (Population: 200) Wyoming town. At about midnight, Janet bid us all goodnight, and retreated back into the health food store, passing through the big gate which used to hang on the barn of William T. Fox, Associate Professor of Geology.

As we left, it was remarked that the name "Mother's Image" might be a male chauvinist ploy to defile the noble American image of motherhood. But we decided that it was apt symbolism, much in the same style as Frank Herbert's Dragon in the Sea analogies. For we really were returning to the womb, to the protection from academic ennui only free food, good music, and interpersonal proximity can afford. Viva Mother.

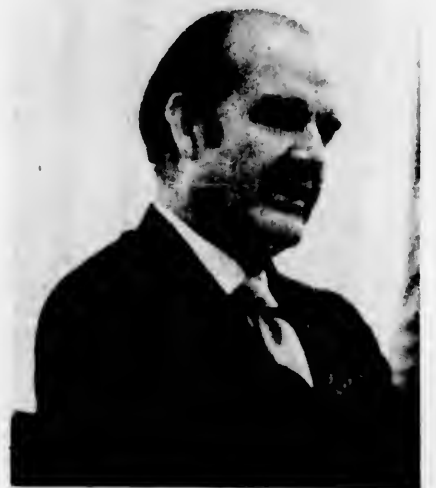


Photo by Bob Gordon

McGovern addresses students.

McGOVERN AT GRIFFIN

by J. R. M. Fraser Darling

The dramatic announcement of Senator McGovern's sudden visit was followed, early on Sunday morning, by conventional pre-election sabre-rattling.

The Nixon administration is so obtuse that any amount of rhetorical ranting against it works more to the detriment of the spouting orator than of the intended victim. Thus McGovern started badly by allowing students to emit drooling laughter in response to the ironic "Agnew" with which his speech began. The academic surroundings in which McGovern spoke should not have been abused by being exploited as a hustings. Instead of an intelligent critique of Nixon's policy, McGovern depended on well-phrased generalizations, as in his accusations that Nixon was more concerned with the politics of a problem than with its solution, that the Nixon Administration had appealed to the worse side of our nature, to our fears, anxieties, and prejudices. This last point was disastrous since it implied that anyone who voted Republican - and in the last general election this meant forty-two percent of the electorate - was by nature corrupt and immoral, whereas those who favor McGovern are worthy of being numbered with the saints in Heaven. Was he suggesting we resurrect Humphrey's "politics of joy?"

His exposition of proposed policy was very imprecise. He was direct, however, in one item, namely, military withdrawal from South-East Asia. Well and good, but he made the mistake of putting it at the top of a list of priorities, implying that his work in the White House would be devoted merely to the short-term. A responsible candidate would surely attempt to suggest his interest in surveying all problems and opinions regardless of partisan needs.

McGovern went on with the usual talk about more housing, more hospitals and improved social services. He then attacked the Nixon Administration for

Please turn to page 4

HAYFEVER (cont)

platypi, the whole zoo? You are obviously racist if you single out the pig as a term of abuse; after all, is it not said that the pig is the most intelligent of animals?"

"You swine."

"You cur."

'Porcine establishment pedant with cloven feet. Cantankerous cancer on the body politic. Avanti! Power to the people.'

I had to break off our intricate and soul-searching Cambodia teach-in with the house radical when William Henry bleated an interruption: "We better get back to our stalls. Roving leftist wolves are approaching in search of cowering establishment sheep."

I brayed my assent, and we went indoors. To drown the screams of Spring Street neo-monopolisto-capitalists being lynched by the mob. We turned on the television. A Democratic congressman was talking about the recent campus unrest.

"On the college campuses, all over the country, young people are showing their moral fervour by full and frank discussions both among themselves and with surrounding townspeople. Despite the atmosphere of crisis, talk has been reasoned and calm. In an effort involving a magnificent sacrifice of the academic studies they love so well, our young saints, those martyrs to virtue, have agreed to bow to extreme professional pressure and to give up their classes in order to fling themselves, the more wholeheartedly, into respectfully persuading the President to spare their lives in future Indochina wars. Surely a not unreasonable request? A few of our little holy ones, carried away by the truth of their own arguments, have immolated themselves—it was just an accident that they burnt down college administration buildings, libraries, and ROTC buildings in the process. Yes indeed, fellow elders of America, the fires of insurrection throw a pall across our great country from the smog of Los Angeles to the gun smoke of Jackson. We must see that self-loathing is the only road to salvation. If we do not grant our dear children their rebellion, then we will have a revolution to contend with, and then will not the Red Indians seize their chance?"

William Henry switched off the television, with its burbling idiot, and said "Why is there ever any need for action? We cannot be what we are in action, one is what the action demands. Reasons for action are so deep that we cannot know them, but one is asked for reasons. To others, as to oneself, action breeds superficiality, since one has to make up the reasons after the action is done. Action springs from neurosis—an hysteria induced by the consciousness of utter impotence. Decisiveness is counted as everything today, yet it is folly, it is always done for the wrong reasons. We act not because we know, but because we fear the unknown."

Very belatedly, THE ADVOCATE would like to express its thanks to Professor Frederick Rudolph for his support and assistance in the formulation of THE ADVOCATE'S Earth Week petition. Mr. Rudolph, who once edited THE RECORD, has been a friend of THE ADVOCATE's all year, proving for all time that blood is not necessarily thicker.

Courtroom Drama

THE RECORD v. THE CAMERA BOX

Thursday, April 30, 1970 — The District Court on Spring Street

8:50 a.m.: Mr. John D. Finnerty, associate business manager of the Williams Record, arrives in court in his new brown suit.

8:55 Enter Mr. Jerry Hotcha Carlson, business manager of the Record, in a blue blazer and a swell pair of plaid pants.

9:00 Enter Mr. Larry Hollar, self-described "interested spectator," and Mr. Robert Spurrier, artist for the Williams Advocate. Mr. Spurrier asks Mr. Carlson if he is representing the Record or the House of Walsh.

Finnerty of the Record (paraphrased): The owner of the Camera Box, Mr. William Brundage, advertised in the Record from February to December of 1969. He thereby accumulated a debt of \$322.49. The Record collected \$100 of this debt with difficulty in January 1970. The Camera Box owes the Record a balance of \$222.49 plus \$28 from a previous year. Mr. Brundage has offered the following reasons, listed here in chronological order of articulation, for non-payment:

- 1) The Camera Box's books were being audited.
- 2) The check is forthcoming.
- 3) The check is forthcoming.
- 4) There's a strike on at Sprague.

9:10: "All rise." The judge convenes Small Claims Court. Various people try to collect bills outstanding from their respective fellow men. The Record party waits in the gallery.

9:20: The court clerk ap-

proaches Mr. Carlson during a lull in the proceedings. Brundage is not in court, says its clerk, but the court has ordered his appearance on pain of arrest.

9:25: John D. Finnerty leaves



Finnerty Carlson

court to fetch Mr. Brundage from his Camera Box. The Box is empty and locked. Mr. Finnerty returns to court.

9:30: The dapper Jerry Carlson is called to the bench. Mr. Carlson expands Mr. Finnerty's account of the dispute; he adds that Mr. Brundage has now promised payment of his debt by June 15, on which date the Record staff will be vacationing and unavailable to check payment. The judge and court clerk confer. The judge expresses doubt that Mr. Brundage's presence in court would contribute to the proceedings and rules that the Camera Box must pay its debt in full to the Record within one week. If payment is not then forthcoming, rules the judge, the sheriff is to execute payment by assisting Record staff members in collecting \$200 worth of merchandise from Mr. Brundage's store.

9:35: The Record party leaves court. On the street this reporter collects relevant statements:

STRIKE (cont)

majority" had stood by while six million were slaughtered.

Ron is a sophomore at Yale. Just before attending the Panther teach-in he had seen Levi Riefenstahl's "Triumph of the Will," which is a sufficiently scary preface to anything, much less a rally.

Panther David Hillyard was one of the last speakers. "Power to the people! Power to the people! Power to the power to the ——" the crowd cheered. "All right," said Hillyard. "If you agree with me, let's go out and kill some pigs." Silence. Then, except for the hard-core radicals, booing. "See, I knew you were racist bastards. I knew . . ."



Meanwhile, from a third floor window of Ron's college, the FBI was taking pictures of the people at the rally.

... I sat down at a typewriter and this is what I wrote: "The whole thing is tiring me out. I realize this is all really sincere and all, but all of a sudden I'm tired. Very tired. Tired of the war and the anti-war. I think I just want to go home."

An English teacher, commenting on the loss of the last three weeks of class: "The only thing I don't regret is that in some sense politics and academics have been drawn together, and I hope it stays that way. I just hope we don't drop this strike the way we did the November Moratorium when it got too cold to stay outside."

... Later, after eleven, I sat in Dan's room. He insisted on reading me his last English paper on Emily Dickinson. I wasn't especially excited about that but I said okay and leaned back in a black, twitchingly uncomfortable chair by Dan's bed. With an ironic smile Dan insisted that his paper was "relevant." As he read it, I kept having to make him re-read portions as I just wasn't concentrating.

... The paper dealt with a Dickinson poem I had never heard. He began by relating it all to "my feeling on the current Cambodian situation and my reaction to the President's press conference on Friday night."

... It suddenly struck me why this war has to end. It has to end so that people

Finnerty of the Record: "We got the goods on him."

Brundage, cornered by The Advocate outside the Williams Newsroom: "You better make sure your facts are right or I'll sue you for libel."

9:55: Mr. Carlson is recalled to court and rounds up the Record party for a second appearance there. Rumor has it that Mr. Brundage has appeared before the bench. Mr. Carlson steels himself to "turn on his nasties."

10:00: Mr. Brundage is not present in court. Mr. Carlson is called into the judge's chamber while members of the Record party make small talk with two armed police officers. The judge clarifies the execution procedure for Mr. Carlson and discusses the choice of executive sheriffs. Mr. Carlson is excused, and the Record party leaves court.

Brundage: "Yeah, I owe them some money."

Carlson of the Record: "It's a matter not of whether we get our money but of how we get it."

Finnerty of the Record: "I'm bringing a shopping cart."



Brundage (sic)

stop talking about it. It has to end so that people are forced to search their minds for that one unused flake of originality which has absolutely—joyously—nothing to do with Indochina.

People say this strike will change Williams College. People say Williams College will never be the same. But people—even the ones who think themselves so farsighted—rarely see beyond present actions, things they can feel. If things are going right, you don't stop to think how rotten they may get. And if things are rotten, everything forever looks rotten.

... Today is May 27. May 27: the day the nation would have paused for peace. Also my birthday. I turned twenty years old this afternoon, and I assume there's some meaning in that mixture of the deceased Pause and my twentieth year, but I haven't stumbled on it yet. Demise, frustration, rebirth; surely if there is a meaning it lies in these words; surely if there is a secret it is held by these three words, extracted at the end of the strike.

Demise, frustration, rebirth. A friend of mine would see it differently. He turned twenty in March and he wrote, "For the first time I realized that someday I would die. The way I see it, if you can turn twenty you can just as easily turn seventy."

... Rebirth, frustration, demise.

... No, not yet. Not yet. Not yet.

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Editorial:

You Don't Have To Be Jewish. . .

Every year, just about the time when Fall sets in, the Jewish people celebrate Rosh Hashonah, the Jewish New Year. Beneath the piercing cry of the shofar, or ram's horn, Jews assemble to thank God for the preceding year, to ask his blessing for the year to come, and to resolve that they shall strive to better themselves in return. Of course in Judaism, as in all major religions, there is a standard text to be followed, with lengthy lists of worthwhile resolutions to make one's own for the coming year. But personal resolutions are equally important and any self-respecting Jewish mother would shudder at the thought of letting Rosh Hashonah slip by without calling her child aside at the end of the service and asking, "Well, Jonathan, have you thought up any New Year resolutions?" And depending upon Jonathan's honesty, the answer will probably range from a candid "NO!" to a timorous "Yes, but I'm not telling."

Of course there are those who do take New Year resolutions seriously. Chances are, such a person realizes that either his self-discipline must be unrelentingly vigilant, or else, his vows must be easily maintainable. Recognizing that most readers might opt for the latter, THE ADVOCATE offers the aspiring soul a resolution easily enactable, and yet extremely worthwhile: namely, "I shall try to be more circumspect in what I say." In today's do-your-thing-tell-it-like-it-is world, so little value is placed on prudence, and still less, on compassion.

Admittedly, no segment of society better demonstrates the indiscretion that is so much a part of contemporary America than the President and his ancillaries, Messrs. Agnew and Mitchell. There was a time when government figures masked their sentiments with tactful insinuation, when the message between the lines was far more essential than the statement the words themselves formed. But the tide has turned full force, and today government has become a game of rhetorical manslaughter which, despite Mr. Nixon's declarations to the contrary, has created perhaps the most perilous era of confrontation since the Civil War.

But the verbal mal-de-decade is germinated from the Williams side of the Agnew line as well as from the Administration's. Students have been notoriously callous in circulating buttons proclaiming "Castrate Johnson and stop the ugly children;" in amassing on the Ellipse, certainly within earshot of the President, to scream the vilest epithets in his direction; and in heartlessly assailing the members of an indispensable, and predominantly ethical profession, the police.

Certainly political points can be effectively scored without applying the destructive, mindless, and so often painful abuse which seemingly has become an integral part of American life. From the dual standpoints of political pragmatism, and personal decency, it is rather apparent that so much stands to be gained from an increased emphasis in discretion by all of society. But perhaps the first move ought naturally to come from the students, the enlightened ones, who might be expected to utilize their superior training in the liberal arts to better purpose.

REFLECTIONS

PIZZA

There are no loiterers outside the Pizza House Sunday afternoon. James Varellas, the proprietor, had assured us that the townies aren't dangerous: "They're out in the street; they do nothing to me." Still we chose Sunday to talk to Mr. Varellas in his shop.

Most Williams students are familiar with the physical plant of the Pizza House, which has changed only slightly since this summer's renovations. Mr. Varellas claims to have installed a new floor, wallpaper and additional working space, but pipes still hang from the paint-cracked ceiling, and the juke box continues to offer its eight Glen Campbell selections.

The Williams desk blotter tacked to one of the oven doors attracted few Williams men on Sunday afternoon. When we arrived only one booth was occupied: an old man and two young local girls sat there. The man asked us whether we had said we were from Poughkeepsie. We replied that we were from THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE. Mr. Varellas' mother-in-law behind the counter remarked that she didn't speak English.

Mr. Varellas was cooperative between customers. He explained that he had opened the Pizza House in Williamstown three years ago, after learning the trade in his brother's stores in Lee, Pittsfield, and Boston. Mr. Varellas now operates the Pizza House with the help of his wife Bess, her two sisters, and her mother. He said he needs more college help.

We came to the point of the interview: why Mr. Varellas has changed over to a new Greek pizza this year. Mr. Varellas denied that his pizza had changed, though he finally admitted that economics had forced a switch in the brand of tomato paste.

We thanked Mr. Varellas and, avoiding oil slicks, made our way out of the Pizza House. We declined the old man's offer of a lift to Poughkeepsie.

YELLOWJACKS

Shortly after one o'clock last Saturday afternoon, the Williams College Stumbling Bumbling (etc.) Marching Band began its march on Pratt Field. The afternoon was overcast, but there were small breezes and a general autumnal bite, so we fell into step behind the marchers. Passing through the main gates, we caught up with the band, which had deposited itself in the stands behind an end-zone. At two o'clock Williams would play the Rochester Yellowjackets, and the stands were distressingly, though ironically, filled with bees.

At the edge of the end-zone, certain members of the Williams team were going through a final session of hutssets (or whatever). "A little more to the left, 52. Set. Go." Other players on the sidelines would shout encouragement such as "Lookin' real good, baby."

We sat down next to Tom Alleman, a freshman in Morgan middle-east, the Announcer in the upcoming Freshman Revue, and the player of the E-flat triangle in the band. A native of Rochester, Tom swore he had no divided loyalties, so we adopted our Howard Cosell-Sympathetic-Sportscaster-in-Action pose and asked, "Well Tom -- it must be quite a thrill for you to be playing at your first Williams

home game. Lookit these stands, lookit that crowd, take a puffa that sir. Yessir: sure must be a thrill."

"Yeah," Tom agreed, pressing a small tear from the corner of his eye. "It sure is."

"Well Tom: Can you tell me how you're gonna do today?"

"Well, I hope the band can put on a real fine show. I hope the band can show these Yellowjackets what we're made of. Tough stuff. Tough stuff."

"Have you practiced long and hard?"

"We get together. We practice hard."

"I notice you're playing the triangle."

"Yes, this is the triangle. In fact, it's the E-flat triangle."

"It must have taken you a long time to learn how to play that."

"Yes it did. There was fourteen years in the Swiss Music Box Factory, two years at Juilliard, then one at the Philharmonic, and now here."

"Now here."

"Now here. Yessir: quite a thrill."

"Well, Tom, would you mind answering one more question, and then I'll let you go because I see the band is beginning to assemble."

"Sure."

"Okay. Of all the instruments in the world, how did you choose the triangle?"

"Well," Tom replied. "My mother plays a cello, my father a French horn, and they couldn't reconcile their beliefs. So, as a product of a mixed marriage, I ended up on the triangle."

The team was finishing their warm-ups: hit, fall, struggle, and the coach's litanical "All right, all right." 72 squared off against 77, 66 against 62, 54 v 52, 60 v 51. "Hut. Go," said the coach, and the padded bodies danced in place. "16 pass, said the coach, and the bodies clunked against each other. "Way to go," someone said.

Just before game-time the team bleatingly withdrew for the locker-room pep talk. Cornering one of the players, we asked what, exactly, goes on at these zero-hour rallies. The player said you could never tell, but at the morning's meeting Coach Catuzzi had withdrawn a crushed insect from his pocket and said, "Look boys -- killed my first yellowjack today."

The stands were filled by this time. We recognized a number of last year's seniors, Olde Grads now, returned to capture shadows along the umbilicus Football. But when the team finally trotted out, the cheers were scattered, punctuated by an occasional "Sting 'em, Ephs!" The National Anthem was heard, the band broke into "Sing out the purple, hail!" and the P.A. announced that Jack Curtin would kick off for Williams; Curtin did, the ball swooned into the Yellowjacks, and the game was on.

Please turn to page 4

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Wallace in Williamstown

by Daniel Pinello

This is a column of prejudice—my prejudice. Many authors who comment on the times regard themselves capable of completely disinterested analysis in their works and praise themselves for their ability to dissociate their writing from any cant their own particular experiences may exert upon it. I do not pride myself on this superhuman power but rather admit readily my biased viewpoint—that of a twenty year-old Williams student who comes from a fairly unenlightened, lower-middle-class, Protestant, conservative, Colorado background. Furthermore, I am the first to point out how pretentious it is of such a person to print a column with the intention of publicizing his personal observations on various aspects of the American scene, and then to entitle it GEDANKEN. The only justification I can think of is that to have labeled it "Thoughts" would have been far too plebeian for someone with aspiring ambitions, and I deemed it a good opportunity to take advantage of my two years of German.

But, enough of digression. Every two or three weeks GEDANKEN will appear in THE ADVOCATE as a continuing story of my disconnected thoughts on whatever happens to strike me as worthy of consideration at the time I write. My opinions, of course, do not necessarily reflect those of the paper or its editors.



Photo by Bob Burt

Pinello

In the liberal Eastern educational establishment today it is in vogue to be liberal—which may sound like double talk, but let me explain. Traditionally in America the Eastern educational institutions—Harvard, to be specific, as the archetypical example—have been the breeding grounds for contemporary innovative thinking. As the interpreters of contemporary history, faced with new European ideas such as Darwinism, these academicians were obliged to think, and progressive ideas were necessarily forthcoming from the group. Hence their historically liberal cant is not surprising. Yet this does not imply that the students whom they taught were of the same viewpoint. Sons of upper-and upper-middle-class America were content, for the most part, to emulate their fathers' conservative, business life style without objection. Today, however, with mass communication, with the ever-increasingly affluent and growing middle class, and with the inauspicious advent of events like the Vietnam war, the younger generation has learned to rebel against traditional norms of student behavior—socially and politically. Now, unlike his counterpart of the 1850's or 1950's, he questions the relevance of institutions which before were fundamentally important to American culture, such as the military and business communities. Thus, the student has come of age and reached the level of rational, progressive, inquisitive thought which has characterized his mentors for years.

Or shall I say at least he purports to be a convert of his newly acquired liberal heritage. My intent here is to question the sincerity and consistency of much of the present liberal ethos so apparent on the Eastern campus today. How much of the espousing of liberal ideals, in other words, is genuine and how much mere acquiescence to the spirit of the times and group? Perhaps an example from my personal experience may illustrate the point.

The majority of students in my American history class quite ostentatiously advertised their liberal bent through discussion in class. In one meeting we were studying the rise of the ghetto in American urban life when the talk turned to the position of the black person in our

society today. The standard arguments concerning his posture, or lack of it, in present American culture naturally arose: the degradation and loss of heritage imposed by the slave system; the consequent lack of a past with which to identify after emancipation; the prohibition of class regeneration through group awakening and consciousness imposed by a discriminating, racist majority; in essence, the lack of willful control over his past and future denied him by a hostile human environment engendered his present second-class position in American society.

Well and good. Certainly any self-respecting, aspiring liberal could not have any fundamental objection to that

Gedanken

enlightened, benevolent analysis: the students answered the call to defend a minority which rampant discrimination and injustice have belittled for ages innumerable.

Shortly before this discussion the class had been concerned with another topic over which talk had also arisen. The author of the book we were reading had cause to refer to the writings of Henry Adams and, after the reference, made a remark about Adams' "delicate mind" or something similar to that. Quite innocuously a student brought this remark up in class to the professor to ask if the author had intended it to be a comment or a slur on Adams' psychological state. Before the teacher had time to respond, one of the students, who later was to bemoan as well as any the plight of the Negro, blurted out caustically: "Yeah, he was a queer!" Of course most of the class burst out in gales of laughter at this incisive and sensitive observation, and the matter was left at that.

The event seemed of little significance to me at the time; I didn't consider it further until the discussion on the black minority developed later on. At that time, however, I sensed a glaring inconsistency which I could not resolve. I recalled reading a cover story in Time magazine entitled "The Homosexual in America," the gist of which was not at all unlike the students' argument given in support of the blacks, i. e., the unjust discrimination against a minority which has no willful control over its development—sexual, in this case,

rather than social or economic. This theme apparently reflects the attitude of enlightened psychologists today. Again a liberal benevolence comes to the aid of a suffering minority against the rampant discrimination of an unfeeling and tyrannous majority.

The inconsistency in attitudes, nevertheless, toward two minorities, black and homosexual, of the "liberal" students in my class makes me question the fundamental sincerity of their espoused liberalism. If hypocrisy is not the cause, however, the inconsistency belies their limited depth of perception: when liberalism makes no personal demand upon the students, as allowing a "black" house on campus and increasing the black percentage of students, then the cause is just and good; but when liberalism demands a more personal open-mindedness of the individual—face it, all sexual matters are of a fundamentally personal nature—then they retract their liberal cant and return to a conservative outlook, with which, I profess, they are much more at home.

A second example of the conservative state of campus liberalism today is a Women's Liberation cartoon I saw some time ago. On the left half of the page was a conservatively dressed businessman, who was telling a friend the reasons he loves his wife: she is a good cook, a loving mother to his children, a stimulating conversationalist, an asset at business-oriented, social functions, and—last, but very apparently the most important—a good partner in bed. On the other half of the page was a hippie-like, liberated young man, also telling a friend why he loves his girl friend: she dresses like super-wow, croons good folk rock, has read McKuen, talks relevantly about Easy Rider, and is a fantastic lay. Again the reader has no question about the order of priority of those reasons.

What Women's Lib (and probably Gay Lib if one were to read their literature) is saying is the Eastern liberal establishment is a fraud, with considerable justification I think. Although George Wallace is unquestionably despicable, at least he doesn't commit the crime of hypocrisy in making public his viewpoints—if he hates blacks, he says so without equivocation. Many of today's most vehement liberals, I would argue, are not very different from Wallace when called upon for enlightenment in a manner that demands their personal involvement.

LEGIONAIRES REACT TO NIXON

by David Rosenblutt

The pool table, the juke box, and the bar in the American Legion headquarters on Spring Street remind one of any tavern. It's the pictures of Legion members on the wall that lend its martial atmosphere.

My purpose in going down was to see how the members reacted to the President's statement on Vietnam. Of the eight men there only one would speak to me, and unfortunately he didn't want to comment on Nixon. "I'm a Kennedy man," he said. "John Kennedy. Not Ted, John." Then he called Mr. Fillmore Baker, whom he described as "our spokesman," and sat down to watch the speech.

Mr. Baker came in a few minutes after Nixon had finished. He was a powerful looking man, and he sported a moustache and short, but noticeable side burns. After we were introduced, I declined his offer of a drink and we sat down to talk.

"One word sums it up; rhetoric! We've heard it all before," he said. He then took out a few sheets of paper that contained his reactions to Nixon's address. He proceeded with some historical background to the conflict and then predicted that Nixon's actions would lead

to a coalition government, with the Communists securing eventual control. "We've got to oppose world communism," he stated. "The socialist form of government is probably better for people who aren't ready for democracy, as we know it, but we can't let Russia or China take them over. Do you remember Munich in 1938? There are wars because we didn't act in time."

When I enquired about student demonstrations he told me, "The student movement is stagnant. This speech tonight won't cause new demonstrations. But, you know, we live in a world of complacency. These students haven't been bad; they've had an enlightening effect. They've made us think, even though we get pissed-off at them." Then we discussed the media. "They go after sensationalism," he said, "not the facts. Because of the mass news media the public is so confused it doesn't know what to believe."

As we shook hands, the fellow next to Mr. Baker said, "The Legion supports the President, whoever he is." Fill Baker, World War II veteran with a son in Vietnam, tapped me on the chest and said, "One word: RHETORIC."

Welcome Back

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ADMISSION (continued)

opinion on this touchy subject. There was likewise little outcry against athletic recruiting. With a few exceptions nobody seemed to have noticed any particularly blatant "non-student athletes" in the freshman group, and among the athletic freshmen different stories were reported. A hockey player from Boston said he received an invitation to Williams Night at a local country club after his coach had written him a letter of recommendation to the coaches here, but another hockey player whose coach had done likewise said he had received no special attention at all. What recruiting there is, then, does not appear to be part of a concerted effort by the whole athletic department.

All things considered, "They must have some system, though they keep it to themselves," as one Freshman phrased it.

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Volume One, Number Twelve

Thursday, October 15, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts



Williams College, ca. 1812, seen from the south. Far left: Congregational meeting house; middle left, first large building; West College. The cluster of buildings to the right includes South College, the Observatory, East College, and Griffin Hall.

CLUBHOUSE ATMOSPHERE PORTRAYED

By Ken Kessel

Outsiders have traditionally not been permitted to attend pre- and post-game meetings of the Williams football team. In order to give non-football players an idea of locker room atmosphere, THE ADVOCATE obtained Coach Catuzzi's permission to send a reporter to the meetings before and after the Middlebury game. This particular reporter is also in the band so he was dressed appropriately for the occasion, which provoked several incisive questions from the football managers.

"You in the band?"

"Yeah. I'm also from THE ADVOCATE."

"Oh, good. Middlebury's been known to do some things."

I entered Cole field house and took out my notebook, which was made from a Cheerio's box and some cut-up typewriter paper. The room set aside for rest and relaxation is on the top floor of the building. There were no lights on and the few players who were taking advantage of the beds were quietly talking. The conversation centered around football in general and about the upcoming game.

"Do we have the meetings yet?"

"Don't worry."

"I'm getting psyched for the meetings."

"You want to knock some people over?"

"Knock some people over?"

"I hate to think of hurting anyone."

The player in the middle of the five, who was lying on his back and banging his fists on the bed now offered a comment.

"Gonna kill some motherfuckers!"

"Oh Christ! Don't you know that 'Thou shalt not kill' is one of the commandments?"

"Not for football it isn't."

Some conversation from the locker room now drifted upstairs.

"Time for first movies; let's go!"

"First movies? What's the second feature?"

On the advice of Coach Catuzzi, I decided to watch the offensive team movies upstairs instead of the defensive movies below. The screen was about two feet square, and it was taped to a blackboard with some plays drawn on it. There was one player playing coach in front of the board. The players who were seated were requesting information.

"Hey, show us the famous o-ax-o-play!"

As soon as Coach Catuzzi and Coach Dailey entered the room, there was absolute silence. The players gave all their attention to the coaches. Coach Catuzzi told Coach Dailey to start the projector as he commented to the team.

the team.

"Watch your spots now. This'll be the last chance you get to look at them."

The silence continued, punctuated occasionally with questions from Catuzzi.

"Defense Tommy?"

"Forty-four."

"Their defensive tackle is not that quick. Just take it to them. No poor center. No poor handoffs and no fumbles."

Meanwhile the film was being run backwards and forwards as the players stared at it with deep concentration.

"Defense Tommy?"

"Forty-one."

Silence.

"Defense Curry?"

"Forty-four."

"Now they're kicking off. Let's call it - I got it, I got it, you take it, you take it. We don't want anybody bumping into each other... That and sixteen and seventeen, got it, will be their opening sequence. We need great pass protection. Most of the time, they'll have a four man rush. They'll mix their stunts sporadically, but you've got to stay with those four people. Defense, Tom?"

"Sixty-two."

"Again."

"Forty-three."

"Again."

"Forty-four."

"Forty-four!"

The film continued. A player broke through for a touchdown, evoking a respectful "Ah!" from the team and the comment, "As you can see, they take advantage of their opponents. They're not a great football team; they're not a bad football team," from Catuzzi.

When the film was over, the coach moved to the board and went over various offensive responses to certain defenses. Catuzzi would name a defense, and the team would respond as a unit.

"Forty-six and forty-seven?"

"Burst it!"

"Twenty-six and twenty-seven?"

"Step it!"

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AN ADVOCATE PROFILE

By J.R.M. Fraser Darling

When I entered the room, William Henry was standing by the window. In his hands lay a bottle of Chateau Pichon-Longueville, which he was holding to the light.



Henry in tartan of clan.

"1950," he said. "A year very much underrated by the semi-educated and the very rich. Oh, do come in. The Longueville of this year contains all the elements of the great crus of the

MARK HOPKINS AND THE TREES

By Mark Livingston

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH PROF. FREDERICK RUDOLPH, AND FROM HIS BOOK, MARK HOPKINS AND THE LOG

"It struck me as a spot in which the Last Judgment might be held," says Scotsman James McCosh in the late 1800's: a vision of Williamstown which seems justly apocalyptic now in the Aquarian Age. At Williams College, till recently the great vision has likely been more mental and less natural than McCosh's. Now environmental desperation may be changing it back again — to the same self-consciousness of being lodged in the bosom of nature that transcendentalism gave to Williams in its early years. It matters where Williams is.

Over the past thirty years Fred Rudolph's historian's eye hasn't noticed any considerable change in the Williams student's attitude toward where he is and what lies round him. But he feels that a natural selection takes place right at the level of application for admission; that anyone who comes to Williams does so as a "psychological commitment to Arcadia." When Williams first really got working, that "commitment" was outspoken, Freud-free, and fervent.

"Let them saw their own wood," pontifical Mark Hopkins exhorts at his inauguration as college President (1836). "Let botany and mineralogy lead them over the hills." And in fact Williamsmen did chop and saw and comb the hills in search of rock samples and ferns. Ephraim Williams had plunked down his

'free school' in what was to be the heart-land of American transcendentalism. The transcendentalists' natural ethic and their zealous natural 'mysticism' penetrated through to the core of the institution that grew up in their midst. Alma Mater became, specifically, Alma Natura; and, knowledge being of the senses, nature was First Professor. "It would be no small advantage if every college were thus located at the base of a mountain, as good at least as one well-endowed professorship," says Henry Thoreau, passing through Williamstown in 1839.

A year earlier, on the occasion of the college observatory's dedication Albert Hopkins says, "Nature is to be studied rather than books."

Williams steeped this idealism for half a century. Under men like Amos Eaton and Chester Dewey, in classrooms and in special lectures supported independently by students and faculty, Williams achieved a national eminence in natural history and the natural sciences. In 1855, the Lyceum of Natural History, which students had founded twenty years before, raised money enough to publish its researches and build Jackson Hall, the first student-built college facility.

Moved by the same spirit, Albert Hopkins created a student Horticultural and Landscape Gardening Association in 1835. The group planted those avenues of elm trees and maples whose remnants still preside over the campus. Later, students

Please turn to page 2



In Huddle

H.W. HENRY: Portrait of a Conservative

preceding year, yet moderated and presented with discretion."

"I very much enjoyed your wine-tasting course for the Free University." I replied. "Under your influence I have matured my palate during the summer."

"No doubt you had a fulfilling vacation. Perhaps you should ask if you can continue your studies for the Winter Study program. Cognac?"

"Sherry."

"Dry, sweet, or medium dry?"

"Very dry."

"Ah well, there goes my last drop of Tio Pepe. Thus flow our lives like wine from the bottle. The joy of youth leads to the dregs of old age, with only the memories of past glories to console it; but do go on with your interview. Ask me your questions of burning relevance—my views on race, drugs, Vietnam, hippies?"

"Why do you play the bagpipes?"

"I see you wish to frame me as an eccentric. I am a romantic, and I cannot resist the bait. It is an expression of my Celtic spirit. The Indian mutiny was crushed to the sound of the pipes. In the strange cry of the pipes one is reminded of the wild, melancholy freedom of the age of Heroes. Once more Linus puts hand to lyre, again one hears the dance of Maenad feet at the court of Pan."

"Sounds delicious, but would you not say that you were developing symptoms of the high-school drop-out syndrome?"

"Oh God, how banal! I suppose you would say the same about my hobbies—paleontology and paleography."

"Is it the stem 'paleo-', and all it implies, which fascinates you, then?"

"I could not bear the present if it was more real to me than the past."

"In that case, if I were to ask you the proverbial question, 'In what age of history would you like to have lived?' would you answer, 'the Paleolithic?'"

"No. I would want to be civilized since civilization necessitates a social and plutocratic hierarchy."

"And where would you be in the hierarchy?"

"At the top, naturally." Henry paused to refill his pipe and to hunt for the vermilion. His eyes became glazed, his expression wistful. His trance allowed him to see the past with an uncanny accuracy as that with which the Sybil at Cumae had seen the future.

"Fifth-century Athens was divided into five classes," he began, "the fifth of which was known as the proletariat. This was because the poorest people could only offer the state their 'proles' or children."

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MR. MCGOVERN (continued)

At the cinema: JAMIE JAMES

preventing the improvement of these social benefits by starving them of funds while financing an A.B.M. system and funding an S.S.T. He assumed that the idiocy of building an A.B.M. system or an S.S.T. was self-evident, but this is not enough -- he should have explained why such projects are wrong. Probably he did not know, since he himself admitted that Senate committees were very lacking in professional expertise on involved problems of defense or international economics. Third in his list of priorities was his "restructuring of society." This phrase has hideous import, yet he refused to elaborate. One has visions of Mao's 'cultural' revolution. Instead of coming out firmly against drugs, which is ideal, he began by saying it was 'escapist,' an ambiguous word which brought a noise like the mooing of cows from the students. On hearing this, he slithered into a propitiatory position, saying that drug users were escaping from a crumbling and decadent society. In response to a question about the draft, McGovern at last made an honest statement -- that if the draft could not be abolished then all deferments should be. Perhaps such a statement would sum up McGovern -- he cannot separate justice from stupidity, implying that it is preferable to act against the general welfare of the state than to be unfair. Such warped idealism could be expected from campus simpletons, but one shudders at such irresponsibility emanating from the corridors of power.

THE ADVOCATE welcomes all views opposing those presented by Mr. Fraser Darling in this article.

First of all, go see "Woodstock" -- we shall not have a gassier flick for many moons. To miss a movie with the Who, Sly, and Hendrix is about as cool as attending a Grand Funk Railroad concert without your paisley pink shades. But don't take it too seriously, for the makers of the film tend towards a rather glossy political philosophy, which I suspect is primarily aimed at selling bundles of soundtrack albums. For Woodstock was not your ordinary rock festival. It became a symbol of all that is young and beautiful while it was still in process. Everyone from Margaret Mead to Life Magazine, Rolling Stone to Max Lerner, has declared Woodstock to be the cultural event of the century (or something like that.) Joni Mitchell transformed it into the Garden of Eden. The movie takes this rather ponderous legacy completely to heart, which occasionally lends it the tone of a Biblical epic. Undoubtedly, the reason the movie fails to distinguish between the myth of Woodstock and what happened at the festival is that the movie became a part of the myth when it was filmed. The final product very often seems to be an excessively nostalgic recollection. Besides, how much easier it is to balance a \$2 million debt with the Golden Age myth of the counterculture than a down-to-earth rock extravaganza.

"Woodstock" can be described as successful only in terms of one's own political bias and

How To Be A Hippie in One Easy Lesson: 'WOODSTOCK'

musical taste, simply because the movie tries to please everybody. Most people, even those who consider it the greatest work in cinema since "Monterrey Pop," admit that it is boring, too long, and that it says things that everyone's been saying for about five years. It fell far below my expectations musically -- again, because I did not like most of the performers. Need I say that the Who were incredible, Sly and the Family Stone spell-binding, Hendrix magnificent? Cocker hit his high water mark. But what is there after that? Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young were as lousy as you would expect any group to be at their first concert. Ten Years After were predictably abominable, Santana predictably boring, and so on and so on and so on.

But the real importance of "Woodstock" cannot be deduced from the screening on Spring Street. The movie "Woodstock" takes place in the minds of pubescent teenyboppers in the cities who sneak in to pay starry-eyed homage to the Official Oracle of Hipness. The movie speaks to them with the slick simplicity of television. They yearn to be a part of that Cecil B. de Mille peoplescape, blending nicely into that homogeneous cast of thousands, smoking dope and grooving in their birthday suits and screwing, a real nature trip, just like the hippies, just like their brothers and sisters, just like everyone else who saw the movie.

To a certain extent, "Woodstock" was predestined to glorify the Time Magazine mores of hippiedom. But it is a crippling limitation on a flick when its genuine audience is the little people who buy all the records, all those hearts that start palpitating when the camera focuses on that first Newsweek-cover joint or bare hippiechik boob, enthralled by the charisma of the forbidden, yet concealing it all with a knowing "Far out, man." And if the big guys won't let him turn on with them yet, he can shell out twelve bucks for the album and decorate his room in dayglo Easy Rider.

REFLECTIONS (continued)

Whatta we got? What? WHAT? called the cheerleaders.

Williams lost ground on the first play. Watching it, we found ourselves standing beside an elderly gentleman in a plaid sportscoat and matching hat; his white socks curled below his ankles, and he chomped disgustedly on a cigar. "There he goes," he muttered to a companion as the Rochester quarterback aimed a pass downfield for a completion. "Looka that. Come on, Ephs. Get in there."

Pooshemback, pooshemback, way-y-y back. . .

"What the hell is wrong with our coach? Go get 'em. Ah, looka that. Come on, youse backs, go get 'em. Ah, looka that."

"Draw play, watch it. There it is. Looka that." A substitute came into the game. "There goes a good back -- he'll stop 'em. Come on, Pete. Ah."

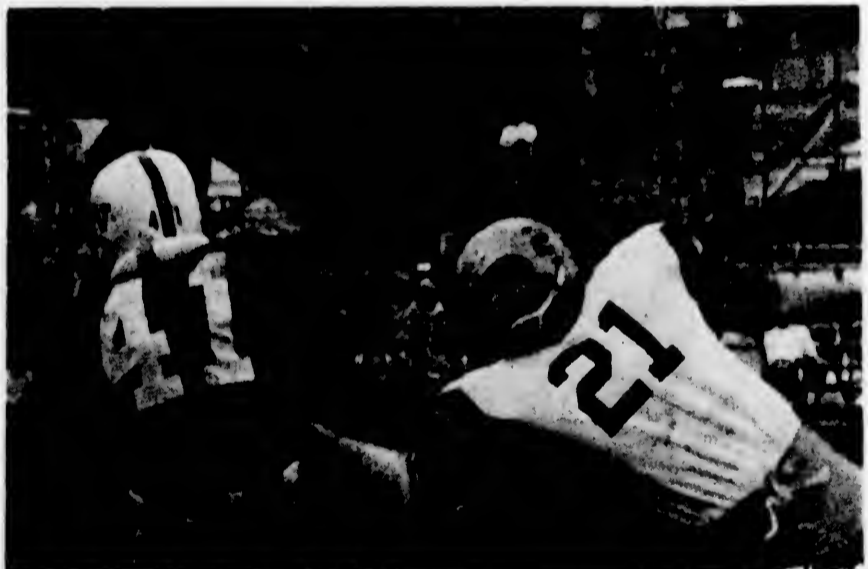
"Christ. They're goin' right over for a touchdown. There it goes. Ah."

Extra point. The teams lined up.

Pooshemback. . .

"Come on, block that kick. Christ."

7-0 Rochester. The final score was 35-22, and the Ephs were still without a victory.



THE BIRTH OF DEATH

She said,

when it's finally over look out upon
the mutilated landscapes of a
dying God;

a wind--the grating gasp gallops down
pine-ribbed gullets and reverberates
REVERBERATES

rattles and reverberates against a rain-sky
blankly varnished with sharp
black
shellac:

horses still, their riders dead,
are head-bowed, the only worshippers
of...

twisted light and torn sounds.
The only sight's unsounded horror--
emptiness perceived for the first time...

You exaggerate; we'll find new lovers,
I almost said.

by Mark Siegel

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REFLECTIONS

WATER FIGHT

Freshman water-fights are occasionally responsible for non-combatant casualties. One Junior we know, believing that a few weeks at Williams would have introduced some maturity into the class of 1974, made the mistake of paying a visit to Sage Hall when it was locked in battle with those Northern barbarians, the "Williams Wipes". Having completed his call he had just left the entry when he was suddenly bombarded with pieces of ice from above. Instinctively he opened his umbrella to protect himself from this unseasonable bad weather. This presumption evidently brought forth the wrath of the deities aloft, since voices were heard, crying, "Burn it! Burn his umbrella!" The Junior could not understand the animosity displayed to his umbrella. Perhaps it was considered an odious relic of Victorian imperialism, or an emblem of parasol paternalism. These reflections were interrupted by the approach of a gentleman carrying a bucket of water. "Good evening," said the Junior. The gentleman replied by emptying the bucket over him. The Junior, being of the meditative sort, wondered whether this action was an insult to his person or a compliment to his umbrella. Having decided that the former supposition tended more towards the truth, he transformed his prejudices into action. His umbrella leapt to its master's defence. The gentleman with the bucket received, therefore, the anxious solicitations of the umbrella handle upon his cranial cavity. "Police brutality! Police brutality!" cried the gentleman, and he leapt away into the night.

OPERA

All week we had noticed placards announcing "An Evening of One Man Theater, Gerhard Lensenn presents 'Der Mond' by Carl Orff." Last Wednesday evening at eight we went to check it out. We sat at the back of the room so that we might view the entire group which assembled at the Weston Language Center to hear Herr Lensenn. There were only about five students among the approximately twenty-five people who came. One was an electron-microscopist from Bronfman; another reminded us of the great Penn State linebacker, Mike Reid, who was also a concert pianist. (Those who follow Heywood Hale Broun have this fact indelibly imprinted in their minds.)

Hasty research on our part had revealed that 'Der Mond' was written by Carl Orff in 1938 and revised in 1941. Based on a Grimm fairy tale, it employs a

tenor narrator and several other actors. Only three scenes are acted out; the remainder of the plot is filled in by the narrator. It seemed to be one of Orff's least absorbing works.

But thanks to a fortuitous change in the program, the actual performance, judged on the basis of solo virtuosity, was strongly reminiscent of Hal Holbrook's "An Evening with Mark Twain." Herr Lensenn had planned to perform another work Wednesday, consequently he had not brought the score of 'Der Mond.' When he was asked not to perform what he had intended because of obscure copyrights, he decided on 'Die Kluge,' another work by Orff. 'Die Kluge,' written in 1943, proved to be far more interesting to the audience than 'Der Mond' would have been. Aside from that, it contained several allusions to tyranny and terror which were considerably daring for a work written during the high tide of Nazism in Germany. It also gave Lensenn a chance to exhibit his talents to better advantage.

When introduced, Herr Lensenn, attired in a jet-black outfit and white turtleneck, seemed to appear from nowhere and took his place at the piano. The mere effect of his appearance, which we are convinced he must have studied carefully, was overpowering. The lights were dimmed; the only light emanated from the reading lamp on the piano, accentuating Lensenn's prominent nose, piercing eyes, and white hair. He spread his arms, and, his shadow cast on the map of Paris behind his back, intoned 'Die Kluge -- The King and the Clever Girl.' What followed was entirely in German with the exception of a few stage directions in English. Yet even we, with no knowledge whatsoever of the language, could follow the story, so complete and informative were Lensenn's gestures and facial expressions. His handling of the quartet scene exhibited the mastery of the work which only a student of its composer could have attained. (Lensenn did in fact study under Orff for several years.) He was also, of course, obliged to do the women's parts, and did so with realism. He admitted afterward that he had expected some laughter as a result of this, but the reaction of the audience was something more akin to awe. At the conclusion of the performance, he was summoned back to the platform several times by applause.

Our admiration increased during the conversation we had with him while he packed up his props (these consisted of a collapsible piano stool, reading lamp, and a mount for the lamp). While struggling to assist him with this ponderous load, we learned that he was conductor of the Dresden opera for several years. In 1962, he fled East Germany with his family. "I

couldn't have stood it without the freedom." Since then he has traveled to almost every country with the exception of Australia and Japan, both of which he'll visit in the current tour. He is engaged for twelve performances in the next sixty days. Every time he unpacks that bag, whether to conduct his own travelling troupe of forty people or to perform alone, the audience can be assured of an entertaining and instructive experience, particularly if they are connoisseurs of contemporary German music.

REVIEW

Forty tired freshmen slouched in AMT chairs listlessly watching an affected-accent Tarzan in bell jeans philosophize through Act I. Occasional laughter from those distracted from Sunday evening calculus or Competitive Supply. Comments from the back rows: "Cheetah, your cue...Rafe? It's 'jackass,' not 'asshole'...Ronald! On stage, Ronald?" Authoritative, knowledgeable, put-it-together people. "Again, cut. Let's get this thing going! We open on Friday. Let's see if we can pull this through...Everyone, stop. Look where you are--you're not even in the jungle...Remember, you don't break up onstage at lines you've heard 3000 times before." Clay, one of the directors, blows

smoke rings as PJ, the other one, talks. "Let's see some movement. Okay. Set up Reek's."

"Reek's Reek's! Set up Reek's!" Activity. Chairs appear. People pour into the empty stage.

"For us it sometimes gets pretty boring, going over and over this farce-type stuff...but given a house full of parents excited at seeing their kids on the stage it promises to be pretty good." This from Matzafarfle, alias Frank Katz, getting away for a moment from Plato's Allegory of the Cave.

Clay is speaking. "Boy this scene is horrible. Can't we put a little action into it so we don't just see you sitting there in this supposedly exciting night club picking your noses, totally dead, even to the stripper...and why not learn your lines, even?" Laughter at a blown line. Tarzan and the Announcer make jokes. "Cast in the house--quick! It's getting late and it's not our fault, it's your fault... PLEEEASE learn your lines!" Histrionics evidencing many years of acting practice. The cast wakes up a bit. "From now on, when there's mass confusion on the stage and you see a little guy running around, jumping up and down on the platform, and mouthing things like 'cut' and 'stop,' please calm down."

"I think we have a good show..."

TREES (continued)

would have their say in the design of Lasell gymnasium.

But as the nineteenth century got older and feebler, so did Romantic naturalism. Emerson himself, late in the heyday of transcendentalism, remarks of Williams (in 1865), "For the mountains, I don't quite like the proximity of a college and its noisy students." Thoreau had spoken before of students from Williams who "went by in parties...either riding or walking, almost every pleasant day, and were a pretty wild set of fellows." The college became more withdrawn from and obtrusive in its "mountain land," and to the collegiates nature became the symbol of Arcadia rather than its experience.

Williams showed little environmental self-consciousness throughout the first half of the twentieth century, when the eclipse of nature by culture was everywhere at its fullest -- with the depressing results we now must face. Williamstown was pretty much the albatross around Williams's neck.

Environmental carelessness showed up in the slapstick development of the campus. Williams's vague consciousness of its natural setting seemingly dolled its awareness of the physical plant of the college as a space integral to that setting. Buildings -- East and West Colleges, Griffin Hall, the observatory -- were shuffled around almost as if by whim in the general disorder.

Some moulding of the campus-town space occurred fortuitously. Cyrus Field, a wealthy Berkshire man with notions, gave the township a large sum of money to remove all the white picket fences around

the lawns on Main Street, opening the fair broad swath that we now have. The Dutch elm blight felled many of the Horticultural Society's elms, which had been planted so thick that they obscured several prospects of the surrounding hills from campus. But aside from spurts of an offhand symmetry, Williams continued to grow disjunctly, by bits and pieces. Route 2, increasingly trafficked, began to divide the campus in half.

A more civilized notion of Arcadia spawned the incongruous Doric Provincial of Adams Theatre and the faculty club. More lately (on what used to be tennis courts), the insulting pile of Baxter Hall provides perhaps the single best example of neglecting sheer living as a criterion in shaping one's immediate environment. The Clark Institute's Reactor-Mausoleum style reflects the same violently inorganic concept of architecture.

But the construction of the Greylock dormitories and the Bronfman Science Center, the campaign to preserve the elms, the efforts at landscaping, the hiring of a campus planner, all indicate an increasing responsiveness to the problem of coalescing the man-made and natural environments. As ecology becomes by necessity a popular science, it assumes and expands the role that the transcendental vision played before in shaping Williams' idea of itself. What differs today is the students' place. Williams, 1970, is compositionally an age away from the rural college of Mark and Albert Hopkins. Whatever "psychological commitment" we make in leaving an urban society for Williams, for many of us the commitment remains very much tacit, if not altogether subconscious, throughout our stay here.

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"John B. Yeats at Petipas"

by George Luks

HENRY (continued)

Nowadays they have even lost that dignity, since family allowances have turned them into parasites."

"Surely you are not advocating the abolition of welfare? Senator McGovern would have you shot."

"No, no. Athens had its own welfare system. Slavery was a perfectly respectable profession for the destitute, and when pressed with over-population Athens founded colonies."

"So you are an imperialist, as well?"

"Do not attempt to drag me into the present day. Being a classicist, I am classical. I know nothing of today's politics. I could give you an emotional defense of the Thirty Tyrants, however, and some excellent reasons why Clion should have been dis-embowelled and his head spitted above the Propylaeum. Current politicians are peasants, and there is no more to say."

"You are definitely, if I might use Erikson's phrase, experiencing the epileptoid paroxysm of ego-loss, the rage of denial of the identity."

"I think I'll need to open a bottle of vintage champagne to help swallow that one down. Peiper-Heidsieck '64'?"

My face went blank. I was such a prole myself that I did not know what he meant.

"Taittinger '62, then? Or perhaps Dom Perignon '61? That's the one James Bond used for luring his passing fancies into the purple net."

My face wrinkled into an expression of remembrance mixed with avarice.

"Cordon Rouge '55", I stammered.

"It would be too old. Flat probably. Moet et Chandon '59 will do. No - I'm not like a drugged college kid escaping from a world he has had the presumption to decide is not good enough for him. I have never entered the modern world. My mother taught me Latin genders as I sat upon her knee. My vision is constant - seated on Hymettos, upon a bank of thyme, one gazes at a Doric temple on its acropolis, like a flower upon its stem, limited only by its own perfection. Fragile, with the first gust of barbarism its petals scattered across Europe; it is only the pollen of Hellenic ideas that has sustained civilization since. That gust has turned to a gale now, it is my duty to reap without ceasing, before the final harvest of Hellas is beaten into the ground."

I was certainly out of my depth. I groped for the conventional.

"I am sorry, but I must be serious about my interview. You must not insist on gassing on about those fusty Greeks. Our readers want your views on the issues that really matter, issues which vitally affect their search for identity in the poly-technical ogre of today's megalopolitan oecumene. For example, what do you think about drugs?" I sank back, panting with the effort. At last I had managed to ask a really cogent, relevant, responsible question.

"The proles, the canaille pretend to treat sensual pleasure as a form of mysticism. Trespassing into the unknown. The pleasure of the gentleman is socially responsible, however. His pleasure administers to the soul, using the mental tradition of the West to help him analyze his joy. The ever-receding realms of flavour, wreathed in aroma, of Chateau Latour in a great year is but the sensual hint of a spiritual certainty. Philosophers have become hopelessly entangled in their efforts to discover and define a transcendental unity, but one whiff of Chateau Margaux, let us say Margaux '21-no, that was too grand, too certain. We need something pre-phyloxera."

"1877." I blurted out, remembering my girlfriend's telephone number.

"No, '88 was a subtler year for Margaux. One whiff of Chateau Margaux 1888 should be the final revelation. Then one does not need words to squabble over-just a Mouton-Cadet for comparison, as

Art Review: GARY STRASSER

American Watercolors at College Museum

Every show of paintings, drawings, or sculpture has one or two "bombs:" single works in the group which catch the viewer's eye the moment he enters the exhibit, and which dominate his impression of the entire show long after he leaves. The colorful, slightly raucous "Landscape in California" by William Thon is such a work, as is the mildly erotic "Sketch for Ariadne" by John Vanderlyn. These and other greater and lesser works by American artists constitute the IBM Touring Exhibition now installed in the Williams College Museum of Art (Lawrence Hall). The general quality of the whole show is pretty well determined by these and a few other eye-catchers. A second look, however, and a bit of patience, will help in discerning some quite excellent work.

John Singer Sargent and George Inness are represented side-by-side, each with a fine but small water-color landscape. My favorite was the Sargent. The atmospheric and transparent qualities of this work seemed somehow more agreeable in this stagnant fall weather than the slightly muggy evening scene depicted in the Inness. It has a purity and freshness which stands out from the more turgid effects of the work around it. A personal preference. Both are fine and the

Inness is a good lesson in the composition of a landscape out of simple elements.

The Williams Museum has in its own collection of works by several of the artists represented in this show and it is a tribute to the quality of the Museum that its own examples compare favorably to those in the IBM exhibit. If you look at the small flower-piece by Charles Demuth and then run downstairs for a quick look at the two flower water-colors owned by the College, you might even decide that the best of this aspect of Demuth's work is not with IBM but at Williams College. John Marin, Maurice Prendergast and Winslow Homer are other represented artists whose works can be viewed in the Williams Collection. The Prendergast watercolor in this show is quite good; his peculiar "sketchy" watercolor style, in which he draws with his brush, comes off better here than in the example owned by the College.

Among the other fine pieces displayed by IBM is a city-scape by Charles Burchfield, the steely and gutty color of which is unlike his more fanciful country works. There is an absorbing mill-scene watercolor by Childe Hassam and an admirable charcoal and chalk drawing of two walking women by Winslow Homer. (Did age give the paper that marvelous

brown-ochre tint?). George Luks, one of the early heroes of twentieth century American painting, is represented by a powerful watercolor entitled "John Butler Yeats at Petipas". His opaque but deft handling of a somewhat bruised purple-brown watercolor palette is worth seeing.

The low-point of this whole thing is, well, pretty low. E. Shinn's "Bar at McSorley's" would be better hung somewhere back at McSorley's. Many artists in the room have handled the watercolor medium with much more finesse and most have avoided the pitfall of mere literary illustration. Alexander Robertson's "Hudson River" is interesting merely because it is old (1791). The catalog for the exhibit nicely explains the historical significance of this little ink drawing. If you want the Hudson River and the famous "school" associated with it, don't expect to find it here.

Leaving the display I asked myself: Where is David Smith? How about Gorky? This is a limited show, but I wonder if the gentlemen at IBM wouldn't agree that they would have had a better and more representative touring exhibit had they spent a little of the Big-Business money on drawings from a very different area of American Art, namely the "Modern Movement"?

Heaven needs an Earth to reflect its glory."

Exasperated by Henry's refusal to show some passionate concern for current affairs and for the role of the young person in today's hectic society, I asked a question that I was sure would transmogrify him into an involved entity in today's mega-machine of higher education.

"What do you think should be done to help student rebels fit into America's campuses? I mean, these kids are really mixed-up. We've got to show them that scholarship's the really "in" thing. Like a new kind of drug, you know. Then they'll really get hooked on, if you talk to them in their language."

"Ah, Grecian urn, where art thou?" he sighed; "Campus radicals? Well Tacitus was always concise, so I shall echo his words: 'fortioribus remediis agendum: nihil in vulgo modicum; terrere mi paveant; ubi pertimuerint, impune contemni: dum superstilio urgeat, adiciendos ex duce metus sublati seditiosis aucteribus'."

"Why can't you come to the point? Do you have to play games when such important issues are being discussed?" My noble policy of contemporary involvement had failed. There was nothing left but to talk about the trivial. I was appalled, for my resolution since the freshman water-fights had always been to maintain the gravity of a philosopher. I made one more effort to be relevant.

"What is liberalism?"

"Liberalism stems from the self-infatuation of the mediocre."

"No, I mean as a psychological phenomenon among the youth of today."

"Liberalism is but the most recent formulation of the collective unconscious." I was sure I had heard that somewhere before.

"What is conservatism?"

"The general ignorance makes that a necessary question. I cannot give you the answer neat as pre-packaged frozen garden peas. Conservatism is the philosophy of the gentleman. I mean 'gentle-man' as opposed to 'gentleman.' 'Gentleman' is a social category-in Elizabethan England the term would denote a man with a certain acreage of land. In the late Victorian era, the post-Pride and Prejudice years, but pre-Galsworthy, it would be anyone with an income of over five thousand pounds a year. 'Gentle-man', however, defines a man's morality in a social context. Essentially, the 'gentle-man' is the realization of the medieval idea of chivalry. The gentleman's superiority is therefore self-evident. He does not need to tell anyone he is the best. He recognizes that his learning, his taste in art, his knowledge of ethics, his intellectual grasp of culture is superior to that of ordinary people, but he regards this virtue only to be held in trust by him for the benefit of mankind. Despite the envy of the rabble, a gentleman should never be vindictive. To the aristocracy this is called 'noblesse oblige!'"

"Wouldn't you say Agnew was vindictive?"

"Don't haggle. I've been an imperialist hyena too long to be caught napping by liberal vultures like you."

In a truly contrite mood, I changed the subject to the frivolous in order to indicate that the interview was at an end. I had heard that William Henry collected antique china.

"Rockingham, actually. It has a certain utilitarian grace."

If he were given as a birthday present, membership to any club of his choice, which one would it be? "I would yearn for the pure classicism of the 'Athenaeum' (what bliss to sit at the feet of Arnold Toynbee), but pragmatism would dictate the Carlton since my friends might

procure me a peerage," he said blandly.

"Really?"

"No. Your question was hypothetical. Oh, I suppose I shall end up in the Racquet Club in St. Louis. There I shall spend my old age playing squash."

"Squash whom?", I said hoping he would corporally eject me. I wanted from him an implicit approbation of police brutality, but he merely replied:

"Sherry?"

"Cognac."

"V.S.?...V.S.P.?...V.S.O.?...V.S.O.P.?"

"V.V.S.O.P., please."

"Ah, my dear James, you had better remain a liberal or I shall have to go on welfare."

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Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Thirteen

Thursday, October 22, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

'THE BIG SCORE': Harold Ribbins Novel Serialized

Introduction to THE BIG SCORE

THE ADVOCATE takes great pleasure in presenting the pre-publication serialization of Harold Ribbins' newest novel, THE BIG SCORE. Each week, until completion, THE ADVOCATE will publish the novel in installments of approximately one thousand words. All back copies will be obtainable upon request to THE ADVOCATE.

THE BIG SCORE is scheduled to be published within one year by Mirapren Crippe, Inc., Boston, who retain exclusive rights. Reprint without permission is strictly prohibited.

THE BIG SCORE is Ribbins' seventh novel to appear in book form in the United States.

Installment One:

The brown dirt curve seemed to prophesy a spin-out, but Drax roared up to the soft center of the horseshoe bend without moving his hand toward the clutch, crouching imperceptibly lower on his Ferraro-Libido motorcycles. In a thunder of growling gravel the cycle wheels gyrated so that man and machine were, for an instant, nearly parallel to the ground. Drax felt the rear of the bike losing its grip on the road and heaved himself upright, bracing against the sudden swerve, waiting for the shock of impact with the pine trees that defined the road; but he felt only the caress of the wind and the slap of the high wet grasses as the bike held the crest of the road. Drax squeezed the throbbing 130 cc machine between his thighs and lurched left, veering sharply back into the center of the road as the curve came straight. He slowed to 40 miles per hour and let out a deep breath; his jaws, gritted in pleasure, relaxed as much as his handsome muscularity permitted, and he shook himself to loosen the sweat-sticky clothes from his body. He was soaked through, everywhere, and felt empty from the effort.

The road from Santa Cruz wound through the peak-studded sea coast on its way to the little cove which harbored Drax Dollpole's fifty-foot power launch. It was terrain which, when driven more than twice, would not have impressed an individual less sensitive than Drax; he took pleasure from the diamond-crested troughs of the sea and the greens and golds of the trail. Its soft tanned curves and gentle undulations were like a lover to him, particular sections of the road reminding him of the different women he had known. He was sliding through Monica's Bends now, just as he had with the flesh and blood female herself months ago. What flesh! What blood—Drax remembered the car accident vividly. The two of them had been tooling along route 7 in his Lotus, Monica working the gears of the car as he instructed her in the use of the machine he had just given her. (Drax had lost interest in the Lotus after it had failed him in the Grand Prix the season before.)

"Ease down the clutch and move her into third." They had reached a five mile stretch of open road, the Lotus cruising at 60 with its big engine rattling from restraint. Monica pushed the clutch to the floor, fondled the thick wooden stick shift of the transmission that separated the two bucket seats, then rammed the car into third. The Lotus lurched and picked up speed. Ninety miles an hour. Drax smiled in sensual satisfaction.

"Not bad, baby, but it's got to be a lot smoother. Now put her into fourth." Monica's right hand brushed his knee as she found the gear shift and pulled the throttle forward. Another lurch. One hundred and ten miles an hour.

"O.K., baby, this is it. Put her into overdrive. You'll have to pull hard here, this stick's a little stiff." Drax was breathing harder, the acceleration pushing him back into the seat, pressing against his chest and thighs. This was going to be—suddenly he saw the trailer, jack-knifed across the road a mile ahead. "Monica! Downshift!" he screeched and



Publisher's conception of jacket for the THE BIG SCORE

turned in his seat. Monica grabbed for the stick and yanked backwards as hard as she could. Drax lurched toward her and let out a terrific scream. "Let go!" Then the crash...

The motor cycle swerved and Drax pulled back into the center of the road. Daydreaming had nearly cost him more than his life; a tall blonde smiled and dropped her thumb-out hand to her side as Drax pulled on to the soft grassy shoulder of the road. The girl was wearing a cloth midi dress that clung to her thighs in the light breeze and opened out from the waist in an expansive V which half revealed the soft white globes of flesh beneath.

"Hey man, where you going?" She smiled and the heavy bike nearly slipped out from underneath Drax.

"Down the road," he said. "Where're you going?"

"I'm going down too," she said and Drax squeezed the bike tighter between his legs—to make sure it didn't fall. "Hey, what kind of a machine is this anyway?" She caressed the gas tank directly beneath Drax.

"A hundred and thirty cc Libido," he croaked. "Hop on."

"One hundred and thirty cc? I don't think I've ever seen one that big before." She slid onto the seat behind Drax, pulling the midi dress up around her thighs to clear the back wheel, and squeezed up to him, legs wrapped around his buttocks. Drax couldn't swallow. She wasn't wearing underwear. He choked again, this time at the realization that he, Drax Dollpole, debaucher of debutantes, seducer of five of the world's Ten Best Dressed Women, should be so affected by a common tramp. So what if the warmth of her lithe body was seeping through his

sweat-soaked clothes, frying him in his own perspiration; so what if the nipples of her full-mooned breasts were drilling into his back; so what if her thighs were crushing his, her legs engulfing him, her hands jostling lower and lower on his waist as the bike gained speed...

Drax gritted his teeth and pushed the Libido harder.

"Really Miss Coyt, don't you think that it would be in the better interest of the company if you were to consult the Board of Directors on such important policy decisions as this?"

Daphne Coyt's violet eyes met the bespectacled gaze of the third vice-president of Coyt Enterprises. Her strong little chin was set defiantly and her firm young breasts directed themselves aggressively at her opponent. The twenty-odd members of the board of directors tensed visibly. "Mr. Third Vice-President Harrison, am I or am I not the sole owner of Coyt Enterprises?"

"Well, theoretically..."

"Theoretically bullshit, you little faggot! I give the orders around here, I run this goddam show, I'm the boss, and don't you forget it! There isn't a man here who can run me, especially not you, you sawed-off little runt!" Harrison's six-foot three-inch frame shrunk further down into his chair as Daphne rose, until she was standing astride the bar stool with which she had replaced the massive executive chair; mammaries bobbing in her low cut dress, she pounded the table with her tiny fist. All forty-odd executive eyes strained to gather in the full purport of her message, the dead silence broken only by the embarrassed gurgling of Harrison.

"Miss Coyt, I, really...I..."

Daphne tossed back the heavy locks of her red hair and straightened up. "The merger with Dollpole Industries will take place, because I say it will take place, and if you don't like it you can march your pasty-white ass out of here! I am going to merge, merge, merge!" She wheeled on her bare heels in the lush carpet and marched out of the room, the crisp rhythm of her pert rump punctuating the final decision.

Continued next issue

CHAPEL

We visited the Thompson Memorial Chapel the other day to examine it more closely than we had before. We walked past a stained-glass picture of a saint with the inscription "RIGHT MAKES MIGHT" at the bottom, and into the chapel proper, where we sat down in one of the pews. The chapel was very empty—not like a dorm room when you turn the lights out and close the door behind you, but empty the way cathedrals are when you can't feel God floating through the echoing openness of His House. Remembering from our summer-camp days that humming a particular hymn was supposed to send mysterious prickles down one's spine, we hymn-hummed as we counted the columns of Jr.'s and Ill's on the front wall, who died in Germany, Iwo Jima and Massachusetts in the 1940's. The side walls were lined with saints in bits of colored glass, posed with various robes, scepters, and swords. The windows were framed with pairs of pillars running down the length of the nave, each supporting a grey stone angel, intent in pious meditation. The brown of the intricately patterned wood ceiling matched the polished tops of the empty pews below. Huge carved-wood stalactites modified the contours of the hollow hall. What was there was a mood very much like the chapel itself—an emotional structure made of varied colors, materials and associations enclosing an unfilled space. A quiet, pleasant, but, empty mood—a chocolate bon-bon without the cherry cordial inside.

Two matronly ladies came in carrying flowers. They stopped in the middle and gazed around them at the still-empty

Please turn to page 2

REFLECTIONS

SCROOGE

We ate dinner one evening with several students engaged in a discussion, actually an exchange of resentful mutterings, concerning the policies of the recently-initiated Director of Dining Halls, Mr. David Woodruff. One of the plaintiffs, a plump red-cheeked Junior described a conversation he had overheard between an observant Sophomore and one of the snack bar-tenders.

"Hey, the scoops of ice cream are pretty small, aren't they?"

"They're the same size I give every Tom, Dick, and Henry."

"Yes, but I know I got more ice cream for 30 cents last year."

"Well, I'll tell ya. The new manager around here, he tells us to give tiny scoops this year. In fact, he wants us to give tiny everything. Look at those French fries. Remember last year? We gave you a plate-full. Well, this year you're paying the same and only getting a little cup-full of fries."

"That's horrible."

"Well, what can we do? Gotta make a living."

Another disgruntled diner related a story about a Senior named Bill who has been a chit-checker at Greylock for two years. Bill is pleasant and not overly aggressive, not the kind of fellow to accuse someone of lying. This fall, Bill was quietly told that if he allowed any chits with false names on them to pass by, he was going to be charged for the meals himself. And so now, Bill sits at the Greylock doors, extremely thorough in his scrutiny of each passing student. He would quit, we were told, but he needs the money.

Next a blond, mustachioed Senior from Garfield House, verbalized his ire about the Garfield refrigerator episode. "For years Garfield has had a refrigerator in which we store all the leftovers for late evening snacks. It usually contains a few English muffins, a couple of doughnuts, a loaf of bread, things like that—or it did until this year. A Dining Hall inspector has visited Garfield every day this fall checking on the leftovers. 'A few English muffins today? Well, we'll give Garfield a few less English muffins from now on. An extra box of doughnuts? That's one less box next Sunday.'"

As we got up to leave, the red-cheeked Junior mumbled something about a plan underway to stamp the rolls "Property of Williams College." Mr. Woodruff was unavailable for comment.

CLUBHOUSE (continued)

"What do you do on the post pattern, tight end?"
 "Fly!"
 "Thirty-three-one?"
 "Fold!"
 "Eighteen - nineteen?"
 "Zip it!"

Coach Catuzzi then gave a short speech. He spoke in a quiet voice, and he made slight gestures with his hands as he shifted from one foot to the other. "You've had a lot of preparation all week. You know how well we can control the football; I don't have to tell you that. They don't know if they can contain us; they've been saying that all week. 'The offensive meeting then broke up, so I went downstairs to the defensive meeting."

Both the defensive line and the defensive backs were being spoken to by their respective coaches in the same room. Since I sat in the middle, I compiled a mixture of the two.

(Line coach) "We've got to do the same thing. Sometimes it's rote, but football is a rote thing. Does everybody understand?"

(Back coach) "I can only say one thing. When I'm on the phone, I know when we have the upper hand. It's just like a game of chess or checkers. We're on the defense, but we've got the upper hand."

(Line) "We're better than their offense. We're better than their offense. We're better than their offense."

(Back coach, to me) "Who are you?" As he asked this, the whole defensive team turned around and stared at me with the same concentration with which they listened to the coach.

"Coach Catuzzi said that I could sit in on the meetings for THE ADVOCATE."

"I'd rather have you upstairs."

"Okay."

"Thank you."

Shortly after I left, the coach came upstairs and spoke to me. "Hi. Coach Fryzel's my name... I just kind of feel that there are some things personal..."

"Yeah, I understand. I just wanted to capture the mood."

"Well, I think the mood's pretty good."

I wandered around the locker room, trying to catch some usable conversation for the article. But I was struck by the pervasive silence. After about five minutes I went downstairs for the team meeting, where I was met by number 81.

"Who are you, a reporter, a spy?"
 "No, I'm from THE ADVOCATE. We're doing a story on the mood of the team before and after the game."

"That's a good idea."

I moved to the opposite corner, where I got into a conversation with one of the managers.

"Since he knows you're here, he'll tone it down today. Last week's was the best

ever. When he pulled that yellowjacket out of his pocket, I couldn't believe it... it was outtasight."

Again, the silence was deafening. There was some noise. Occasional whistling, sounds of cleats on the floor. Chewing gum sounds. People staring blankly, concentrating. Tapping of cleats on floor, nervously.

Coach Dailey seated himself next to me. "Well, have you captured the locker room atmosphere?"

"Yeah, it's not exactly what I expected, less talking."

More quiet. Foot tapping, picking up, dying down, picking up again in a cadence, as performed by numbers 84 and 87, who were sitting next to each other. Some talking in low voices.

Coach Catuzzi entered the room. He drew a football field on the board and wrote some numbers on four of the yard lines. "Defense - any questions? Offense - any questions? ... The pregame is the same. Everything is the same... If we get the choice, we'll take the football. There's very little wind. Put the black stuff on your eyes; the sun will be a crucial factor until about 3:00. The temperature is perfect. Everything is ready for us - it couldn't be better. Middlebury hasn't yet seen a team of Williams caliber. We can stop their running game; I don't know if we can stop their throwing game. Middlebury is a young, spirited team, and they're enthusiastic because they're 3-0. They're not confident." Catuzzi's voice rose a little. He gestured with his hands. "It's that little thing inside that makes you confident. If you're in the proper frame of mind, we can win. We're confident, but not overconfident. We're 0-2, and that's far from being 2-2. They've scored 70 points on us in two weeks. We're a time bomb on offense. The game is played from here up (he gestured with his hands from his shoulders to above his head). Get on the bus and let's go down to the field!"

In the halftime house before the game, the team was very psyched. They were shouting encouragement back and forth across the room.

"Allright let's go baby!"
 "We're number one!"
 "Get in the mood!"
 "Feel it, baby!"
 "Oh, baby!"
 "Let's go, baby!"
 "Pass those towels around, come on!"
 "They're right out of high school, come on!"

Coach Catuzzi entered. "We're not going to stay in here very long. There's no wind." He started pacing, rubbing his hands, staring. "Okay, have a seat; let's go," he said suddenly. There was a period of silence, and then he spoke again. "This could be our ball game. I've got all the faith in the world in you. If you're not ready, then I don't know my ball team." His voice became emotional, and it broke several times. Absolute silence. "I never wanted a ball game as much as this one. Don't lose your poise. I never wanted a game like this in the three years I've been here. They're right for plucking. Their balloon is ready to be popped. I've waited

all week for this game. All week, I've been hearing things about this team. ...I want your adrenalin to flow, and I want it to flow for sixty minutes. I've waited all week. I've been kept awake for seventy-two hours..."

Then he left the room to let the captain and the seniors speak. Rob Farnham got up. "I'm not going to say too much. I've waited all week like a lot of people. I'm a senior. I don't know what it means to you, but I've got pride. I've gotta have it. Any other senior want to say something?"
 Another player got up and spoke.



"Yeah, I want to say something. I want this fuckin' game. I haven't wanted a game like this since Columbia. I quit Monday, but an hour later, I came back, because I saw what I was doing. We better rip the fuckin' shit out of them. I want that game. We've been too nice the past two weeks. Well, you motherfuckers better not be so nice anymore!"

The coach came back in the room, and told the team to get going. The team was ushered out with a cry of, "Come on, motherfuckers, come on!"

After the game, I asked the coaches to let me ride back in the bus to get the story on the victory. The bus was pandemonium.

"You gonna interview us?"
 "Yeah, say something quotable."
 "F-troop! Second string got to play."
 "The saline was salty."
 "Pinky! Put Pinky in there!"
 The team sang "Yard by Yard."
 "Middlebury was undefeated."
 "How sweet!"

Hey, play something for us." (I obliged with a chorus of *Alouette*)
 "Hey, let the team through."
 "I'll direct traffic."

"The mountains, the mountains, we greet them with a song..."

The bus pulled out into the left lane of traffic to a chorus of cheers.

"Lookit this guy!"

"I don't believe it!"

In the locker room, Coach Catuzzi got up to speak. "I'm a little spent. I listened to a lot of shit all week, and I'll be god-

damned if I'm going to listen to it again. This was our best win in two ... three years. It's uphill from now on - uphill for the other teams. Blow yourselves up and have a good time. You beat a good team. They were number one in New England."

"So sweet!"
 "Root beer, root beer!!!"
 "We're champions!"
 "Nice going, thunder!"
 "It's because we didn't wear socks!"
 "You're nuts!"
 "How's Tommy Cesarz?"
 "You write on a 'Cheerios' box?"

LETTERS: McGovern

To the Editors,

In his comments on Senator McGovern's speech, Mr. Fraser Darling makes two points both of which seem to me to show the same narrowness of view. The first is that McGovern should not have put military withdrawal from South-East Asia at the top of his list of priorities; the second is that it is stupid to say that if the draft cannot be abolished then all deferments should be. If the world beyond our shores didn't matter, both of these views could perhaps be maintained, but the fact is that we are invading a country that has never done us any harm, we are killing its people and destroying its land and its civilization, and we are implementing this policy with barbarities outside the customs of war. When we have put an end to this action it will be time for us to worry about putting our own house in order, and in the meantime, as it drags on and on, I believe that the presence of a reasonable fraction of humanely educated men in the United States Army in Vietnam would have resulted in a more merciful treatment of the noncombatants. If this turns out not to be true, I will have wasted the last thirty years of my life.

Yours sincerely,

David Park
 Williamstown
 October 12, 1970

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Volume One, Number Fourteen

Thursday, October 29, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Inside The Jewish Defense League

by David Rosenblutt

Meir Kahane, the Orthodox Rabbi who heads the militant Jewish Defense League, will address the Williams College Jewish Association Sunday, November 1, at 1:00 P.M. The following article, written by a Williams Freshman who attended a JDL training camp last summer, attempts to explain the theory and practices of the controversial New York-based organization.

Why does a nice Jewish boy who led his high school walk-out in the aftermath of Cambodia-Kent State spend the last week of his summer learning karate and riflery at a camp run by the Jewish Defense League? After all, they acted like Panthers and spoke like Nazis—they were (oy vay!) Jewish vigilantes.

What I had heard about Jewish militants interested me so I visited the JDL headquarters on 440 West 42nd Street in early August. After wading through much debris, in an obviously disorganized office, I was able to speak to a few members about their organization. Not entirely clear on what they had to say, I returned a week or so later and was told to go to their summer camp, where I would find out precisely what JDL meant.

The JDL camp is located, appropriately enough, in the Catskills, not far from the Concord and other "Borscht Belt" chateaux. Once a bungalow colony, the bungalows were now bunks, the meeting hall a cafeteria, and the casino a classroom.

I arrived Sunday afternoon. After securing a bunk with most of the walls intact, (it seems the last occupants had practiced their karate indiscriminately) I wandered around to check the "facilities" and the girls. Stumbling upon the swimming pool, I noticed that in addition to having no water in it, the deep end was

cracked and scorched black; it turned out that the "campers" used the pool as a testing ground for "mazel tov" cocktails. The rifle range was a mound of dirt with tin cans mounted on top.

By evening all who were coming had arrived, about ten girls and thirty guys, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-five. This was not to resemble the regular camp: It was called "Bet Sefer" (school) and was designed to train JDL youth to "cope" with Arab supporters on campus and to articulate the JDL cause among Jewish students.

After a dinner of Kosher airline food—not chicken soup—we were addressed by Dov Sperling, a Jew who was recently allowed to leave the Soviet Union for Israel, and who was then on a speaking tour on behalf of Russian Jews. We were told that the JDL attacks on Aeroflot—the Russian airlines—and Amtorg, the Soviet trade mission, were reported in Pravda and Izvestia; this, he said, was the first time Soviet Jewry was aware that any American Jewish group was trying to help them. He urged us to increase our efforts on their behalf.

Monday morning, the routine began. Awakened at 7:15, we assembled for calisthenics, girls included. After a few push-ups and a mile run, we adjourned for morning services, where Rabbi Kahane conducted the prayers and the majority of the men attending put on phylacteries (small square leather boxes containing slips, part of the morning prayer).

Please turn to page 2



"Never Again" reads the caption on this JDL Photo

Profile: BROTHERHOOD OF THE SPIRIT

by Jamie James

"We're not just talking about an alternative society, we're living in one. 'Cause when the shit hits the fan — and believe me, brother, it will — you're really gonna need us." Julie, a dwarfish, comely girl with flowing, hiplength red hair, twisted her grimy hands and looked up at me intensely. "All I want to do is share my inner freedom with you. I want you to find the beauty within. You, everyone, are my ultimate concern." Her ingenuous face radiated an expression of genuine concern. Definitely not your average Forty-second Street hippie. What must strike any visitor to the Brotherhood of the Spirit, almost from his first encounter, is that utterly unaffected, I am inclined to say child-like, honesty and profound selflessness. As I talked to other members of this "alternative society" and strolled around its rubble-strewn grounds tucked into the hills north of Warwick, Massachusetts, I became more



Courtesy SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN

and more struck with the happiness of the people who lived there. After a few hours, I had no difficulty in discerning who was a member of the commune and who was a visitor, the former invariably smiling, the latter generally looking quite embarrassed.

The Brotherhood of the Spirit can best be described in political terms as a spiritualist, socialistic commune in the process of becoming a Utopia. In other words, they are as close to self-subsistent as a group of 150 can be. They grow most

of their own food (squash, turnips, potatoes, beets, corn, etc.) in the Brotherhood garden which covers most of the hill sloping down from the two frame houses, their homestead. Last year the commune picked apples for two weeks, raising the money for a year's supply of brown rice, the staple of the Brotherhood's diet, according to Julie. Division of labor is achieved according to levels of spiritual awareness. Those who are fully enlightened are allowed a great deal of freedom; others are directed to various tasks, or subtly channeled. No one is coerced into doing a task he does not want to do; apparently group unity is so intense that everyone delights in taking care of whatever is at hand. Nothing done for the Brotherhood is a chore, it is the fundament of communal life. The veterans envision a time when all the work will be done by everyone just doing what he wants to.

The Brotherhood transcends such an analytical, sociological description by virtue of the incredibly strong, almost fanatical, sentiment of group loyalty which permeates its every aspect. I rarely heard anyone describe the commune in the first person. It was always what "we" believe, what "we" aim towards. The source of this pervasive social unity is Michael Metelica, the commune's prophet-leader. Those who have ever seen a Brotherhood service will remember the slight visionary with Rapunzel-like blonde hair who reads auras. Michael is a true mystic. At various times a Hell's Angel and compulsive user of LSD, he has experienced several revelations of cosmic unity. Michael is truly a charismatic leader. Listening to him speak, one tends to discard rational objections to what he is saying, instinctively believing him. Michael decides what level of consciousness one occupies by reading one's aura. An aura is an elliptical field of color which hovers around everyone. Michael is one of the few people in the world who can see them, yet they yield a wealth of information about their possessors to him who can read them. The division of labor according to states of consciousness is made possible by this marvelous gift Michael has been endowed with. Apparently, the incidence of disagreements with Michael is very rare. The spiritual insights of the brothers and sisters seem

to be patterned after Michael's quite consistently.

Michael is the leader of the group in more mundane ways as well. As the founder of the Brotherhood of the Spirit, he has gained almost mythical status. His first winter with his disciples in a treehouse and subsequent leadership in the commune's growth is gospel. So it is Michael who makes all final policy decisions. All the material possessions of the commune are registered in his name. More importantly, he has almost assumed the position of a father-figure in the Brotherhood. Michael, who is accorded the privilege of semi-private living quarters, extends to ailing members the honor of sleeping in his compartment rather than the cramped, uncomfortable room shared by everyone else. He is Moses, Joseph Smith, Ken Kesey.

What sort of people forsake straight life for the primitive life of spiritual retreat under the leadership of this crudely compelling Messiah? It is all too easy to slip into sociological jargon: most of them are former drug users, most are from cities, the average age of the members of this commune is around twenty one years. But the most striking quality that these people all share is a need for security. They seem to be searching for a group identity, a return to family life. In the crush of the city, they found that they were being bought and sold by the hustlers, jostled on the trains, atomated, driven along in a herd of cold, anonymous faces. Those who were involved with drugs came to the conclusion that they were in a blind alley, an artificial escape which merely contributed to the process of their de-personalization. Someone as forceful as Michael, so inspired with a sense of mission, must appear doubly charming to anyone so disillusioned.

Surely most of us can sympathize with such a rat-race philosophy of life. Julie explained what it was that characterized everyone in the Brotherhood: "The very deepest thing in all of us is that we care for other people. All I want is to relate my essence to your essence. You're here to ask me questions so you can write your article, but I'm not listening to the words, man, 'cause it's all bullshit. I'm just trying to respond to you as a human being. But you're afraid to open up to me,

Please turn to page 4

MODERN DANCE AT WILLIAMS

by John Ramsbottom

When I entered the freshman gym, about twelve boys were intensely shooting baskets at one end of the court, as if trying desperately to savor what they thought to be their last moments of virility. In a minute, Joy Dewey confiscated the balls and called on the group to gather around her. There were about twenty people present for the first meeting of the new dance course; only one quarter were girls. Joy Dewey seemed the epitome of the modern female dancer. Her black hair encircled her face and mingled with her raven outfit, which was loose in the legs and ended in bells. She looked somehow Latin, and yet also very much as if she had worked with some of the best ballet artists in New York City, which she has.

"This is your workshop," Joy had told me the day before that this was how she intended to approach the class. She had said it would be exciting to work mostly with beginners, who come prepared with "no experience, but also with none of the clichés of the art." She stressed the innovative opportunities, and hoped that work on a project for performance could begin soon.

With this brief introduction over, the class began a "relaxation" exercise. The effect was more that of a seance. The object was to concentrate on loosening each part of the body by itself and then the body as a whole. A late-comer arrived and asked someone, "What's going on here?" The terse reply was, "We're relaxing." The next step was to lie down, and alternate between relaxation and periods of intense activity. At one point, when bodies were twitching furiously like fish deprived of water, a voice next to me said, "I feel like boiling oatmeal." Throughout this exercise, Joy encouraged us to breathe deeply and to emit some kind of sound as we exhaled. A couple of Tarzan yelps and howls were heard, but most took it seriously.

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At the cinema: JAMIE JAMES

The 'PERFORMANCE' That Makes It

Considered just as a cinematic performance, a conversation piece, "Performance" succeeds because it is so marvelously well put together that one can almost fold it up into one's pocket. Its circular unfolding is a revelation of skillful artifice, which renders suspension of disbelief quite superfluous. The performance is so fully in control of itself that it almost becomes decorative art.

It is really two movies in one. The first concerns a sadistic performer (British slang for extortionist), Charles (James Fox), who violates the fastidious business ethics of his boss, Harry Flowers, by killing the thugs who have terrorized him in his flat. He obtains a room at the exotic mansion of an aging rock star, Turner (Mick Jagger.) At first Turner and his two freaky consorts are loathe to accept such a coarse, straight bruiser. But when he asks them to help him take a picture of himself for his "agent" (he claims to be a juggler), they give him some magic mushrooms, recognizing that he has "the demon," the creative touch of madness, which Turner has lost. In the end, Charles and Turner merge into a single entity. Charles's buddy, who was going to get him his passport so he could fly to America under an assumed name, sells out to Harry Flowers, whose gangsters come to Turner's weird neo-Gothic flat to take Charles off to his execution. Charles goes upstairs to say good-bye to Turner, whom he shoots after the latter insists on accompanying him. The hoodlums lead Charles out to Harry's snow-white Rolls, yet when it drives away we see Turner's face peering out of the rear window.

My rather spare plot summary can only give

you the faintest idea of the brilliant tension arising from the symmetrical antithesis of Turner's world to Charles's. Turner is a passive reflection of Charles: Turner dreams of violence quite romantically, while Charles is violent. Turner's inability to consummate his vision of violence is a result of his self-consciousness; just as the power and spontaneity of Charles's sadism derive from his primitive absence of self-reflection. The first half of the movie is pervaded by the livid, depressing glare of mediocrity: fat, ugly Harry, who loves Muzak and muscleman magazines, but blandly tutts at the mention of violence, surrounded by spineless, greasy henchmen. But Charles is no hypocrite; he really digs inflicting pain. At first he does not understand Turner and his bizarre entourage, describing Turner's flat to his friend on the phone as a den of "beatniks, drugs, and free love." But gradually he comes under their imaginative spell. Lucy, one of Turner's enchanting bisexual mistresses, dissuades him from going to America, inducing him to go to Persia and become a bandit. Turner's world is one of florid imagination and myth, creating a morbid atmosphere similar to the short stories of Edgar Allan Poe, which maintain a like distance from reality through their phantasmagorical imagery and pervasive madness.

As Charles's sickness takes root in such sympathetic soil, his similarity to Turner becomes more and more marked. They are both performers, whether in the concrete or visionary sense, or even in that they both "extort" performances from the other, finally united in the absolute performance, which is

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death, the loss of identity. "Performance" finally suggests that there is no real difference between one performance and another; we can never really distinguish between reality and illusion if roles are so easily exchanged (at various points in the movie, Turner becomes Lucy, Charles becomes Turner, Turner becomes Charles, Turner even becomes Harry Flowers.) If we were merely informed that we have no individual identity, "Performance" would ultimately be nothing more than nebulous and confusing. But it goes much further: it tells us the source of Charles-Turner, our universal schizophrenia.

The movie opens with a bizarre sex scene, all glossy flesh and velvety, sado-masochistic shadows. Less than ten minutes later, we see the fag hoodlums watching an idiotic pornographic flick, whose leering, whip-brandishing sadist mocks us for believing the illusion of the screen. Not long before Charles finds his flat splattered with red paint and gets beaten up, he remarks of a movie that "ketchup splashed all over the screen." We are clearly not meant to take the violence seriously; as in "Bonnie and Clyde," we cannot see the blood for the ketchup. When Charles shoots his tormentor, after seemingly endless squirming and snivelling, the latter squeals with childish indignation, "Now lookie what you've done, Cha'st!" When he shoots Turner, there is no blood; he is merely exploring Turner's mind as Turner would have liked to explore his. Somehow it is all the same, just a performance. We are all bred on sensationalism to the point that, like Charles, we are always performing. When we finally abandon the distinction between reality and illusion, we have found our demon, we are able to coerce performances from others. We have power, what Turner means when he says, "The only performance that really makes it, I mean that really makes it, is the one that achieves madness."

REFLECTIONS (continued)

chapel. As we left, we noticed a plaque in the corridor dedicated to one Hubbard Hutchinson (or "Hub" as he might have been called in '17, his grad year) who died in 1934 and "whose life was ever influenced by his love for Williams. . . Whose deep concern for talented youth prompted him to leave all that he had that those most gifted might have aid in developing their natural endowments and whose ashes, by his wish, lie on the slopes of Mount Greylock." The unnamed saint by the door was smiling.

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Editorial: Going Pedestrian

Conservationists and other environment-minded souls might take a lesson from the sad experience of Mark Hopkins House this fall. In one bizarre stretch of a little over two weeks Hopkins House lost Senior Fred Hagedorn, lost the house mascot Sabre, then lost another of the house dogs Rebel, all killed in or by cars on Routes 7, 7, and 2 respectively. The College, of course, has no control over through traffic on the state routes or over local traffic in town, but we could perhaps make things a little safer around our campus by curtailing the use of the several hundred cars belonging to students. No two places on this campus

are more than ten minutes apart by foot, even in the winter, so why not walk to the Library, to the Pizza House, to the girls' houses down Hoxsey Street? There is little we can do about the race track crowds on Route 7, or about the State Rd. "speedway" coming into town from North Adams; two Williamstown high school students were killed a couple of days prior to Fred's death near Petersburg, though, so maybe the Town will respond if the College sets some official or unofficial example of concern. Going pedestrian would be symbolic, but it could be much more than that if it works, and people can stop asking each other "did you hear what happened?"

J D L (continued)

Following breakfast the first seminar was given. The seminars, three or four a day, an hour and a half each, consisted of study of anti-Jewish, anti-Israel groups of the left (such as the Panthers, SDS, PLP, YSA) and the right (the Klan, National Renaissance Party, National States' Rights Party.) We also examined the current political scene in Israel and the status of Jews around the world.

We then split into two groups. One practiced riflery and the other karate. In karate class we were taught the basic kicks and punches. As we lay on our backs with our legs lifted to tighten the stomach muscles, the instructor, a black belt, strolled around occasionally punching us hard right in the gut. Riflery was less painful. After a two minute lecture on gun safety, the firing began. First with a .22 rifle in the various positions—standing kneeling, prone—and later with a riot shotgun.

When our final seminar concluded at 9:00 P.M., we would leave the camp for the more fashionable resorts. Wearing army boots, battle fatigues, and berets sporting "Never again" buttons, we were greeted with little enthusiasm. Attempts to collect money and describe the merits of our cause usually received a standard put-down: "We agree with you in principle, it's your tactics we question."

Rabbi Meir Kahane, founder and National Chairman of JDL, organized the group a few years ago in the wake of Jewish-Black clashes in New York City. Although the original purpose of JDL was to patrol high crime areas to "make the streets safe," Kahane looked more to Jewish problems on a national and international level.

Kahane, an Orthodox Rabbi, also holds a master's degree in International Relations as well as a Law degree. As a teenager in 1948, he packed guns for the Jews of Palestine and was subsequently arrested. He has, for some years, been an editor of the Jewish Press, whose pages he has used to castigate American Jews

for inaction in the face of mounting anti-Semitism. Summing up JDL Kahane said, "We're out to destroy the image of the Jew as a Portnoy." When accused of being simply paranoid, Kahane argues that "it can happen here." He hopes JDL will fulfill a role in American society that was unfilled in Hitler's Germany.

Unnoticed by most Jews (or anybody else) JDL received national publicity when it calmly announced that James Forman (then seeking reparations for blacks) would be greeted at Temple Emanu-El in New York, the wealthiest synagogue in the world, with baseball bats and lead pipes. Forman never showed.

Sternly reprimanded by Establishment Jews—Goldberg, Javits, etc.—JDL ranks swelled. During the teacher strike in New York JDL guarded teachers and principals whose lives had been threatened. It was then that they developed a strong dislike of John Lindsay, who, they said, was letting Jewish civil rights be violated.

Although criticized as racist, nothing could be less true. JDL favors integration, unlike those Jews in lily-white suburbs. "If a black family moves into a Jewish neighborhood," said Kahane, "it's to get a good education for his kids, to have a nicer place to live. We're not going to run the way the Jews in the suburbs did."

JDL fame spread with chapters opening in Boston, Montreal, Philadelphia; Buenos Aires and London asked for information on how to start one. A youth movement followed, and the camp opened.

After the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine blew up a school bus in Israel killing fifteen people, JDL severely roughed up two representatives of the PFLP in New York. This action brought a critical editorial from the N.Y. Times and nearly 1,000 new members.

This summer JDL led a march on Washington for Soviet Jewry. It was poorly attended, but as Rabbi Kahane commented, "Three million Jews are dying in the Soviet Union, and once again the American Jew is the Jew of silence."

REFLECTIONS

SWENEY

We talked to Bill Sweeney, the six-foot, seven-inch president of WMS-WCFM, in his Project living room. He was setting up some speakers, running wires along the moulding and trying not to knock pictures of hunting dogs off the walls. We began talking about the radio station—the expansion program, the problem of adjacent channel interference, funding. Immediately we could sense a deep commitment to the station. We talked about the future of broadcasting in the Berkshire area and the concept of "public" (non-commercial) radio.

Roommate George came in. "Put on some jazz, Bill."

"How about some Joni Mitchell?"

"No, Al Hirt. Put on Al Hirt." He put on some classical guitar. George went back into the other room.

"In the fund drive we're having this year to pay for the expansion, we've been soliciting foundations, former station members, and corporations...we've gotten some support from the community, but not as much as I would like...we've had some large gifts and some as small as one dollar. We've written a personal letter..." ("Personal form letter," interjects George) "personal letter to everyone who donated, even the guy who gave the dollar."

George came back in. "Oh, this music! I'm in ecstasy! Could you put on a little Who? Or Guess Who?"

"George, you can't talk to 'The Guess Who!'" George left to take a shower. "Whenever somebody comes up to me out of the blue and says, 'Hey, Swenes, did you hear so-and-so last night? He was really great'—that makes me really proud of the whole operation." We asked him about the rest of the radio station personnel. "There are a lot of people who do a lot of extra work and contribute all they can, but there are some who think the station is just a big record player; a toy. Sometimes they forget to do simple things like sign a technical log, which may sound unimportant, but which jeopardizes our FCC license."

George came back in along with someone from next door who was introduced as "Zark the Narc." We were shown a purple pumpkin that somehow would get some student two free tickets to Miami Beach. We asked Bill what he thought of the opossum.

"There is no such thing as a free lunch," he responded.

"There is no such thing as a free woman." This from George Rebh, cartoonist extraordinaire. We got up to leave as the three of them practiced their one-upmanship.

"Bill Sweeney has a food pit in his third molar."

"Exploratory surgery is no joke."

"Things don't grow in the Berkshires, they just cling."

KWAI

The year is 1942. The Japanese need a supply railway between Bangkok and Singapore, which requires a bridge spanning the River Kwai; but the enemy is short of engineers and laborers. The Japanese conscript their Allied prisoners of war to construct the bridge. Colonel Nicholson, prideful of British industrial prowess and eager to expose Japanese ineptitude, collaborates with the enemy to complete the railway. When Nicholson apparently loses his sense of mission, a gallant young officer escapes to bring back a demolition team to thwart the enemy's goal. The quarter of a million dollar Hollywood bridge, a train, and Nicholson are subsequently destroyed at the big-bang ending with the forces of light overpowering the forces of darkness. Such is the myth of the Bridge over the River Kwai.

We attended a lecture the other day by visiting Professor Ian Watt, who took Hollywood to task and exploded the Kwai legend. Watt, a Scotsman with a half-cooked British accent, explained to us that the ostensible collaboration of Colonel Toosey (the British officer from whom the character of Nicholson springs) resulted from his efforts to save as many men as possible from death at the hands of the captors, and not from the white man's pride. The badly understaffed Japanese were unable, without Toosey's help, to organize the Allied prisoners efficiently, and would vent their frustration in savage beatings. Furthermore, Watt explained, the railroad was demolished in an air raid and not by Toosey's own brigade.

But myths die hard, and one episode in man's instinctive struggle for survival is transformed permanently, it seems, into a touchstone of western industrial supremacy and of the glories of big-league warfare. Today in Thailand, we were told, one may spend an afternoon under the auspices of the Sincere Travel Service:

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DISCOVERIES

I Mean - Is It Relevant?

Does history have any singular meaning for the present or future? Do events like the Vietnam war teach lessons which will preclude the possibility of their occurrence in the future? Will a Joseph McCarthy reign of terror again be inaugurated into American politics?

Historians interpret the past to make it pertinent to their contemporary era. They are the messengers of history's story, and, like any good storytellers, use it didactically, whether blatantly so with a "moral" at the end or unobtrusively with the listener's deciding its significance. Two recent historical "schools," the so-called consensus and the New Left, make this point manifest.

Consensus history had its heyday in the 1950's. Students in the school came of age at the time of the most frigid Cold War battle: government and civilian groups ferreted out communist sympathizers from their "dens of iniquity" and purged the country of all "un-American activities." Concomitant with this cleansing of the American house came a

plications; whereas a George Kennan of the earlier school sees such foreign developments as America's fulfillment of a moral obligation as guardian of the world. This apparently more critical tone, furthermore, does not manifest a conspiracy of any particular political movement. One could not intelligently profess, for example, that, as the Congress for Cultural Freedom was a weapon of the CIA in the '50's, New Left adherents in the '60's are a counter-weapon of any agency sympathetic to the communist cause. Such puerile simplifications completely neglect the scope of the environmental influence -- whether political, social, or economic -- on the intellectual.

Faced with such diverse viewpoints on the importance of past events, what synthesis does the layman draw? When the talk of revolution in America today dissipates a substantial degree of the energy of the populace, what lesson does the War for Independence of 1776 give us? A consensus historian views it as a revolutionary progression in Western

political philosophy, culminating in the belief that all men are "created equal." A New Left interpreter, however, sees the Revolution as the consequence of the oppressed life of the masses under an insensitive royal and colonial government. One celebrates the ideals of the Revolutionary War; the other decries the failure to fulfill the reality necessitated by such ideals. Again, where does the layman stand? Perhaps he too sees only what he had originally planned to look for, whether consciously or subconsciously. What is the lesson of history? Of Vietnam? Of Kent State? Of Joseph McCarthy? Maybe that history has no lesson.

Or is it presumptuous of one to demand that the past at once unveil in full its wealth of wisdom? Is humankind ready to be glutted with all knowledge apparent in ages past -- would the dosage be fatal? Perhaps history rations out her gift of knowledge only as the civilization is in need of each new injection, and consensus and New Left merely prove to be parts of an everchanging arsenal of hypodermics.

by Dan Pinello

LETTERS

WOODRUFF

To the Editors:

In reference to your Reflection "Scrooge," a few things should be made perfectly clear. While Mr. Woodruff is Director of Dining Halls, it would seem that the person responsible for most of the complaints heard at the dinner table is not Mr. Woodruff, but rather his assistant Mr. Hodgkins, since it is he who is in charge of the snack bar, and he is the person who visits the row houses to check on left-overs. Mr. Woodruff is about as responsible for the goings-on in the snack bar as the President and Trustees who are, after all, its owners. One hopes that in the future this Record-like innacuracy in reporting will not occur.
(name withheld upon request)
October 25, 1970

CHAPEL

To the Editors:

I read with pleasure your short note on "Chapel" in the October 22nd issue of THE ADVOCATE.

I would hope that those angels meditating would also turn to some semblence of smile when music fills the Chapel...as in our Brahms "Requiem" last springtime, or our recent Morning Worship Parents' Weekend with Mozart; Choirs, and orchestra. Strange these things never get mentioned. Only empty Chapels!

Yours, etc.,

Kenneth Roberts
Associate Professor,
Music Department
October 26, 1970

Editors' Note: Merely for argument's sake, a perusal of one's complete WILLIAMS ADVOCATE will reveal a reference to the Brahms "Requiem" in our April 17 editorial, "The Spring Thing." Strange these things never get read.

Gedanken

celebration of the American past as unique and good; conflict among opposing groups, such as Charles Beard saw before the second world war in his economic interpretation of the American experience, was no longer tolerated. And why not? If the objective of the Cold War, as New Left historian Christopher Lasch claims, was to win converts in the Third World to the Western cause, a patriotic historian could not paint his nation's history as divided -- such is not in the politics of persuasion. He must depict his heritage as inherently stable, continually prosperous, and fundamentally democratic-humanitarian; class conflict, economic depression, and untempered national self-interest in foreign policy do not win friends and influence neighbors. Hence, the phenomenon of consensus history.

This is not to say, however, these historians sold their intellectual integrity to the Central Intelligence Agency for material well-being, as a misreading of Lasch might suggest. Rather, the spirit of the times influenced -- a more critical observer might use the word "infected" -- their perspective and sense of purpose. Most scholars, to be sure, deal with the past not merely out of intellectual curiosity but out of conviction that their research will benefit contemporary man in his self-awareness and understanding. When consensus historians looked back into the American experience and found inherent domestic tranquility coupled with a selflessly benevolent foreign policy rather than strife and narrow self-interest, the events they saw as more significant to the contremprary scene upheld such a thesis. The Cold War ethos tuned their complete state of being to one of national celebration.

After well over a decade of Cold War battle, the American perspective on the world drama shifted in the 1960's. With virulent anticommunism losing its vogue as an effective weapon, more subtle means came to house the armory of battle: economic (i. e., military) aid to underdeveloped countries promised conversion to Western views; missionary work (e. g., the Peace Corps) attempted to plant institutions of capitalist culture abroad. In essence, gentle, and often inconspicuous, subterfuge supplanted obvious attempts at conversion.

Yet by the end of the decade, frustration emerged as the major reward: the underdeveloped countries emulated the dog that bites his master's hand. Sleeping nationalism erupted into violent protests against American meddling. Vietnam, rather than proving to be a quick war to check the southern flow of Asian communism, blossomed into a full-blown guerilla war of attrition, deeply humiliating the country abroad and dangerously polarizing her at home. American self-respect and confidence reeled to a new low; indeed, frustration was a bitter reward.

The historians coming of age in this period, the emerging New Left, reflect the general pessimism and cynicism of the time. Lloyd Gardner, for example, portrays American foreign policy in the first two decades of this century as a new colonialism, which reaps the material benefits of the old without the entangling governmental and military com-

EBBTIDES AND ECHOES

She didn't really leave; she receded

like echoes

in widening circles,
a slow scattering of strength,

memories recurring more softly, then
(like the last draught after the door is closed),

recurring no more;

and I would not have realized that she was gone
had I not heard myself above the silence,
shouting.

She didn't leave; she receded
like an ebbtide of sound,
and the pools of laughter that were left behind
evaporated under a backward glance's glare,
leaving potholes in my memory
and an occasional dead thing that smelled of the sea.

Mark Siegel

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Fifteen

Thursday, November 5, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts



Courtesy NEW YORK TIMES
The Jewish Defense League answering a demand for reparations from synagogues.

AN ADVOCATE PROFILE: John Ramsbottom

AHAVAT YISRAEL: MEIR KAHANE

Precisely at 1:00 on Sunday afternoon, an olive-drab jeep appeared from nowhere and roared up in front of Jesup Hall. Surrounded by a coterie of khaki-clad guards and brandishing a riding crop, a stocky mustachioed figure in battle fatigues and a beret leapt from the front seat and strode purposefully into the building. Surely this would be the fiery leader of the Jewish Defense League, Rabbi Meir Kahane. But it wasn't. The real Meir Kahane arrived about an hour and a half late, having pulled his car up on Spring Street less from a desire for secrecy than from a total confusion as to his whereabouts. He was dressed in a decidedly non-militant manner. He wore a green sport jacket over an open-necked white shirt. His face seemed open and ingenuous, not the sort to conjure up the image of Che Guevara. And he seemed bewildered by his experiences with Massachusetts rural highways. David Rosenblutt, who arranged Kahane's appearance, greeted him and immediately asked what the JDL was doing. Kahane answered somewhat hesitantly as if not positive himself. He casually mentioned a plan to organize about 2,500 New York Jews to march to the Soviet embassy to protest Soviet policy concerning the Jews, and hopefully to be arrested. Finally he set off for Jesup with a light, bouncy step, possibly bred of long hikes, although Kahane did not look at all athletic. He was completely oblivious to the anxiety awaiting him inside Jesup, where last resorts were already in progress. One kindly Jewish lady had approached Don Mender, head of the campus Jewish Association, and had proffered an exotic plant. "So it should not be a total loss, here's a Jerusalem myrtle." Mender, overwhelmed, graciously accepted the myrtle, and was obviously relieved to see Kahane approach.

Kahane was soon in the auditorium, which unfortunately was not nearly so full as it had been at 1:00. His speech was not the inarticulate tirade which some had expected; instead it was a quiet but firm exposition of the program and precepts of the Jewish Defense League, a group which is about two years old. According to Kahane, the JDL has had incredibly bad press, particularly from the New York Times, a "very misleading paper." He was trying to dispel the impression that the JDL is a "vigilante group."

The JDL, he said, is predicated on two concepts. The more important is Ahavat Yisrael, love of Jews, that is, an empathy with every other Jew, so that the other's pain becomes one's own. The Jews of America, it seems, have forgotten their co-religionists around the world. Instead

they have isolated themselves in "respectability," taking little concrete action on behalf of the Jews killed by the Nazis and not undertaking a single demonstration against the continuing pogrom in Soviet Russia until 1962. This inaction, according to Kahane, was in obvious contrast to the black struggle of the Sixties. In response to the denial of social rights, an issue hardly as personal as the murder of one's brothers in a gas chamber, the Negroes took to the streets, and "to their credit, they won their rights." Rabbi Kahane, making apparent his assumption that the audience was for the most part Jewish, which it was, then asked, "Why did we not do the same thing?" The JDL is now attempting to take just such action. He is convinced that the protests do at least lend hope to the victims by proving to them that other Jews have not forgotten. The Soviets seem to have sensed this too; they have protested the demonstrations twice.

The other precept on which the JDL is based is "Jewish pride," and the group's adherence to this principle seems to be primarily responsible for its bad reputation. But Kahane cited an instance which he thought necessitated Jewish self-defense. In Williamsburg, Brooklyn, a truck driven by a Jewish man ran over a black girl. The man was completely exonerated by the police investigators, but that evening gangs broke windows in Jewish stores. The Jews did nothing in retaliation against the indiscriminate beating of any Jew who had the misfortune to be out on the street. Two days later, the JDL was called, and they came. Kahane placed particular emphasis on the fact that Jews in real trouble seek the aid of the JDL, not that of the American Jewish Congress or the B'nai Brith. When the JDL arrived, the police, who had been conspicuously absent during the beatings, showed up in force. Kahane said afterward that he does not accuse the police of anti-Semitism, but rather of a complete lack of interest until a major confrontation is in the offing. Although it was apparent that the window-breaking "hoodlums" were blacks, Kahane never actually said so. (Later he took pains to emphasize that the Black Panthers are "right about a lot of things.") According to Kahane, the precinct captain is also aware that the JDL always brings the press with it. As a result of the JDL's arrival the Jews in the neighborhood defended themselves and there "was a good fight." In recounting this, Kahane, who had been extraordinarily non-dogmatic and unemotional thus far, exploded into wrath, directed not at the police or the "hoodlums", but against the Jews who had allowed themselves to be terrorized without offering resistance. "If you think that it says to turn the other

'THE BIG SCORE' by Harold Robbins

Installment Three:

Drax looked into Moonchild's deep black eyes and they seemed to expand, dissolving before his penetrating gaze, engulfing him in a soft bed of memory. He remembered one time of peace, one moment of gentleness in his life.

.....The eastern sun was just rising over a small farming village. Its first rays played along the countryside, then slowly, steadily it rose, expanding, moving deliciously closer to the noontime climax.

Toward midmorning Drax walked out onto the dirt road heading for a large community barn. Just as he approached the open doorway of the barn a girl of thirteen stepped out and called to him softly.

"Hurry up Drax, I've been waiting for you."

"I'm sorry Stella. I came as soon as I could."

Inside, the barn was a maze of lofts and hidden corners, cushioned by the fragrant hay. Stella led Drax over to one of the more obscure corners. She slipped out of her loose shift, and watched as ten-year-

old Drax struggled with his pants. When they were both lying in the hay, Stella directed Drax as he stroked her body. She sighed softly and took Drax into her arms, cradling him like a baby. All was quiet and very peaceful, and Drax smiled because her body was warm and secure.

Drax's mother had died at his birth, leaving him without these tendernesses, these caresses. His father, a buyer and seller of men, had little interest in the fumbling child who displayed no drive and little ability. With Stella, in this barn, he had known a quiet gentleness beyond his wildest dreams, and from then on he craved the warmth of her naked body against his own. Through his tenth and eleventh years he waited anxiously for Stella to tell him quietly as they passed in the street that she would be waiting for him.

"I'll be waiting for you..."

Then, a few days before his twelfth birthday, his father's accident changed all that. Suddenly everything Drax did was of interest to his father. He was questioned, prompted, and pushed constantly. Justin Dollpole, deprived of his own legs, coached Drax on the use of his; Drax began running endlessly, day after day, and the training soon affected both Drax's mind and his body; his desire for maternal warmth and security was slowly converted into an aggressive masculinity. After seven months of the regimen, Drax fought viciously for whatever he wanted.

With the daily exercise he had grown lean and muscular. All remnants of baby fat disappeared, his shoulders grew broad, and his voice began to crack. Drax was admired by all his fellow runners and, as he walked proudly, arrogantly toward the shower after a race, he glowed inwardly to know his friends envied the whole and complete male he had become.

At first Drax pondered over his adventures with Stella, which his rigid training schedule and his father's scrutiny now rendered impossible, but as the year wore on, the fleshy image began to fade and Drax thought of her less and less. Yet the inevitable finally occurred and Drax ran into Stella on a country road. She smiled coyly as he grabbed her by the arm and pulled her into the same dark corner of the barn where he had first felt the warmth of her embrace.

"You've changed, Drax."

"Yeah, I've changed," and grabbing either side of her shift's collar ripped it open to the waist. Stella jumped back

Please turn to page 2

REFLECTIONS

GUL

Stu Selonick kicked the ground and cast his eyes at the pattern his shoe created in the grass. We asked him why the 1970 Gul was late in coming out.

"The staff and I waited until after graduation and alumni weekend to begin compiling the book. The Guls of past years never had pictures of the most recent graduating exercise but those of the year before. We wanted the 1970 yearbook to contain events of that school year only." The editor continued to shuffle his feet in the grass. "The printing company made an error in following my final revision of the senior pictures. Jack Maitland's picture, for example, was captioned 'Jackson T. McBroom.' Now they'll have to replace three pages in each of the 1400 editions, which will take two or three weeks."

He went on to say that the staff spent the first four weeks of the summer putting it together.

"Last year Jimmy Deutsch conceived it to be an artsy-craftsy experience in a box. I think a yearbook should be a photographic-aesthetic experience expressing the emotions of the year, where each set of pages is an entity in itself. Pictures should be played off against each other. The works of 21 photographers went into this Gul. But we also added expository and explanatory essays by members of the faculty and student body."

Please turn to page 2

COMMUNE (continued)

I'm afraid of you; we're all afraid of each other. But it's so beautiful when we can really communicate. I mean, that's where it's really at.

"Before I came here, I worked against the war God knows how many years. Sure I did drugs. I did a lot of drugs, and they gave a glimpse of what was inside. But it was only a glimpse. Now I've got that same feeling of oneness with the universe, that same freedom I had with drugs, only this time it's real, and I have it all the time." (No mere bodhisattva she!)

"The Spirit is all there is, man, the thing that flows through all of us. We're all brothers, and there's just not enough time to avoid it any longer. 'Cause our love is all we've got, the only thing that'll sustain us through the bad times that are comin'." Julie summarizes here the underlying premise of the Brotherhood of the Spirit, its *sine qua non*: to turn people on to the Spirit, save them from the clutches of materialism. They achieve this transcendence with primary, non-verbal communication, a communion of souls.

So there you have the Brotherhood rap. Janet, a prospective member who had lived with them for a couple of weeks, presented a version quite different from Julie's, who later seemed rather like a minister of information to me. Janet, a young, straight-looking chick, had met Michael at a commune in California, where she had been very favorably impressed ("He told me several things about myself that I hadn't realized, and they were really true.") But living with the Brotherhood disillusioned her.



Courtesy SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN

"You've probably heard all the propaganda, so I won't — I mean, not really propaganda, but, you know what I mean..."

I assured her that I did, and asked her to relate her personal reaction to living on the commune.

"I don't know about you, but I'm sort of an analytical type person anyway, and it's really hard for me to swallow all their dogma. Like this Babbit guy — have you heard of him?"

I told her that I had not.

"Well, there's this farmer named Elwood Babbit who lives a couple of miles from here. He goes into these trances, and becomes like Vishnu or Krishna, I forget which, and he says all these prophecies. They record them and mimeograph them to give to all the members. He said that 1972 was going to be the year of great Earth Changes. All these horrible cataclysms are going to kill everybody, and the Brotherhood of the Spirit will become one of the seven spiritual centers of the world." We exchanged sly smiles. She was somewhat nervous, talking in hushed tones and looking around all the time like she was afraid of being overheard. "But don't get me wrong: the people that live here are really into something beautiful. But I just can't dig it. I mean, it really gets to be a drag, always telling people how you feel. And that's all they ever do — tell each other how they feel. I'm so tired of telling people how I feel!" My reaction to these agrarian Buddhas was, perhaps lamentably so, very similar to Janet's. The longer I wandered around the place, the more it reminded me of a monastery. Becoming a member of the Brotherhood

Installment Two:

Two well dressed men, brief cases on their laps, sat in the lush antechamber of the main office of the New York Dollpole Building. The younger of the two was speaking in nervous whispers.

"I'm telling you, Frank, he's got to agree to it. We've given him all the conditions. It can only be good for him. We're taking all the chances."

The old man replied in an emotionless monotone. "Justin Dollpole doesn't 'got to' do anything. You're talking about one of the richest men in the world. But besides that you're talking about a man who craves competition, head to head competition. Why do you think he bought into all those sports? You think he makes money off his baseball team, or his soccer teams, or his race horses? Hell no. He loves the fight. He'd rather knock you down than walk around you. Justin Dollpole, he'd rather do it the hard way."

A secretary seated far across the room nodded at them.

"Mr. Dollpole will see you now."

They rose and passed through the mahogany doorway leading to the main office. Dollpole's back was to them as he sat behind an immense desk which gleamed like a burnished throne through the amber haze of the room. Three walls

of the room were cloaked in golden tapestry. The back wall was a huge display case of polished trophies. Dollpole was surveying the back wall. He spoke without turning around.

"You're here to talk merger."

The older man responded. "That's right, Mr. Dollpole."

"You want to merge?"

"Yes, sir. Beverly Enterprises and Dollpole Industries could, we feel, mutually benefit from such a merger. We have some figures here we can show..."

"I don't want to merge." Dollpole's back was still to them.

"Sir, if you'll just let me show you these..."

"I SAID I DON'T WANT TO MERGE!" Dollpole screamed and wheeled himself out from behind the desk. He had gleaming silver hair, sunken cheeks, and a mustard complexion. His green eyes flashed as he stopped the wheel chair right in front of the two men. "Do you know how many piss-assed little companies like yours have approached me about merger? Nine. NINE! And I told them all to stick it. My boy Drax is out on the coast right now telling Coyt Enterprises to stick it. Coyt was talking twenty per cent. What are you gentlemen talking?"

"Well, uh...we..."

"That's what I thought. Now if you gentlemen will excuse me."

The younger man stood open mouthed. Dollpole's eyes widened.

"Just what are you staring at, boy?" he said threateningly.

"Nothing, sir. I...I wasn't..."

"Get out," said Dollpole, and he wheeled himself back behind the desk to resume his perusal of the trophies.

"I...wasn't," the young man moaned feebly as he left. No one had told him that Dollpole had no legs.

* * *

"Mr. Dollpole, this is Dr. Grayson."

"Doctor, where...?"

"You're in the hospital and you're going to be all right."

"Doctor, legs... my legs itch."

"Mr. Dollpole. You've had an accident...car...race...legs...nerves...dead..."

"Legs itch."

"Mr. Dollpole, listen...ampu...legs...at hip... off...off...going to be all..."

"MY LEGS! MY LEGS! Oh God, my legs."

MODERN DANCE (continued)

One of the subsequent exercises was one in which the basketball court was divided into three sections, one to be occupied by those alternating between intense activity and relaxation, the second for continuous repeated action, the last for slow concentrated movement. Groups of five began in the first section and moved into the next as a new group entered. The activities of the people in the second area struck one student, dressed in a Mickey Moust T-shirt and English cap, as particularly humorous. They were in a way; most people chose to imitate automatons rather than trees swaying in the wind. One youth in section three was racing madly along the baseline of the court, leaping for the basketball rim each time he passed.

Then however, the work began in earnest. For the first time, Joy asked us to imitate her. She lay down. "All right now, lift your backs off the floor, slowly...Now again. This time your shoulders first, then your head, then slowly sit up. Now clasp your hands." The next thing I expected to hear was the confirmation that I had mastered the prenatal position. But that wasn't all. We sat on the floor, legs out at a ninety-degree angle, backs rigidly upright. "You boys

Thataboy, Draxer, run! Run, godammit, run! Thataboy, Drax. You won. That's my son that won. My son. My legs.

Has Drax got a girl. A girl. Draxer's got twenty. Twenty at least, you sonuvabitch, and it's all they can do to keep up with him.

* * *

Drax sat on the side of the bed looking out the porthole at the Pacific. The sea breezes played with the shock of jet black hair that hung over one eye and blew coolly on his bare chest.

The girl lay on her back, her face an essay in serenity.

"Hey," she said softly. "Hey, what's your name?"

"What for?"

"I was just like...curious, you know."

"Drax."

"Drax. Drax. That's nice. Drax."

"Okay, what's your name?"

"Moonchild."

Drax lay back on the bed and began to finger her long blond hair.

"That's a funny name."

She frowned. "Funny?"

"Odd, you know. I like it."

She smiled.

"Where are you going," he said.

"I'm hitching to San Francisco. I mean, I was."

"Oh yeah?"

"But you weren't going there."

"No."

They lay side by side looking at the painted ceiling while the launch rolled gently, lulled by the waters of the cove.

"Hey," she spoke softly.

"Yeah."

"Whose boat is this? I mean like, I've never seen a boat like this."

"It's mine," said Drax.

"Yours?"

"Yeah, mine." He rolled over on his belly.

Moonchild rolled on her side and propped up on her elbow.

"I'm a goddam billionaire," said Drax, talking into his pillow.

"Hey," she cooed, rubbing his back gently. "Hey."

Drax finally turned his head and looked up at her.

She touched his cheek. "I've never ridden on a motorcycle like yours," she said.

who were leaping so high, this is where the girls will outshine you." So saying, Joy draped her torso over her legs. Attempts by the boys to follow suit were foiled by the stiffness built up by years of football and basketball. They glared with envy at one particularly supple girl who was bending double almost unconsciously.

After this ordeal, the class was dismissed. Joy began talking to several students. Yes, the course would satisfy the P.E. requirement. Joy had told me previously that she had broached the idea to Mr. Thoms, the former Athletic Director, and that the program is under the auspices of the P.E. department. She said she had originally planned it for the incoming women next year, but when her course last year for the Northern Berkshire Arts Council attracted thirty male enrollees, she started thinking about this year. She hopes to conduct the course all year next year; this year's program will end on March 31.

As I left I was stopped by the familiar sound of bouncing basketballs. About half a dozen boys were shooting baskets again. But there were no driving lay-ups, no rib-cracking elbow blows. Perhaps their muscles were too sore, or perhaps the stylized outside shots were the first manifestations of a whole new world for Williams men.

People who read ads in this sheet
are killing time. Right?

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Sixteen

Thursday, November 12, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

WESLEYAN WEEKEND REVISITED



Photo by Jay Prendergast

ORDEALS OF A ROAST BEEF MAN

By Ken Kessel

"Roast beef!" That cry is a familiar one to Williams students. It has interrupted studies, sleeps, and various extracurricular activities to bring notice of the approach of O. Jack Sands, co-author of *The Road-tripper* and roast beef entrepreneur extraordinaire. His experiences would probably fill a book. On that assumption, I followed him on his rounds at night with the intent of gathering enough material to fill a column.

He came through the fire door at the top of Sage A and down the stairs to my room, carrying a large brown box filled with what he described as "the best roast beef I've had in a month," a bottle of A-1 Sauce, ketchup, mustard, salt, and pepper. I asked him if he ever had any roast beef sandwiches left over.

"No, I never have any left over. I keep going until I sell all of them. Anybody here hungry?"

We walked across the freshman quad to Williams Hall. "How long have you been selling roast beef?" I asked.

"This is my fourth year...I've noticed some interesting things about acceptance and rooming patterns since I've been doing it. My class was the last preppy class; the class that came in two years ago is made up of a lot of freaks, and last year's freshman class was all jocks. They say that room assignments are made randomly, but I've seen differently. There are all-black dorms; some rooms contain all Birchers; others are all freaks."

"Have you ever walked in on any embarrassing situations?"

"Yeah, there was a nude girl in Prospect."

"How did you get the job?"

"My J.A. got a hernia in the second semester of my freshman year, and he asked me if I'd like to do it. There's not too much profit in it, but I get to meet a lot of people, and it's worth the few hours a night it takes."

We had passed through Williams A and into Williams B through the fire door between them. He opened a door that had three names written on it in an intricate artistic manner. "Roast beef!"

"No thanks, man, not tonight, man, I don't have any money, man."

"You sure you don't have any money?"

"Will you take a check?"

"Yeah, I'll take a check."

"Oh. Well, not tonight, man."

As we proceeded down Williams Hall, he explained to me he usually doesn't push his customers by being obnoxious, but if they hesitate in saying no to him, he knows that he has a potential sale. Before he entered another of the Williams dorms, he said "this is a sure sale."

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... We have come some distance from the days when Homecoming was formal parties and raccoon coats and a three-day blinge. Under last week's benevolent blue skies it was almost possible to ignore the fact that it was November, and that the time for the traditional "Rites of Fall" was at hand on campuses throughout the land. Mr. Class of '24 would not have recognized Williams; Mr. Class of '54 would not have understood it.

... Yet in a way, we always manage to date the events of a semester around Wesleyan or Amherst weekend. The social aspects of college are at their most frenetic peak; the undercurrent of verbal skirmishes with "Old Fraternity Williams" is quietly shelved in anticipation of a brief experiential return to that vanished era. ... Many things to many people, and THE ADVOCATE here recreates the events, some of them obvious and some not so obvious, that played themselves out in the days surrounding 29-13.

The three freshmen sat in the rear balcony leaning forward on their hands, listening to Poco.

"This is great."

"Yeah, but too loud." They didn't clap until everybody else stood up for the ovation.

"I can't hack any more. I'm going to Baxter for something to eat." He left. Bob Hermann came onstage to talk about some Volkswagens.

"You smell the evil weed?"

"Over there. Do you want to go back and have some more hash?"

"After Small Faces. Christ, I wish I had a date this weekend." The group came on in their purple pants and orange shirts. Stewart started singing, his voice sounding like it had sat overnight in Polident.

"Come on, Rod, Spit it out. Good boy."

Stewart twirled his microphone. Stewart waved his hands. Stewart walked around the drums. Stewart twirled again, waved again and walked around the drums again. And again.

"Oh, Pleaseee..."

"In the holy name of High School..."

Many people were in convulsions in the balcony. The put-on on stage was worth about ten minutes of laughter; after that it was just uncomfortable.

"This is incredible."

"Go, Rod, go. Spin that mike, Rod. Oh, Wow." They went out on what should have been the last song, along with about a quarter of the crowd, leaving those who liked Small Faces and those who had been overwhelmed by the idea of hearing a live group again, to listen to the encore.

"On Being Female Amidst 177 Years of Male Tradition." The Chapel-Board discussion title sounded interesting, but the drawing card was the food (Howard-Johnson catered beef stew and noodles) and the atmosphere, which are so much better than Greylock's. The discussion that followed the meal lacked the tone of the "happy coeds" article in the Record, but Ellen Josephson appeared a bit more realistic. While extolling the virtues of Williams' academics, she noted that all was not rosy. Upon arrival last year, she had no furniture in Lambert House; when first semester grades came out, the boys in her classes kidded her that professors marked girls easier. (Dean Grabois, sitting conspicuously in the audience, squirmed.) She also found drunken men have a special attraction for pounding on room doors in the middle of the night. In her opinion, some Williams bevo-freaks apparently aren't ready for coeducation.

Cissie Jensen, an exchange student from Smith, seemed an appropriate Williams student, not for her beauty, but rather for having stammered a little. Perhaps Ellen's feminist, almost militant, viewpoint intimidated her, but, nevertheless, Cissie was warmer, more sympathetic. She had not to conquer the hostile male environment Ellen did a year earlier. Not that women are accepted now -- that's hardly the case -- but small steps have been taken. In part, both girls confirmed the cynical view of Williams as composed of callous, unthinking men on their own ego-trips. Yet all coeds don't

agree with that view. Ellen thought it good if some Williams men found themselves in the same position she's in now. Anyone for the exchange program?

There was a lot of excitement about the game, not the usual what-the-hellings. It seemed we'd been losing to Wesleyan forever, even during those glory years, those Maitland years. But now the hour had come round at last, this was The Year, Maitland be damned, and we were gonna tear 'em limb from limb, rip the numbers off their chests. Gruff.

But first the Pep Rally. In the latest Record, Judy Allerhand, Dean Frost, and David Albert were still attacking each other with starchy salvos: the continuing Great Mashed Potato Mishmash; greasy spoons at forty paces. Come on, said the guys, forget that stuff; come on out and cheer for the team, these guys need our support. Van Ren, Friday, 7:30.

Still the turnout was weak. Torches, assorted faculty, a few students on their way to Stetson, students with dates: hands thrust in parkas, cynicism, killing time. The faithful formed a semicircle around the team, who stood in the center near a blazing bonfire; the flames flashed across their faces; someone said it reminded him of the coven in "Rosemary's Baby."

"Go-o-o-o-o Williams. Beeeeeeeat Wesleyan," a cheerleader started, trying to build up a train. No luck.

Coach Catuzzi introduced the seniors. "Joe Fitzgerald. Joe had a lot to say at the Senior Banquet the other night. I won't ask him to repeat some of it, but you can ask him about the little story he told." Someone else was hailed as "all the way from Texas." The theme of the rally became Let's All Go Out And Win It For These Seniors. "I can't tell you how much it means when they go out there and someone's pulling for them, and the band's playing. It's a great psychological

just one more thing to say: Fratres ave atque vale." Brothers, hail and farewell.

Music in the Round: the Williams Trio, assisted by three other artists, in a two-hour performance of classical and modern chamber music.

"Quite a crowd tonight."

"Yeah. Townies, faculty, and dateless students who don't want to go to the rock concert alone."

"Hey, take a gander at Hegyi! He's outdone himself again."

"Come now. Green suit with orange shirt and socks. He can't be serious, can he?"

Schubert sonata for violin, cello, and piano in B-flat major.

"That was fantastic; especially the second movement. What did they get to follow such a masterpiece?"

"Arthur Woodbury."

"Arthur Woodbury?"

"Read the blurb about him on the sheet that came with the program, stupid."

Woodbury sonata for violin, sax, and percussion.

"You wanna know what that reminded me of? An Alka-Seltzer commercial for the 'blahs.'"

"Allright!"

Intermission.

"Hegyi has to play in every piece on the program."

"Some endurance, eh?"

Hindemith sonata number two for violin, viola, and cello. Then Brahms sonata for violin and piano in D minor.

"Did you see Roberts' face?"

"Why?"

"He puts as much emotion in his facial expressions as in his playing."

"Really puts his whole being into it, that's for sure. You gotta admire him for that."

"Gimme a break, you two! You're just prejudiced because you're in the Choral Society."



Photo by Bob Burt

feeling.

"With a few breaks we could be 6-0 right now."

"We haven't had a chance in 364 days to get a crack at the Cardinals. But tomorrow will be different."

"We're a fine football team. We hope tomorrow to make up for a lot of the mistakes we've made before. We want this senior class to get the Little Three championship."

The speeches were sincere, of course, but most people were very quickly bored. A junior in a blue ski sweater leaned over and kissed his date on the neck. "Jesus," she said.

Mr. Frank Thoms, who is retiring as Athletic Director after twenty-one years, addressed the crowd; he said he'd like to talk for forty-five minutes but didn't want to dwell on the past. "The past is back there. The present is now. This team is one of the finest I've ever seen. They've got a certain spirit which I have shared in. And I'm proud to have shared in it. Lord knows, we'll be with them tomorrow. I've

After the Muse of music cast her spell on those in the chapel Friday night, some walked by Chapin on the way back to the dorm and heard the vibration of a scherzo of a different order. Un Poco mosso, perhaps?

*

The spectators were pouring into Weston Field, groups of four or five in late-model station wagons. The occupants of each car got out and began consuming a picnic lunch. These were not ordinary picnickers, though; they looked like models from the pages of Esquire's fashion section. "The fashionable man (no matter what his age) will wear beige cords and ankle-high boots. Corduroy sport jackets also promise to be conspicuous this fall.... Assert your individuality in one of these Irish shooting hats...." The women were bundled in patently natural fur coats. Having finished their repasts, they took their reserved seats and awaited the opening kick-off.

Please turn to page 4

The Williams Advocate

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BIG SCORE (continued)

covering her exposed breasts with her arms, but Drax pursued her, stripped completely.

"No Drax, no. Oh please Drax, please don't."

"Shut up Stella. You used me when I didn't know better. It's my turn now. Fair's fair."

Drax thrust her down onto the cushion of hay and forced himself onto her struggling body until she relaxed, spasmodically gripping his naked frame with her arms and legs....

The image faded. Moonchild was shaking Drax gently. "Hey, Drax, what's

wrong? What do you see, Drax?"

"Nothing. It's nothing, just forget it."

"Hey, c'mon, baby."

"It's...I was just remembering the first girl."

"Oh yeah? That's nice, kind of nostalgic you know? What was she like?"

"I don't remember. We made it in a barn." Drax began to caress her.

"Still," said Moonchild, "I think that's nice, really nice." She paused as Drax kissed her.

"You know, I can't even remember when I made it the first time." He kissed her again.

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LETTERS

CHAPEL

To the Editors:

In the October 20 issue of *The Advocate*, your "Reflections" on the Thompson Memorial Chapel are perfectly in the sickening tradition of Williams cynical irony. No doubt it takes some skill to write an article with such a twist, but the basic assumptions that seem to underlie it, that the Chapel is more ornament than useful, that the dedications are corny, that because one boob cannot find God in his life, then no one can, are pure drivel.

In the short time I have been on this campus (six weeks now) I have been struck by this same attitude of cynicism wherever I have gone. It seems to originate from preimposed critical norms that the freshmen feel they have to live up to in order to be a "complete student" and which norms are only slightly modified through consecutive years on campus. It is assumed that no one ought to appreciate anything in existence if it has something to do with the "repressionist" establishment, and the Chapel is no exception.

The stumbling of a hollow college student into the Chapel will not produce a vision of God in the vaulting. The cathedral is a state of mind and is only a lonely building to the extent that the "worshiper" lacks faith or, more correctly, imagination. The article is a tribute to the close-mindedness about religion held by students and the "dignity" associated with irreligion.

This is typical of the overwhelming mass of prejudices that Williams students harbor, not prejudices that their parents have (heaven forbid!) but unthinking prejudices against accomplishments and beliefs of previous generations that do not appear "relevant." That unnamed saint referred to in the article is probably smiling at the hilarious situation in which the writer knows his "Reflections" will be well-received by the students rather than the implied naivete of Mr. Hubbard Hutchinson.

Steve Bosworth '74

REFLECTIONS (continued)

Larry Hollar, for example, wrote on the Strike. R. G. L. Waite, President Sawyer, the retiring faculty people, and others were all invited to write."

We thanked Selonick for his time. His

long face broke into an impish grin.

"I don't care much any more. It's over now -- almost, anyway."

DRAFT

Henry N. Flynt, Jr. is the Director of Financial Aid and armed services advisor for Williams students. We talked to him about Dr. Curtis Tarr's announcement reported in the New York Times concerning students with high lottery numbers. Dr. Tarr, new director of the Selective Service, had ordered all local draft boards to accept deferment cancellation requests from undergraduates with numbers in the low 200's and above, making them essentially ineligible for the draft after December 31 of this year.

Mr. Flynt sat at his rectangular desk in his circular office in Hopkins Hall, his bright eyes looking rather removed and small through the thick lenses of his glasses and asked:

"Has there been much talk among students about Tarr's announcement? It's very significant for those with high numbers."

We indicated having heard little or nothing on the topic.

"They should be aware of this event. Why hasn't the *Record* or another student publication written it up? Not that I want to pressure them. But this is important! We agreed with him."

BUCKLEY

Late Tuesday evening, after the coffee and leftover candy corn, we learned that New York had a new U.S. Senator, James Buckley, younger brother of William, and White Knight of the G-rated heart of America. A friend of ours who supports the occupation of Vietnam, voted against the student strike and all that, surprised us by his vehement displeasure. "I wish there were some way I could show my dissatisfaction," he said. "Jesus, Buckley our senator." Our friend was especially annoyed with a Baltimorean he had met who had been an ardent Buckleyite. "I asked him if he knew what Buckley stood for. He didn't know. All he knew was Buckley was a Conservative. It's thinking like that that elected the creep." Moved by such passion, we then suggested a moment of silence for the late Senator from New York (and Williams alumnus) Charlie Goodell, but our friend wouldn't join. "Jesus," he said. "The pink."

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EDITORIALS:

Tightening The CC Purse

The Spring Street merchants are not advertising in the campus publications as freely as they used to; contrary to popular belief, their reluctance has nothing to do with local reaction to student politicization (e.g., the May strike); but rather, it reflects the bleak economic situation currently plaguing the nation. As opposed to the merchants, who of necessity proceed cautiously and wisely, the College Council, distressingly enough, continues to misallocate student funds.

Each year, the College Council charges students \$50 apiece in order adequately to fund student activities. In our opinion, the distribution of this money has all too often been shrouded by Council red tape and popular apathy. The next several ADVOCATE editorials will focus on various areas where we feel student monies have been either mishandled or misdirected. The subject of our first editorial is the All College Entertainment Committee.

Early this fall, ACEC Chairman Ron Ross '71 appeared before the College Council and requested that he be given \$4,500 to spend on the Homecoming Weekend Concert. The Council wisely trimmed his figure and appropriated \$3,700, but Mr. Ross left the Council meeting saying that he was going to spend money exactly as he had planned: if this should entail only \$3,700, all well and good, but should he exceed this amount, then the Council would have to pick up the tab.

We wonder why Mr. Ross feels he has to lose \$4,500 on a concert. Most concerts elsewhere make money, and yet at Williams they always turn into financial disasters. Less than half the students at Williams attend the concerts, but all the students wind up paying for them through the student activities tax.

We would suggest two methods for saving money at future concerts. First, why not get rid of the "warm-up group." As Mr. Ross explained it, Rod Stewart was contracted primarily because no good rock group (such as Poco) will go onstage before a "cold" audience. Much to our surprise, Friday night's concert began with (guess who?) Poco! Then, after the audience was "warmed up," Rod Stewart began his set. And when one considers that Rod Stewart charged the ACEC \$2,500 to appear (compared to Poco's \$3,000), one really begins to wonder whether this "warmup group" was worth it.

Second, the College has a brand new fieldhouse, a huge building capable of holding twice as many people as Chapin Hall. It would seem obvious that the fieldhouse would be the ideal place to hold future concerts. The ACEC could sell tickets to all the Williams students who wanted them and then put the remaining ones on sale at Bennington, North Adams State, and other nearby colleges. With more outside money coming in, Williams students would pay less.

If the ACEC spends the same amount of money on the Winter Carnival and Spring Weekend Concerts as it did last Friday, their budget will run well over \$10,000 this year. It would seem that this is too much money to spend for three evenings' entertainment.

Racial Representation

The lead story in Friday's Record will focus on this week's College Council meeting. During the course of the meeting, a constitutional amendment was proposed which would give the Afro-American Society a voting membership in the Council. Of course, the usual Council red tape will delay possible enactment of the proposal for several weeks, but we feel that the question merits immediate discussion.

The new College Council constitution, which was ratified by the students just one month ago, provides for voting representatives apportioned by a geographic formula -- one from each residential house. Such a system is in harmony with the residential house concept. The admission of a "black" Council member would shatter this structure, for it would legitimize the power of special interest groups. If the Afro-American Society deserves representation, then how about the co-eds? Or the Jewish Association? The list of special interest groups could go on ad nauseum, each with its own claims to legitimacy. And the strength of the residential house system would be destroyed in the process.

Of course, one might object that in cases where the majority of an electorate is unable to deal intelligently with the problems confronting a "special interest group", representation should be guaranteed for the group's protection. But if one accepts this argument as the rationale for a "black" representative, one must first accept the premise that the white majority at Williams is unfit to participate intelligently and equitably in legislation concerning black interests on this campus. We consider this a totally untenable position.

Even if the premise were true, the only advantage the blacks would gain in sending one representative to a presumably unsympathetic council would be that of address. But address is, at the moment, virtually guaranteed by Article 4, Section 1 of the College Council Constitution which provides that Council meetings will be open to the student body.

By withdrawing from the existing system of representation, the blacks will only lose the opportunity to voice their opinions at house meetings where policy on major issues is, in fact, decided. Pragmatically, they would be trading what might be viewed as campus-wide influence for a single voice which, if they wish, they might maintain under the present system, with no loss required.

REFLECTIONS

ELECTION CENTRAL

We arrived at the WCFM Election Central Tuesday night just as the Huntleys, the Brinkleys, and the Cronkites of the station were getting ready to go on the air. It was 7:15, fifteen minutes after the first election broadcast was scheduled to begin. Outside the studio there was a frenetic mêlée of activities. Everyone held an assortment of papers, at least one pen and, almost invariably, a box of tiny pretzel sticks. Some staffers were running from room to room, others watched the U.P.I. machine whose tap-tap seemed to set the tempo for the activities, and always, someone was on the phone.

At the door of the news studio we met Steve Goode, a tall lanky Junior, who for some reason had more papers than anyone else. "I'm the tally sheet collector and distributor," he explained. "We have three television posts set up, one at Baxter, one at Perry and one at Spencer, each tuned to one of the three networks. There we have people taking down the latest returns and projections on the various candidates and entering them onto tally sheets. Every half hour or so we send a runner to the three posts to pick up the sheets. That's what all the coming and going's about. The runners deliver the tally sheets to me and I take them inside to the broadcast desk."

Inside the studio, tables were arranged into a rectangular formation with only one small entrance into the central space. Two mikes attached to long, horizontal stems reached over to one of the tables and three other mikes were lying around elsewhere. Behind the tables we saw the WCFM reporters for the evening practically buried behind mountains of paper - tally sheets, U.P.I. reports, newspaper and magazine clippings, yellow note paper, and so on.

Jeff Stein, the anchorman of the operation, explained that the country had been divided into five regions -- New England, the Mid-West, the Middle-Atlantic, the Southern, and the Western states -- and that each region would be covered by a team consisting of a Director and his Assistant. Each team was digging into its pile of papers to make sure they had all the facts straight: which candidate had been endorsed by Agnew or Nixon or both; who had graduated from Williams and who from Amherst; who had spent how much money on the campaign... ask Chris West or Paul Isaac or Bill Greville for the rest. By seven thirty most of the faces had emerged from beneath the papers and were preparing to go on the air. This was something quite different from the usual routine of tearing the news from the U.P.I. machine and reading it over the air, and some of the reporters were slightly nervous about confronting bare numerals and making sense out of them in the company of a live mike.

At the moment of truth, Jeff Stein went on the air: "Good evening... WCFM will be bringing you the results of the Congressional elections.... We will broadcast for ten minutes every half-hour on the half hour.... Our henchman for the evening will be Paul Grossberg."

"Thank you, Jeff," Paul came on, "We have divided the country into five regions.... each region will be covered by a two-man team.... a director and his assistant...."

AIRPLANE

A very different school, a very different crowd. The gym resembled a squared-off, modern terminal building. Rows of thin pillars split up white concrete and glass panes in a desperate attempt to disguise the edifice's enormous bulk. An hour before the doors opened for the concert, we stood among a thousand people waiting outside, bundled up against the midnight chill.

The crowd consisted of true believers (You know what that dumb ass did? He came all the way from Brockport to try and get a ticket!) and freaks ("Yeah, like he's smoking every night."); frat men from Albany State standing around in their jackets, apparently tailored to make any owner, no matter how svelte, look like Winnie the Pooh; the weekend

sophisticates decked out in the height of fashion from Alexander's With-It Boutique; and some people just there because it's Saturday night and there's nothing else new to do.

"Something else new to do" was the Jefferson Airplane, and when the doors opened for the midnight concert, we surged forward with the crowd, past the two 30-inch doors where tickets were being taken. We scrambled up into the bleachers and found good seats two-thirds of the way back, with a clear view of the stage. After assorted preliminaries, the lights went off around 1:00 A.M., and four of the Airplane started playing. The couple on our right started necking. Despite the No Smoking signs, matches flared all over the bleachers opposite; soon that side of the gym approximated old circus shows where we all bought little flashlights on strings and swung them around to make dozens of little lights in the darkened stands while the Flying Gualdinot's caromed off trampolines below.

Then the music came, powered by a mammoth amplifying system. Words were incomprehensible, too loud and defeated by perverse acoustics, but words were irrelevant. Everything was in the music and the inflections of the vocalist. The crowd warmed up; an elderly fiddler named Papa John Creech powered them on. The sound reverberated throughout the hall; a cacophony somehow came together into a coherent whole. A couple of true believers in the center seating section ne' basketball court started dancing alone, their heads bobbing above the crowd.

The band took a break and came back with Gracie Slick and two musicians. Wild applause as the band launched into "Volunteers," and the light show focused on an American flag directly over the stage. This prop was square (which a spot could fully illuminate), not rectangular, with six stars per row. A full roar from the crowd. People on the benches around us wildly clapped and cheered with a sprinkling of clenched fists here and there. Over it all soared the voice of an obviously pregnant Gracie Slick, that incredible voice, part angel, part banshee.

As the group launched into "Somebody to Love" and "Three-Fifths of a Mile," the crowd began to dance at Marty Balin's urging. The music was total, the only other sound being some loud drags on a joint passed around behind us. A girl in fairly straight clothes a few benches down danced with some equally straight-looking friends. Building up to wild frenzy, they collapsed in their seats as the whole audience sat transfixed for "White Rabbit." A variation of "Volunteers," more clenched fists, wild applause, V for peace victory closed the performance. As half the audience danced for this one, the other just sat there--tired, stoned, or mesmerized. Electric enthusiasm for whatever "Volunteers" or the Airplane meant to the crowd.

The concert over, the stillness deafening, the gradual rumble of the crowd moving out into the early morning toward the parking lot -- we left sapped of strength and vaguely eager to end all sensation in a warm bed.

MUSCLE

We heard Dr. Alex Bortoff of Upstate Medical Center at Syracuse, N.Y., talk to about 20 members of the Biology Department Friday on "Myogenic Mechanisms for Coordinating Smooth Muscle Activity" in cat intestine. Dr. Bortoff said that he was able to record slow waves from both circular and longitudinal intact smooth muscle preparations, but that in isolated preparations only longitudinal muscle exhibited slow wave activity. Dr. Bortoff reported that circular muscle had been found to show core conductor properties. Volume studies were said to indicate that depolarization current flows inward in longitudinal but outward in circular muscle. Tension recordings were said to show contraction of the two muscle layers in phase. Dr. Bortoff concluded from these data that active depolarization electrotonically depolarizes circular muscle.

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JOE DEWEY

AT THE CINEMA: Hum Dinger

'riverrun'.. Ober '64, Returns

If you've spent your entire day studying, or been pushing three A.M. for the past three nights, you'd better avoid "riverrun," the new film at the College Cinema. "riverrun" is a superficially superficial film about a young couple (Louise Ober -- a Williamstown hometown honey -- and Mark Jenkins) who take up sheep farming (or herding, I'm not sure which) in order to escape the inhumanity of the myriad nasties resulting from the Industrial Revolution. Along comes Pop (John McLian), a hard-drinking old sailor who gets turned off by various elements of his daughter's life-style: for example, although Sarah is six months pregnant, she and Danny have not bothered to marry. Besides being initially opposed to any marriage, in true back-to-nature fashion Danny also opposes:

1. eating meat you haven't killed yourself
2. new, high-powered cars (he drives an ancient, hand-crank Ford truck)
3. hospitals

This last sentiment means that the baby will have to be delivered at home -- an action which Dad determines will happen over his dead body, which is exactly what happens.

To those who saw the movie and liked it, I apologize. I liked it, too, though not -- as indicated above -- because of the stogy and oh-so-typical plot. Still, if you manage to ignore the plot, the excellent acting and direction unfold a drama whose characters are very believable and awfully human. If "riverrun" were truly bad, Dad would merely be a one-dimensional old salt complete with pipe, girl in every port, and old sea dog stories late at night. But McLian is not so shallow. He is deeply troubled, hung-up sexually, and victim of the same escapism he accuses Danny of utilizing;

he is powerful yet insecure, competing with Danny for Sarah's love. Nor are Danny and Sarah the typical arrogant, ego-tripping boy and Pollyanna ninny of a girl coupled so often in today's movies. They are idealists who entertain no illusions about changing the world; they have set principles only for themselves, and they do their best to live by them. Although immature in many ways, they do not live in a romantic, Romeo-Juliet fantasy, but affirm their love on sturdier foundations. A very real and absorbing tension is built because the three react utterly humanly -- with doubts and hesitations -- to any situation. Their encounter with each other makes for a profoundly tragic ending; Jeffries, the father, becomes an almost Greek hero: destroyed because of his very best intentions; he dies just as his grandson is born.

John Korty, the director, is refreshingly unexploitive in his treatment of the sexual theme that runs through the picture. Jeffries' daydreams are presented without a leer. We see a man who dimly realizes the way he ruined his wife's life through infidelity and continual absence. Although the camera technique at times borders on the artsy, the film is on the whole quite tactful; the plot could easily lend itself to a series of Peyton Place confrontations, but Korty skillfully avoids an ever-present melodramatic temptation. He also elicits brilliant and convincing performances from the three characters. Gestures and facial expressions are flawlessly handled, and the communication by their eyes alone is beautiful.

"riverrun" is not for the "I only go to movies to be entertained" crowd. Overall, if you've got some spare time this weekend, "riverrun" is well worth the effort.

TO THE EDITORS:

STRIKINGLY SAD

One would think that since it was barely 5½ months after the strike to change national policies and to reorient national priorities and a real, live, 'dirty old Nixonite'--Jeb Magruder '56, Deputy Director of White House Communications--was willing to defend his viewpoint against all comers, the Chapel Board Supper-Discussion would have been packed. But the students, as they always do, and as they always will I guess, had other places to go and new, more relevant issues to press; or so I was left to assume. Students had, once again, vociferously displayed their predictably short attention span.

It was strikingly sad; Magruder addressing a half-empty room, ostentatiously laying on with his rather simplistic and unintellectual dogma which invariably reduced all problems to "what we have to do is to attack the problem of big government".

Here were all the ingredients for a dialogue, for a piercingly sharp meeting of the divergent minds, a real opportunity for an effective, orderly, and intelligent discourse of opposition. The questions were, I thought, rather feeble and weak. The students showed hardly a touch of their prized acumen. The faculty, represented by Messrs. Bevis, Perlin, Simon and Sutcliffe, fared little better: being more often than not caught up in their own pomposity and ivory towerism.

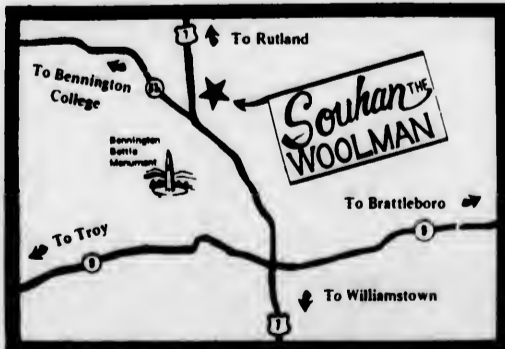
All in all, the evening was an overwhelming disappointment: two groups groping in the murkiness and ethereality of their arguments; relying upon chalking up semantical debate points rather than opening up the discussion to substantive issues. It was all tragically unfortunate because both had the opportunity to enunciate rational and logical opposing arguments based upon a knowledge of substantive issues and facts, and yet both did not.

Lewis Steele '72

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MUSIC CRITIQUE: James James

Sympathy For The Teeny-Bopper

After Friday's Poco-Small Faces concert, I am almost led to believe that anything one can say about live rock and roll music is superfluous and categorically silly. If the music is loud enough, intellectual analysis of rock becomes impossible, or at least quite apart from one's experiential enjoyment. The audience sympathized so overtly with Poco, clapping, slapping, writhing, and, yes, rocking and rolling, the music was so loud that it truly did deafen, Poco's stage presence smacked of the well-scrubbed antics we came to love on Shindig and Hullabaloo, yet engaging in such a way that I felt positively lame-brained by the intermission. I suspect that there were very few of us who ventured a critique of Poco's musical creativity after their set. Ringing ears wound the critic mortally.

The Small Faces presented an admirable antithesis. Like most English rockers, they were zesty showmen. They did perform splendidly, fabulously well, cavorting about like faggy clowns in a surrealistic cartoon. Yet I am quite reluctant to approach rock in such a dramatic spirit, as vulgar opera, or something of that sort. Rock concerts are, after all, musical renditions by definition, which limits their dramatic potential severely. True, the Small Faces did assert a definite artistic distance from their audience. Their set evinced a

distinct tone and stylistic mode. But these qualities of their set must necessarily be subordinate to the music they produced; otherwise it loses all pretensions to legitimacy, which I am not at all prepared to admit.

Obviously, great rock concerts integrate both elements of the performance. Yet I suggest that the medium of rock concerts transforms the various parts into an unpredictable whole which is essentially outside normal aesthetic standards: i.e., entertainment. The show Friday was brilliantly entertaining, but I wonder how valuable it is to ponder it as a work of art, the way we look at Zabriskie Point or King Lear. The idea upsets me, for surely the future of rock depends on it.

Hendrix is dead. The Beatles are irretrievably, eternally gone. Even the Airplane have surrendered (they did a singalong jingle for a chain of burger stands.) And the Philistines are massing forces on our shores: Blood, Sweat, and Tears recorded "Sympathy for the Devil," friends of rock! I do not say that rock is dead, only that there seem to be no more "Sergeant Peppers" in the offing. And the pickins' do appear slim for a gladiator valiant enough to slay the Goliath of Grand Funkism. Were it not for "Live at Leeds," this might well have been a eulogy.

Installment Four

'THE BIG SCORE' by Harold Ribbins

Silver wavelets lapped against the yacht, causing it to sway gently under the crescent moon. Drax lay silent, lost between the ephemeral past and the firmament of the moment -- but Moonchild was a daughter of the present, experience exploding inside her and emanating, exciting him with the warm glow of its radiation.

She rolled slightly, moistening his ear as she whispered into it.

"Want to do some dope?"

Drax was jerked back from nostalgic reveries of pungent hay, hair --

"I, uh, I don't smoke too well. I'm, I mean I was, a big track man in college. Besides, I've tried, but I can't ever get high."

"No hassle. This is really dynamite stuff." Moonchild reached to the floor, and pulled a finger-size pipe and tiny tin from her bunched up jeans. They toked up, Drax fighting off a cough as the perfumy smoke sanded his esophagus on the way down.

Once again they lay side by side, glassy-eyed, each sucking in the joys of the moment, together.

They toiled around the California countryside in his Lotus, still tasting the pleasures of their nocturnal trip. Aurora grew in vibrant brilliance, while her areola subsided.

"Where are you headed now?" Moonchild asked coyly.

"Ah, my mistress," Drax marvelled, "such curiosity. I'm going to L.A. About my father's business, y'know."

"For example?"

"Expansion. I'm going to see Daphne Coyt of Coyt Enterprises, to dissuade that tight Ersatz from any attempts to merge with Dollpole. How about you?"

"I was going to this new commune thing up in Big Sur--called Fallus, or something like that--and just--and just coming from another in Oregon. Just couldn't dig that scene. We ate without a fire for days. It was a real bummer ya know?"

Drax down-shifted smoothly as the Lotus entered a series of down-hill S-curves. He pumped the clutch, a regular intromission of leg into the warm cavity of the cockpit. He power-slid the bends, the soft corridor of asphalt within the

dew-dropped folds of the hills. Centrifugal force carried the panting Michelins to the brink, only to be withdrawn by the flawless timing of Drax's down-shifting clutch-popping acceleration.

"God, you're exciting," Moonchild gasped. "Y'know, there's no hurry on this Fallus thing. I'm open to other suggestions."

But Drax was caught up in the climax of his driving effort, the rhythm of the clutch against the strain of the engine. Finally, as he eased off the clutch, there was release and the churning teeth of the Lotus' box ground into a regular rhythm. "Excuse me, what did you say?" he asked, not really caring.

"Oh, nothing. I'm just bored," she said flatly. "I've been let down so often. I'm looking for...for something fulfilling."

A Herculean task, Drax remembered.

His thoughts turned to his mission and his leg-less progenitor. The old bastard had to get his jollies by abusing men and corporations these days. Will inadequacy become a Dollpole tradition, he wondered? But even his enemies had to admit he was a deep young man although a bit thin-skinned and hot-headed--perhaps that was the problem.

"Drax, what's this Coyt thing about?"

"Well, Miss Coyt has something that we want--someone, actually--but refuses to cooperate with us barring a complete corporate merger."

"Can't you just buy off this guy?"

"Well, no. You see Miss Coyt quite literally has this gentleman in her hip pocket, and it's going to take more than a bar of gold to pry him out of there."

"And you--"

"And I," Drax continued, shifting gears, "am to employ my own very special talents--a lever of a more subtle nature--to this particular problem. If Mannex will not leave Coyt, perhaps Coyt can be persuaded to turn out Mannex."

Moonchild knit her eyebrows into a rare V of intellectual concentration. "Mannex? Isn't he a baseballer or something?"

Drax almost choked in disbelief. "A baseballer or something indeed--Christ, he's the greatest pitcher alive. And when the World Series starts next week Mannex will determine who wins it. Mannex or someone who controls him."



THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN

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THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL

SCALLOPS,

BROILED OR FRIED

\$3.00

Students
Welcome

THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Seventeen

Thursday, November 19, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

MUSIC CRITIQUE: JAMIE JAMES

'Jesus Christ, Superstar'

--As a musical retelling of the seven last days in Christ's life it rivals the St. John and St. Matthew Passions of Bach --in ambition and scope if not in piety...

Time, November 9, 1970

"Jesus Christ, Superstar," a new rock opera by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice, is not really about Jesus Christ as much as it is about Judas, has little or no relevance to even the broadest definition of "superstar," and certainly makes the flimsiest claim imaginable to being a rock opera. Culling the most commercial items from the already fading "Debunk Jesus" school of theology, Rice and Webber have dressed up their exceedingly nebulous

charge. Now we meet the villains, and are they an evil lot! Caiaphas and his hellish priests decide in murky baritones and basso profundos that this Jesus must die ("for the sake of the nation," naturally - subtle stab of Relevant Social Commentary there.) Then we flounder through some tedious numbers which set up a flaccid tension between the demons in the temple and the mindless mob, which keeps singing a sparkling Rodgers and Hammerstein refrain of:

Hosanna Heysanna Sanna Sanna Ho
Sanna Hey Sanna Ho Sanna
Hey JC, JC won't you smile at me?
Sanna Ho Sanna Hey Superstar.

A catchy melody, which almost redeems it in the wasteland of its context, but unfortunately, that is as explicit as the superstar theme of the title ever gets. But with "I Don't Know How to Love Him," disaster salvages itself into fiasco with the all-time flamer of pure unadulterated kitsch: Mary Magdalene (who is a dead ringer for Patti Page) singing a sappy love ballad to Jesus. After all, "He's a man he's just a man--And I've had so many men before--In very many ways--He's just one more." Judas finally sells out after being badgered by the capitalist pig priests, setting the tragedy into motion. Rice and Webber's tiresome retelling of the Passion sloughs itself into a genuinely revolting climax with the Last Supper, which represents Jesus as a petty, bitchy brat. For some mysterious reason, they have reduced the Eucharist to Christ angrily spitting out "For all you care this wine could be my blood--For all you care this bread could be my body..." After Jesus and Judas have a childish argument, we muddle through Gethsemane and the arrest, to the one worthwhile song in its own right, "King Herod's Song" (which, interestingly enough, was the only number not written by our obtuse prodigies, Webber and Rice.) Judas kills himself with fierce television anguish, a rather berserk Christ limps through a lame, tuneless trial, complete with thirty-nine (count 'em!) lashes, a positively mind-boggling nadir, and then!-- the Grand Finale. "Superstar," the single and title song, sounds just like awful Broadway, complete with tinkling triangles and six-part harmony. Does it swing? I can just see a cadre of plump, go-go booted "Hello Dolly" rejects bouncing around the stage as Christ lumbers along carrying his cross. Then we hear the nails going in, Christ screeching away as the chorus

Please turn to page 3



Photo by Jay Prendergast

THE SECLUDED FRESHMAN

By Jim Gasperini

--What do you think of freshmen living together?

"I think it's disgusting. They ought to get married first."

This, from the first person I talked to. I could tell this was going to be some article to write. The going got easier, though, as the question concerned freshman segregation from upperclassmen, and few freshmen were reticent on the issue. There were no violent reactions; most freshmen seemed relatively content with the status quo, but could see arguments for both systems. As Lehman Hall's Mike Lucow put it, the present system "doesn't bother me, but when you're asked..."

* * *

"You get a feeling of two separate colleges -- us and them. If they can work it, I'd prefer seeing it integrated. This way, you have to go through two separate adjustments -- one the freshman year, and one next year going into a house."

--What do you think about the JA system?

"It isn't bad... there's nothing wrong with it, but it probably wasn't started so you could say: 'It was pretty important the first week, but who needs them after that?' Though I guess JAs are nice to have around."

* * *

"It's good to be by yourselves, with the guys you're going to be graduating with, but social life would be much better in a house."

"I think it would be a little harder to make friendships -- I mean, close friends. You'd be moving into a situation with

already-set friendships, maybe even cliques."

"It's rough on the JAs now, too. After the first month it becomes unnecessary to make juniors live in the freshman dorms -- unfair, especially for my JA, who has to walk out to Fort Daniels every night for dinner."

* * *

Phil Swain, President of the JAs and member of Fort Daniels, said he personally advocated integration of classes, "but you'll run into resistance from some of the administrators. Class unity is going out... you're a Williams student now, that's all. You don't really need to identify with a class."

--How about the JAs -- are they necessary after the first month?

"As long as you're going to keep freshmen separate, I think it's good to have somebody around -- just in case anything comes up. As far as real effectiveness goes, if you picture the necessity for JAs as 100 percent the first day, it's down to about 20 percent after a couple of days and keeps going down."

* * *

Four from Middle East were eating breakfast in Baxter.

--How do you like Morgan?

"Morgan?"

--As accommodations.

"As accommodations? I think they suck right out loud."

--Your room or ...

"The whole fucking building."

--Does everybody down there hate it?

"I kind of like it, actually -- you can do whatever you want to the walls; they don't care."

"It's nice and homey."

--Homey?

"We were treated royally, actually. We've got a long way to walk up to the fourth floor, but we've got three singles up there, a bathroom and the Zoo?"

--The Zoo?

"Yeah, the big living room."

"The radiators make funny noises."

--Funny noises?

"And the place is a firetrap."

"I had to paint one part of the wall twice to keep the plaster from coming down."

--What do you think about freshmen living apart from other classes?

"I don't like it. Over in Gladden they've got everything -- pinball machines, kitchenettes, and all sorts of crap, and here we are in Morgan stubbing our toes on the psychedelic floorboards and dodging falling plaster."

* * *

Jonet Cleard, struggling with a "cube steak": "What's the alternative? What upperclassman's going to consent to live in Williams or Sage rather than Greylock? I know I wouldn't go along with it."

Another diner disagreed. "I'd rather live here than in some of the houses I've seen."

"You may be right. There are seniors living in Morgan right now -- the rooms are grubby, but you can do anything you want to them, and I think they're pretty big."

Please turn to page 3



ideas about Israel in 4 B.C. in the dullest possible guise of musical comedy, abandoning even the pretense to rock. The result sounds like a combination of numbers that were too corny for "Hair" and not quite bouncy enough for Ed Sullivan. If you thought nothing could be in worse taste than "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls," wait till you hear this little cupcake.

After a pleasant little overture (complete with Moog synthesizer), Judas sings "Heaven on Their Minds," an awful song which depicts him as the tortured intellectual who has lost faith with his misguided leader, similar to Brutus in "Julius Caesar." Then the apostles come bopping out, sounding like a third string chorus line from Radio City Music Hall, chanting "What's the buzz, tell me what's a-happening." Christ tells them not to ask so many questions, after all, He's in

WSP Suggestion:

Gastronomy 41

By J.R.M. Fraser Darling

Course--GASTRONOMY 41

Pre-requisite--Intestinal integrity
Aim--The course is designed to revive the great tradition of the gourmet, which has declined since the First World War. Students will be introduced to the complexities inherent in the design of a banquet and will be required to produce at least one elaborate dinner for the sake of credit.

Note--Students will not be required to do much cooking, but must experiment in prandial design. Generally, cooking will be left to the Waldorf-Astoria.

Synopsis of the Course:

First Week--Introduction to the art of culinary juxtaposition. Attention will be called to the different elements that must be correctly interwoven to ensure the success of a dinner, and popular misconceptions (e.g. poultry must always be accompanied by a dry white wine) will be dispelled.

Example of a simple well-woven luncheon:

- Element 1--Huîtres de Belon
--Mumm's 1962
- 2--Saumon de la Loire
--Chevalier-Montrachet 1962
- 3--Caneton bigarade
--Chateau Léoville-Poyferre 1953
- 4--Pommes croquettes followed by Soufflé Grand Marnier Friandises.
--Chateau d'Yquem 1962.

5--V.S.O.P., Benedictine etc.
Students will be reminded of the need to balance the wines as well as the food, so that none is overpowered by that which went before.

Second Week--Intensive study in particular dishes. Students will start the day by genuflecting fourteen times before the image of Auguste Escoffier and pouring a libation to the shade of André Simon. Here there will be an opportunity to discuss the merits of various ways in which to cook



Gastronomer Fraser Darling

Drawing by George Rebb

poultry. E.G.--Pullets. In the royal class one can savour Poularde Edouard VII, Poularde à la Reine, Poularde Louise d'Orléans, Poularde Marguerite de Savoie, Poularde Princesse Hélène, Poularde à la Régence, Poularde de la Reine Anne, Poularde Reine Margot, Poularde Trianon, or Poularde Reine Marguerite; in the diplomatic class, Poularde Lady Curzon, Poularde à la Lucullus, and Poularde Talleyrand; in the national class, Poularde à la Grecque, Poularde à la Hongroise, Poularde à la Portugaise; in the provincial class, Poularde à l'Orientale, Poularde à Perigord, Poularde Sicilienne, Poularde à la Piemontaise; in the metropolitan class, Poularde à la Parisienne; in the prole category, Poularde à la Paysanne, Poularde Ecossaise, Poularde Washington. Students will also be required to prepare one dish themselves. This year: Boeuf Bourguignon. They will be asked to take a flight to France and kill a Burgundian bull. Pole-axes will be supplied by the instructor free of charge. The student is reminded that, when bringing the carcass back to the U.S., he should discreetly carry it as hand-luggage as the rate per pound of excess luggage is believed to be high.

Third Week--The students will fly to Paris where they will entertain their

Please turn to page 3

WESLEYAN (continued)

* * * * *

The two players came together with a harsh clap of shoulder pads and helmets. The crowd seemed to avert its eyes almost automatically; the purple-clad player was sure to be lying on the ground in a crumpled heap. But a split-second later, the Williams back caromed off the would-be Wesleyan tackler and stumbled into the end-zone, hurling the ball to the turf in a gesture of triumph and agony. Clutching his side, he was helped from the field by two ecstatic teammates. This was the determination the crowd had come to see, and this was the game they had hoped to see. The score was now 14-13 in Wesleyan's favor, with barely enough time left in the first half for a kick-off. First, of course, there was the routine matter of the point-after. The attempt was going flawlessly until the Williams line seemed to melt away before a horde of enraged Cardinals. Parts of no fewer than three bodies were obstructing the path of the ball by the time it was booted. Williams trailed by one point at the half.

During the second half, the knowledge that they would eventually have to convert for two seemed to panic the Williams players. They did not stay collected after Wesleyan's third TD. The Purple's seeming inability to execute a play was eliciting frenzied exhortations from one middle-aged female fan. Meticulously dressed in a tweed pant-suit with a robin's egg blue scarf knotted nearly around her wattled throat, this frail-looking woman was obviously a Williams partisan. Every time a whisp of a gap opened in the Wesleyan defensive line, she would scream to the runner, "There it is, there's the hole; go through it, go through it!" Late in the third quarter, a Williams back broke away from the first line of Wesleyan defenders and was streaking down the sideline when he was narrowly overtaken. "The bastards," shouted the woman, exhorting the hapless Cardinals who had halted the forces of good. This exclamation seemed to perturb even her husband. It brought chuckles from some of the younger spectators. "All right, all right, kids, I'll be quiet." Then, turning to her own companions, she said audibly, "That's the trouble with youth today, they don't have any enthusiasm. They ought to be glad I'm not teaching them. I'd flunk all of 'em." This observation concluded, she relaxed her wizened features and settled back into temporary complacency. Within five minutes, she had started again.

But despite support like this, Wesleyan rolled up another TD, and they liberally added salt to the wounds by topping it off with a two-point conversion. The final score was 29-13.

The defeat, however, did not dampen the gala atmosphere of the afternoon. Many of the same spectators will probably be at the Amherst game on Saturday, ready to exhibit new plumage and, hopefully, to lend their support to Williams.

*



Photo by Jay Prendergast

Before the game, the team went through the usual superstitious shenanigans: voting whether to wear socks on their calves. When was the last time we didn't wear socks? Middlebury. We upset Middlebury. Okay, no socks.

As usual, by the time the game began, half the crowd was drunk or well on the way. Williams scored early, and the veteran watchers didn't ripple while the newly returned (i.e. alumni '70) went wild. Booze flows. A fan: "What do those black people think they're doing on the fifty-yard line, no less?"

Halftime. The band marches onto the field, stumbling and bumbling in full flaming form, and introducing their graduating seniors: "Will the band fall apart without Craig Anderson?" "Dubious," replies Class of '54 with a

belch as his wife looks mortified. Fan's consumption is higher in the cold weather, so by the second half many are pretty far gone; and so is the game. Late in the fourth quarter, the WCFM sportscaster proclaims that the final nails are being driven into the coffin. Two point conversion by Wesleyan adds insult to injury in the final seconds. "Don't worry. We always finish at 4-4. That means we beat Amherst next weekend." Off to the Alumni House.

*

Almost as an apology for the bland fare and ambiance that is traditionally a part of row-house dining, several of the stewards thought they would delight their fellows and guests with unusually tempting dishes, tablecloths, and candlelight. One house, whose sons had been responsible for Greylock's immigration edict of last February, welcomed them Saturday night with a delicious kiss from the hostess, followed by shrimp curry and scampi and a variety of alcoholic refreshments. Dinner consisted of a fine cut of beef, garnished with Yorkshire pudding &

O Tempora! O Mores!

O tempora! O mores! Like droves of cattle herded for slaughter, thousands of willing wenches were imported for the weekend's oblivion. Pleasure tempered by art is always chaste, but the ostial indulgence of today's youth is brutal. Before the pink portico the flames of pagan altars blazed brightly. The besotted gladiators heaved themselves forward, tucking in the flab about their waists, to boast about deeds not yet achieved. Numbers of the crowd raised weird chants to the beating of drums and the booming of tubas, incantations more fitting to the whinnying priests of Cybele or the lascivious acolytes of Meliagabalus. Then the rabble surged toward the temple of Capitoline Jove, hammering upon its brazen doors. There the mob gyrated to the wanton hoots of jack-asses, played enormous sums for their pains. Through the heavy heat and reek of suppurating bodies the masses swayed to and fro, as if receiving the ultimate carass of equine Apuleius. The next day dawned upon Rome belching. Yet by noon those enormous heaps of prostrate flesh had dragged themselves to the arena, the only concern of their dissolute existences. There the bragging champions hurled themselves nonsensically at one another, wallowing like Limpopo Hippopotami in the churned slime. Disappointed at the pitiful fulfillment of the previous evening's brave promises, the crowds hurried, like the Gerasene swine to the precipice, to their prepared debauches. The people fell upon herds, upon flocks of sheep and goats. The air was filled with the sound of gnashing teeth and rasping of bones. Satiated with meat, the mob flocked to mountains of putrid beer and gulped in revolt against the mind's tenuous dominion. Thus when evening fell on the second day the land was littered by bodies, some together, some apart, and the air was fouled by the noise of digestive juices about their business. A scene more fitting to the court of Attila and his minions than to the university's shaded lawn of green. Ah, this is but a silly censor's prattling. How beautiful is the age's youth, how fair, how replete of ancient virtue, how decorous, courteous and fresh, how temperate, discrete, and articulate! Hail to you, O flower of our time, our future lords, even now omniscient in moral laws and active in their execution; if only your elders would listen to your innocent counsels, anointed with your pristine motives.

l'anglaise, peas verdâtre, salade du jardin, and a high quality table wine. Topped off with something approaching strawberry shortcake. It was altogether rather elegant, perhaps embarrassingly so for certain hou-bro's who were content to be hou-bro's.

At one table, someone recalled a conversation he'd had with a friend of his at Harvard who believed that things are actually reverting back to the fifties, that politicism and social concern are relics of a sealed decade and that in their place is re-emerging the bevo-demo insouciance of the frat and football era. Someone proceeded to object, but was interrupted by the sudden entry of one of the brothers who fled across the room like a hunted rabbit and out the other door. Then, just as suddenly, the house president burst in, streaked with whipped cream and strawberry sauce, and galloped after his quarry.

*

By 8:20 the waiting list had reached the 20s and late-comers began wondering whether they'd get into Loot or have to come back Sunday night. House Manager Ron Jacobs had them lined up along the corridor outside the "Ex." Just after 8:25 they flooded in, quickly filling up the metal, fold-up chairs, then the wide window sills on the west side of the room, and finally the narrow aisle at the back. A motley bunch, to be sure: freshmen in

blue suits, still oblivious to the recently emerged Williams "casual" image, accompanied by equally innocuous dates; upperclassmen in garb which all too blatantly broadcasted their "concern"; a faculty person in casual shirt and pants, looking amazingly enough like anyone else.

As the house lights dimmed, the haggard old man on stage came alive, and the play began. Professor Hunt's raucous laugh pierced through the moderate laughter at Orton's caustic satire of British bureaucracy and penetrated the shuffling of feet at the author's less conspicuous gems of wit. Despite the apparently hurried production of the work, the audience benevolently deemed the show worthy of a curtain call and mumbled grunts of satisfaction as they flowed back into the corridor, potentially more enlightened by Orton's absurdist comment on life but undoubtedly not.

*

The quiet sound of jazz permeated the atmosphere of the WCFM studios late Saturday night. McCoy Tyner was completing a brilliant rendition of "All of Me," as about 15 long-haired students and dates began filing into the main studio, dimming the lights, setting up sleeping bags, relaxing in preparation for the all night show that was to follow. John Seakwood entered the controlroom and began setting up tapes and records to be used later in the evening. Bill Evans was closing the jazz show with an appropriate tune "Round About Midnight." The DJ signed off in the midst of a hushed quiet piano background, introduced "John Seakwood and Friends" and then pushed the button triggering off the "Looney Tunes" theme. The next show quickly began with the ticking of a clock, chimes, and "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" at full volume. It was followed by more, much more, of the Beatles and a wide variety of groups throughout the evening. They (threatened, alledged) to stay on all night, but we were too tired to listen much beyond 3:30.

*

You see them in the parking lot, or next to the library, piling into cars. "So long," say the ones that aren't coming back. "Really I had a great time." There's Frank's girl - you know - who he's been dating four years? Doesn't look as pretty as she used to. Clouds powder the sky and drift above Main Street, chasing down the highway, beating the station wagons back to Poughkeepsie.

"And you?"

"Nothing special."

"Had myself an Old Williams weekend. You shoulda seen."

Last good-byes. Whose date is staying till Monday? Jesus.

For seniors it's the last Big Football Weekend. They say they don't care. Just say good-bye to her and try again next weekend. That's right. That's what you learn in four years.

You start thinking about all those Wesleyan people in 1960 - 1960, the beginning of youth-on-the-march - how they're all thirty now.

Don't think about that: So long, you say to her. Say hello to your roommate.

ROAST BEEF (continued)

The room we went into had an American flag on the wall. It also had a map of the freshman quad and detailed plans for an invasion of Sage. "Hey General," he yelled, "how about a roast beef grinder?"

"Yeah, I'll take one," the general answered. He put mustard on his roast beef with a jackknife that he pulled out of his pocket; he then retired to his barracks, and we moved on to sell more grinders.

"Roast beef!"

"I'd like one, but I don't have any money."



Photo by Bob Burt

"I'll take a check. Why don't you make it out for two, and get one for your friend? Better yet, make it out for two dollars, and I'll give you three. Save ten cents."

"Yeah, do it. Can you beat that?" I said.

"You selling roast beef, too?"

"No, I'm taking notes."

"Do you have any mayonnaise?"

"No, it's against the health laws."

Back on the quad, I asked him how his business operates.

"I buy my roast beef from the same supplier that supplies the 1896 House. I pick that up around 9:00. I get the bread fresh from the baker every day. I had to raise my price from last year's because of the rise in the price of meat...I usually go to the freshman dorms every night, but I go to different upperclass dorms on different nights."

By this time, we had driven from the freshman quad over to Prospect. Jack explained more of the psychology of selling roast beef.

"It's good to hit crowds. If one of the people in the group buys, a lot of the others will buy, too."

We went into the TV room in Prospect. The Rams-Vikings game was on.

"Roast beef!"

One person bought a sandwich. A lot of others didn't buy, too. We went upstairs to the rooms. His general procedure was to knock on the door, yell "Roast beef!" and then to open the door. One of the rooms contained a girl sitting on a guy's lap. They politely refused his sandwiches.

"Roast beef!"

"Shove it!"

"Yeah, I'll take one."

"Do you have any nickels?"

"Wait a minute... yeah, I've got some."

"Good, I was running out of change."

"Hey, who won the fight?"

"Ali did. Quarry couldn't come out for the fifth round because of a cut over his eye."

"Do you ever get discouraged when sales are going slowly?"

"Discouraged? Nah. I once got twenty sandwiches stolen; that was about the closest I ever came to getting discouraged."

"Do you plan to write another book?"

"Not about my roast beef adventures. I'm an American Studies major, and I may turn my thesis into a book. If I do write a book about Williams, it'll be about more than just roast beef."

*

"Would you like to help me sell roast beef?"

"No, I don't have time. Do you ever eat your sandwiches?"

"Are you kidding? You couldn't pay me to eat one of those things."

COLLEGE CINEMA

THIS WEEK:

"RIVERRUN"

Starring Louise Ober



SHOWTIMES

SUN. - THURS. 8:00

FRI., SAT. 7:00, 8:30

COME DOWN AND MEET
THE GAY BLADES AT

St. Pierre's
Barbers

The Williams Advocate

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Executive Editor:
David Kehres
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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE is a weekly publication by the students of Williams College; correspondence should be addressed to THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE, Brainerd Mears House, Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267; telephone 413-458-7131 Ext. 425



Photo by Jay Prendergast

"Lifers" at Folk Service

When, do you suppose, secretary Laird
will write a book?

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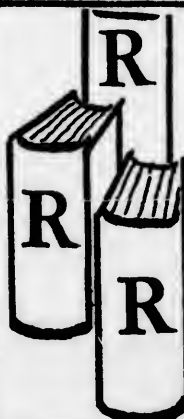
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REFLECTIONS

FOLK SERVICE
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FOLK SERVICE

SUNDAY OCTOBER 18

DRESS INFORMAL

EVERYONE WELCOME

**TO SING, TO PRAY, AND TO
LISTEN**

THEME: HALFWAY TO BELIEF

With that message in mind we went to St. John's church to participate in the service. We followed a crowd of young people into the church basement after being assured that this was indeed the folk service. No one in the crowd could have been older than 17. The atmosphere in the basement was one of mild and loud hysteria, more like a junior prom than a congregation of the faithful. One young man slapped a young lady on the bottom, prompting squeals and giggles from that party. At the front of the church several considerably more sedate people were entering the sanctuary. We asked an usheress at the door if this was where the folk service was being held. She replied affirmatively. When we inquired of the nature of the crowd below she answered somewhat apologetically, "Oh, they're the 'lifers'."

Entering the sanctuary we narrowly avoided being grabbed around the elbow by a young lady in casual dress with a determined smile upon her face. When we asked her why she had come her mouth lost its smile and her voice its gaiety: "I belong to the youth group and I really get a great feeling and I have commitment... a deep commitment."

As people began to take their seats we noted the preponderance of young people, especially young ladies. A few Williams students were in attendance too. Upon the dais, several young musicians vigorously strummed their guitars. We seated ourselves in a pew and asked another young lady, Lee Mesic, why she had attended. "I was informed of it this afternoon and it seemed like a good Sunday night to commit yourself and so I'm here."

One of the few elderly couples in attendance was Canon Hough, a minister on exchange from England, and his wife. We asked them their reason for attendance. Canon Hough: "We wanted to see what it was like." Mrs. Hough: "We had folk services in England." Canon Hough: "No, I don't think so. Not really." Mrs. Hough: "We've had interludes of them with young people." Canon Hough: "No, not really."

Abruptly, one of the guitar players leaped up and urged us all to join him in singing the first hymn, supplemented by a brisk guitar accompaniment. We wondered where the minister was and not until several hymns later did we realize that the guitar player, in fact, was the minister. The atmosphere was more than faintly reminiscent of a hootenanny. After the first few hymns the young "lifers" began to clap in rhythm with the music. One energetic lifer, a young lady with a rather large crucifix hanging around her neck, admonished and elbowed some of the more recalcitrant into clapping. Whenever the clapping seemed in imminent danger of fading away away, another cadre of lifers would revive it.

During an intermission in singing the audience was invited to offer prayers for people and things. Prayers were spoken for "our boys in Vietnam," the "wonderful young people" at the folk service, and even "Williams College."

At the end of the service, the minister, several lifers, and a few others — most with guitars in hand — swayed down the

aisle singing, "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands". On the way out we asked another young lady, Miss Susan Donelan, what she had thought of the service. "I don't know," she replied. "I'm a Catholic."

HATFIELD

Hatfield, Massachusetts, which lies between Northampton and Deerfield, is the birthplace of Sophia Smith, the founder of Smith College, and Ephraim Williams once lived there for a time.

On Memorial Day we joined the Williams Choral Society and Smith College Glee Club for a performance in Hatfield's tricentennial celebration.

We were to leave from Chapin at 2:15 that afternoon, but Peter Clarke, the manager of the group, had to be reminded of the departure by telephone. On the bus Mr. Roberts told us about the meal we were going to have at the Congregational (or popularly, Congo) church: "A New England specialty of the house, guys — chicken and dumplings!" Some wretched, but most considered it a welcome diversion from the bland Williams fare.

Hatfield materialized some time later; it was a fairly small, well kept, early American, New England outpost: the type of place whose houses — dated 1780, 1835, 1777, and so on throughout the village — betray its historical import. During the pre-dinner choral practice, the nominal chairman of the celebration committee, a Miss Billings, addressed the choir on the solemnity of the occasion. She prefaced her remarks by announcing her intention to attend her seventieth college reunion at Smith next year. (We tried to comprehend membership in the Class of '01). Her head involuntarily bobbed, so characteristic of the elderly, so pathetic yet unquestionably comic, as she relived for the group Sophia Smith's life and founding of the school.

After 6:00 we walked to the Congo church with the Smithies to partake of the acclaimed chicken and dumplings. To the chagrin of some, the chicken had been transmogrified into baked ham and the dumplings into escalloped potatoes.

A lively discussion ensued at the table: "I know a Williams exchange student at Smith."

"Who?"

"Bert Meek."

"Never heard of 'm."

"Oh."

And then the concert. Among other pieces, the choral society sang "Sherburne," "The Toast to George Washington," and "The Virgin Unspotted." Halfway through, Smith President Mendenhall and Williams Librarian Lawrence Wikander addressed the gathering, both ostensibly vying for title of best wit of the evening.

In this corner, Mr. Mendenhall: "If it weren't for Sophia Smith, none of us would be here this evening." (The Williams men found that rather odd.)

"It seems somewhat incestuous for Miss Hyatt (Iva Dee Hyatt, Smith College Glee Club director) to live in Sophia Smith's home."

And in the other corner, Mr. Wikander: "I must apologize for the feeling of depression that comes over me on contemplating these comely, nubile, young women and these handsome, virile, young men. For the lesson of Hatfield is that the 'blessed' in the state of single-blessedness are institutions of higher learning."

"Ephraim Williams was first stationed during King George's War at Fort Massachusetts, which is now remembered by the monumental parking lot of the Central City Shopping Center."

Outside the hall, as we waited in the bus to return to Williamstown, Miss Hyatt thanked us for our participation. In gratitude, the choir reciprocated with "Iva Dee" to the tune of "Aura Lee" (which may be more easily recognized as Elvis Presley's "Love Me Tender").

Miss Hyatt was touched. "I have a Harvard sweater, a Wesleyan sweater, an Amherst t-shirt, and now a Williams song."

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GUL '70: A FINE PICTURE BOOK, BUT... By David Kehres

The 1970 Gulliemensian is making its long-awaited appearance this week, after the series of frustrating but unavoidable delays that seem to be almost as much of a tradition as the book itself. Stu Selonick has composed a book that is a fine pictorial record of the year just past, but seems to lack the breadth and the perspective that yearbooks need if they are to retain their value for some time.

Let's face it, the yearbook is the perennial problem child among a campus's student publications. Obviously it must be more than a glorified scrapbook - Seniors, Sports, and Activities - but the form, and even much of the content, is up to the editor, who seldom has any firm guidelines to follow. He has to make the yearbook a personal statement, which is the only way to present a unified picture of the events and the moods of an entire year, without offending anybody in the process. The trick is to make the book original enough that people will remember it, yet traditional enough that people can accept it as their own record of the year and not someone else's. Jim Deutsch and Phil Greenland found out last year, with their celebrated "Year-box", that it is easier to make an original Gul than it is to get people to accept it as a genuine account of a school year.

Though the 1970 version bears little resemblance to that bright orange box of a year ago, it is possible that Editor Selonick has run afoul of the same problem. He was quoted earlier this fall as saying, "I think a yearbook should be a photographic-aesthetic experience." Well and good. Judged in this light the new Gul is a substantial though qualified success. The photography on the whole is excellent, and a number of individual shots stand out: Frank Bartolotta stares out at a football game while sitting in the bleachers with an American flag in his hand; President Sawyer smiles at the cameraman while holding a marker's pole and a camera at a ski meet. The book closes with thirteen pages of still studies, in fine counterpoint to the previous pages that were crowded with people and action, and the final picture is a beautiful telephoto shot of the campus, with the

FRESHMAN (continued)

"I think there are a lot who'd want to stay there. I like my room; it's got a nice fireplace... and I like the tree outside my window."

"The food's better over in Greylock, though."

"That's for sure."

"One problem with Sage is that I have to run a quarter-mile to get to the bathroom from the second floor."

"It's not too far downstairs."

"It's seventy steps downstairs as opposed to forty upstairs. I counted."

"Over here, over here, my good man. How would you like to be interviewed? What do you think about freshmen living apart from upperclassmen?"

"I think it's good, actually... especially for class government. You need it for student government and for a level of organization."

"You would prefer more or less organization? (Nasty loaded ADVOCATE question calling for a good evasive answer.)"

"Well, it depends on what it's for - for things like CUL and CEP it's good to have equal representation, and the only way you can get the right perspective is if the class is more or less unified."

*
Second floor, Sage. The Uruguayans were playing the Armenians in soccer with a fireplace and trunk as goals. Someone else was bouncing a tennis ball.

"What would you think about freshmen and upperclassmen living together?"

"Before getting married..."

"Stop. I've heard that one already."

"I think it should be mixed. They give us all this bullshit about adjustment and then make you go through it twice."

There was a clamor at the end of the room. "Score! And the Armenians rack up another point. The scoreboard lights up. The fans go wild." Steve from Sage Six walked in.

"Ah! The bearded one!"

"Has anybody heard Janet Johnson? Is she worth two dollars?"

"It's kind of good getting to know a lot of freshmen," continued the first speaker.

"You're going to meet freshmen, anyway, though - in classes. And two people with a lot in common are bound to run into each other. With upperclassmen you get different levels of maturity, you're with people who know what's going on. I think you'd get a much more relaxed

snow-covered slopes of Pine Cobble rising endlessly in the distance.

The few flaws in the layout are relatively minor, and pertain mostly to the pacing and variety of the pictures presented. A long series of candid shots and action shots will be followed by a number of posed pictures that are undoubtedly included as a change of pace, but the effect is spoiled because the staged photos and "portraits" tend to be clumped together a page or two at a time. The few "trick" pictures - a student dousing his friend with water from an upstairs window, for example - seem out of place on a page of candid.

Senior pictures are handled about as well as they ever are, in irregular blocks with activities listed in rectangular blocks on the same page. The sports photographs are well balanced and not overly repetitious. In all, the "photographic-aesthetic experience" is a rewarding one.

But the Gul must be a literary experience too, to a certain extent, and when judged in terms of its essays the 1970 Gul fails rather significantly. The book does not give a balanced, "genuine" picture of the year with its writing. It suffers from a distorted perspective on the year 1969-1970, for one thing. The first essay starts out "In virtually every respect, politics describes this year at Williams." In many respects "politics" describes the yearbook. Granted that the Strike was probably the most momentous single event ever to hit Williams, the Strike and the Moratoria and Habitable Earth Week (God rest its soul) were nevertheless the exceptions in a year that was singularly quiet until the first week in May. To proclaim a "year of politics" is to disguise this significant fact.

Beyond this error in emphasis, the Gul's essays seemed to lack the variety that makes up a school year. All the writing in the book can be easily read in fifteen minutes, and gives the impression that politics, co-eds, Tommy Atkins, and the Afro-Americans were the only comment-worthy topics in ten months of activity. It may be that pictures are worth thousands of words, and it is certainly true that few 1970 graduates will have any

desire to read dozens of pages filled with collegiate cynicism and wit by the time of their twentieth reunion or so; but it will be difficult for them to extract the more subtle memories of their senior year from the hundreds of pictures in the book, when there is no prose to connect to most of them, not even any captions.

An additional flaw in the Gul's writing is that, unlike the photography, the writing is never candid, unguarded, personal. The style is formal in almost all places (parts of Larry Hollar's piece and the retiring-faculty's essays excepted), and every piece says "This is what the year meant" instead of "This is what the year was." Perhaps there is a place for scholarly writing in a yearbook, but there are phrases, slogans, and quotations that should appear too; there are incidents that cannot be described by a photograph, and these are lost for future readers of the 1970 Gul.

The new Gul is a fine picture book. For those who understand and appreciate photography it has been well worth waiting for. For those who do not have the inclination, nor perhaps the memory, to read their own recollections of last year from the assembled prints, Stu Selonick's own particular interpretation of 1970 will very likely seem incomplete and somehow not quite realistic. In the final analysis, though, the value of GUL '70 cannot be determined until 1969-70 is a fairly distant memory.

SUPERSTAR (continued)

cackles maniacally in the background. When he expires, a gloopy violin quartet rounds out the extravaganza with the inspirational sounds of the elevator at your dentist's office.

As you may have surmised, "Superstar" is an abomination. There is nothing inherently wrong with secularizing Christ, but the Resurrection is quite a tough act to follow without a really impressive vehicle and a definite point of some sort. "Superstar" has neither. Although it may appear to have something to say, it finally does nothing more than picture Christ as petty

AT THE CINEMA: Hum Dinger

'Fantasia' Oriental Mushrooms and Obstinate Brooms

Many years ago when grass was something you weren't allowed to walk on, and drug users were degenerate bohemians somewhere in the wilds of Greenwich Village, several musicians and a few Walt Disney cartoon artists collaborated in a cinematic trip of colors and sounds aptly entitled "Fantasia". The artists created animated tableaux around a number of well-known classical pieces (performed quite adequately by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski) and the result is a dizzying array of flawless animation with kaleidoscopic colors and forms magnificently interwoven with the music.

I was amazed by the sheer scope of these artists' imagination. Oriental mushrooms, spinning lilies and Russian thistles dance to Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite". Sugar-plum fairies (who all bear a striking resemblance to Tinkerbell) cover the summer foliage with jewels of dew; and after the leaves turn scarlet and fall to the Waltz of the Flowers, the fairies transform the dew into frost and change a lake into crystal while huge snowflakes gently float to the ground.

Mickey Mouse, well-known star of watches and t-shirts, gets into trouble with a bunch of obstinate brooms as the Sorcerer's Apprentice. Huge shadows and dream-like motion create an eerie, almost frightening scene which, added to the spooky music, becomes a nightmare. The earth comes into being and Stravinski's "Rite of Spring" backdrops erupting volcanoes, rivers of lava, and a battle between the tyrannosaurus rex and a stegosaurus. And if "Son of Flubber" convinced you that a Walt Disney flic stands no chance whatsoever of being in the least humorous, come and see red-caped alligators, tu-tued hippos and scrawny ostriches leaping to the "Dance of the Hours" ballet.

In "Fantasia" elephants float on bubbles, tiny winged horses learn how to fly and for all you biology majors we see actual cell-splitting (mitosis, right?) on the silver screen. To Beethoven's 6th

atmosphere.

"But it wouldn't be as easy to meet freshmen. I'm glad I met all of you."

"Ohhhhh. Geeeee. Feel nice and secure with your buddies around?"

*
"From what I've seen at Dartmouth and Skidmore, having all classes together works pretty well," said another Sageite. This feeling was verified by a blonde from Skidmore: "I like it. I have a couple of close friends who are sophomores, and it's really helpful in getting different recommendations on courses or professors. You get to know freshmen, too. There are twenty-two freshmen on my floor out of forty-two."

*
"What sort of practical changes would you make to shift to integration?"
"Although there are upperclassmen in Morgan and juniors in West College, I don't think you could find enough who'd want to stay in Williams."

"The situation will probably change next year when there'll be girls in West College, freshmen over in the soph quad, and changes in Baxter."

"Perhaps you could have a freshman floor in an upperclass house, so the freshmen would be together, but with upperclassmen, too."

"Just forget it till next year...."

THE ADVOCATE PAGE THREE

schlemiel. And the poverty of musical and dramatic ideas makes it quite ludicrous in the process. "Superstar" is so horrendous, so incredibly awful and tasteless at a few points, I find it hard to believe that it is not conscious self-parody. This abortive chaff will define the last frontier of vacuous pretension in popular music (I can't tell you what rock is, but this sure ain't!) for all time. Let us hope so, anyway. Sonny and Cher, move over.

"Jesus Christ, Superstar" will be presented on WMS-WCFM Friday November 20 at 7:30 P.M. THE ADVOCATE wishes to thank Discoveries for its assistance with this review.

GASTRONOMY (continued)

instructor at the Ritz for the sake of credit. At this point Afro-Americans, if they feel the course has taken an undue Gallic bias, may go to tropical Africa, instead, to study the culinary traditions of the Anthropophagi. Those to be examined in Paris will be expected to produce a dinner of at least fourteen courses including dishes such as--

Element 1--Frogs, Nymphes à l'Aurore followed by Potage Sarah Bernhardt; Consomme Metternich (but not if you are to enjoy later Filet de Boeuf Talleyrand) and Consomme Jacqueline (but beware inclusion of Celeri à la Grecque).

Element 2--Filets de Soles Pompadour would have an uneasy relationship with Filets de Soles Mirabeau, but the two would not be incompatible.

Element 3--Amourettes à la Tosca might do well as an after-taste to Filets de Soles Verdi, but this is really a matter of preference. Côtelettes à la Maintenon would jar with Côtelettes à la Sévigne.

Element 4--Make sure the meat is fresh before sampling Tournedos Lili.

Element 5--Never mix a Pilaw de Volaille à la Grecque with one à la Turquie, for obvious reasons. Keep a good distance between your Faison Grille Diable and the Ailerons de Poulet à la Carmelite.

Element 6--The Omelette en Surprise des Sylphes would much appreciate a drop of Brise du Printemps and a dash of Creme Caprice. Coupes Clo-Clo can be very satisfying after Roses Nuées. At all costs do not let Pudding Malakoff come near Coupes Tutti-Frutti or even Pêches Rose-Pompom or Rose Chérie. Similarly the Combe Frou-Frou would not agree with the Bombe Nero, but with the Bombe Bourdaloue it would be delicious.

The course will end with a lecture on the efficacy of laxatives and quotations from A La Recherche du Temps Perdu.

Estimated cost: \$10,000.

Instructor: Professor Bon-Viveur.

Symphony, the "pastoral", Centaur boys get Centaur girls in a style vaguely reminiscent of Skidmore's Mixer on the Green.



The finale portrays the conflict between good and evil as a huge demon calls his spirits before him in a orgy of flames while Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" plays frantically. Dawn and the good, however, triumph as misty trees and Schubert's "Ave Maria" end the movie with a cathedral of color and sound.

"Fantasia" is an amazing experience. There is just so much to it without even worrying about a profound message. "Fantasia is pleasure pure and simple--go and enjoy it."

BERKSHIRE SYMPHONY

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Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Eighteen

Thursday, December 3, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

President Sawyer Speaks Out by John Ramsbottom

The atmosphere in Jesup Hall Wednesday night before the start of the "open discussion" was somewhat akin to that before the freshman activities orientation. As it had been on September 15, the auditorium was filled to capacity. The

Reflection P. J. Trivia

"What day is Friday, P.J.?" "Round-Up Day," P. J. Morello snapped back automatically; then, "it's also the trivia contest, the opening of 'Pantagleize', and the day after I don't hand in my art paper." In that order, apparently.

We found P.J. busier than the proverbial beaver ("Who did Bucky Beaver's voice in the 1959 Ipana commercials?") with his finger in more pies than Little Jack Horner. (i.e. "at least two.") He plays the nefarious Police Officer Creep in "Pantagleize," and we managed to catch him during a lull in a five-hour runthrough. Disguised as a palm tree for scene six, he was firing questions at a prop dummy and sniffing loudly. Even when P.J. relaxes he speaks and gesticulates in an incessant torrent. "What's that new disease you're spreading, P.J.?"

"I can't answer that now. You'll have to listen to the trivia Contest Friday night. Right now I can't tell if I'm greasy because I'm in character or because my nose is running. By the way, whose boots did Ronald Reagan lick in the John Huston production of --"

"We don't know. Why do you ask?" We knew very well why he asked, but in order to get off the spot we were willing to get metaphysical.

"It's trivial, and therefore important. But we're not doing the contest to make people like you feel stupid. We -- that's the Agard Memorial Tube Team of John Sayles, Tom Rea, Tom Taft, Tom Plot, myself, Gregg Peterson and Chuck

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At Repton - Bastion Of The British Upperclass by J.R.M. Fraser Darling

"Intelligent discussion of the public schools is handicapped by the fact that they are indescribably funny," wrote one embarrassed commentator. As this writer discovered, the worst obstacle to discussing the Public School is having attended one. The Establishment preconditions one's mind, making it difficult to criticize objectively its manifestations. The American attitude to the English Public School has apparently been dictated by mixing the brutality of *If* and the sentimental slush of *Goodby Mr. Chips*. Had these films not engendered false conceptions of the Public School, I would not have bothered to write this article.

Strangely enough, the Public School boy is very ordinary by contemporary standards of normality. His mores show occasional symptoms of belated "swinging London" and Carnaby Street, but his inheritance has been the attitudes held by the English upperclass since the days of Shakespeare. Class, then, rather than merit, determines his school standing. He is not arrogant, as some ignoramuses profess; he simply assumes his superiority over the mass of mankind to be part of the natural or divine order of things. When I returned to Boston from London this September, the customs girl who dismembered my underwear proudly announced her recent departure from Mt. Holyoke College. Her present job, as she saw it, was not incompatible with four years in Academe. An English Public School boy would never earn his living, even for an intermediate period, through such a menial job. Not his hatred of the job or the person who performs it, but rather his vision of class distinctions and degree prevents him from doing anything less than organizing the show.

The school's hierarchy is very rigid and, with his admission at the age of thirteen, the boy relinquishes his opportunity to question it. The thought never occurs that this hierarchy might be anything but divinely ordained. My school, Repton, had seven houses, each containing between fifty and a hundred boys. Mine contained fifty-six people. No fewer than eight classes comprised this

audience was noisy, and, for the most part, did not even notice President Sawyer stride in, dressed in the Ivy League fashion of the era during which he first took office. He was not surrounded by an entourage of administrators and professors-- Professors Greene and O'Connor were already on the stage-- yet despite this seemingly casual approach, he had managed to be just about the last person to enter the room. After a little more confusion, the audience finally turned its attention to the podium. There, after a word or two from Dick Berg, student MC, the president made a few opening remarks. First of all, he attempted to dispel the notion that this was "an unprecedented occasion," as Leibo had termed it. He said he often holds meetings of this sort, whenever he senses "a wider set of questions, some confusions, and concerns about the curriculum" among the students. Moreover, he hoped to demonstrate "that the President... is alive and well and listening." What became increasingly clear as the meeting continued was that he had come not only to listen but also to convey certain conceptions of how Williams should operate. But first he reviewed the progress which the school has made in the past decade, largely by referring back, in true Sawyerian fashion, to some of his own remarks, which he quoted modestly but with some degree of certainty. In the coming decade, he noted, the curriculum will be a continuing target of change.

President Sawyer emphasized that the faculty is aware of the deep concerns of many students with the predicament of the outside world. As an attempt to incorporate these interests into the curriculum, the college will try to move in two directions, both of which have been explored to some extent already. More "experiential" programs will be made available, patterned roughly along the lines of "Williams in India." Secondly, he

proposed a "regrouping of the ways in which knowledge is studied and taught." In areas such as political science, for example, a rigid structure and sequence of courses need not be followed to the extent apparent in, say, the mathematics department. That the college will move in this direction the audience took for granted; no one was particularly attentive. President Sawyer then invited questions.

One freshman said afterwards that he had left early "in despair of hearing either a relevant question or a relevant answer." The announced topic of the evening, "A Discussion of Liberal Arts Education," came up only once, when Pres. Sawyer alluded to his definition of it inside the front cover of the catalogue. The majority of the questions posed concerned the tenure system at Williams, its purpose and its validity. Professor Greene, a man whose sometimes ruffled, agitated external appearance belies the organized reason beneath, commented that it serves a double purpose, that of providing a system of advancement so that a faculty member cannot be confined indefinitely to a position equivalent to "athletic coach without the salary", and secondly, that of ensuring "political freedom" to faculty members. The criteria on which the Committee on Educational Policy bases its tenure judgments then came under scrutiny. President Sawyer stated that the most heavily-weighted factor is "teaching commitment and effectiveness." He asked Dick Berg to describe a program by which a questionnaire may eventually be circulated at the conclusion of every course to help determine the teacher's effectiveness. One student in the balcony then rose to point out that the questionnaire will probably not be mandatory, a charge which Berg could not deny. He went further to assert that there is no effective obstacle to a tenured professor's simply giving up the academic ghost. At this point, despite this first hint of controversy, the exodus from the room began. Professor Greene replied that

such an attitude on the part of a faculty member would generate "a lot of static" among his colleagues. "Yes," admitted the questioner, "but he would still be drawing pay." Dr. Greene's response: "Not all that much!" This remark earned him a comradely pat on the back from President Sawyer. The latter also responded to the mandatory question, "What about women on the faculty?" He replied, "I think if you check back, you'll find that the rate of growth is exponential." He also fielded a question concerning the inadequacy of career counseling. His response was essentially that the provost, although very busy, would undoubtedly like to see a student memo on the subject. Another wave of people left the room.

The conclusion that the president views the changes proposed by some students as a threat to what he terms the "continuity" of Williams was inescapable. In answer to yet another question about tenure, and the students' role in the decision-making process, he replied, "I think that almost every member of the faculty would prefer the judgment to be made by his professional peers rather than by some popularity..."

The questioner responded, "But I'm not suggesting a popularity contest."

Evidently seeing the course this was taking, the President cut himself short, and since this question had been designated as the last, most of the remaining people left. He quickly sought out the student to explain what he really had meant, what he had intended in this case was what had surfaced at other times--that the final decisions on matters concerning an institution's operation must be left in the hands of those who bear "the real responsibility for the enterprise." Of course the students definitely exercise "an indirect vote," as has happened in the psychology department in the past few years, where the number of majors has increased about 200 percent; by differential course selection such as this, students reveal their preferences; thus, whenever the administration discerns a substantial

Please turn to page 2

small group, which was ordered by a graded system of privileges:

1. The Bim Fag (the word "fag" in England has none of the disreputable overtones it does in America) - He is the personal slave of his "study-holder," whose shoes he cleans, whose coat he brushes, whose crockery he washes, whose bed he makes, whose table he tidies, whose floor he sweeps, whose room he dusts, and whose chance fancy sends him on any errand.

2. The Mid Fag - He supervises the Bim Fag and draws the curtains in the evening.

3. The Tip Fag - He supervises the Mid Fag, gives his studyholder the morning newspaper, and receives a tip at the end of the term for his pains.

4. The Bim Second - He laughs at the Studyholder's jokes, showing all the symptoms of the parvenu, since his two years of fagging are over. With his lack of authority, however, he degenerates into a sycophant. He looks for pieces of fluff behind the radiator, which the Bim Fag has overlooked, so that the miscreant can be beaten for incompetence.

5. The Tip Second - He is Iago to his Studyholder's Othello and on the threshold of power. He makes witty conversation for his Studyholder at the expense of the Bim Second, while currying favour with the fags to thwart that rival's aspirations to dominance. After the studyholder has read through the morning newspaper he ceremoniously claims its crumpled remains (the Bim Fag waits for his turn at the newspaper until he empties the waste-paper bin the morning after).

6. The Studyholder - He makes jokes, the mediocrity of which never becomes apparent to him except through the forced laughter with which his lackeys greet the witticisms. He rules the study in which the other five live, maintaining his table by the radiator in winter, and by the window in summer (the Bim Fag's footstool is invariably by the door). He picks every member of the study, after negotiation with his peers, and thus receives their feudal allegiance. It is he

who recommends his fags to be beaten for incompetence if the whim takes him (one piece of fluff is evidence enough for condemnation, as the author somewhat painfully discovered).

7. The House Prefect - He aspires for supreme power, but must be content with lieutenantancy. He enforces discipline within the house, patrolling the corridors nightly. In the evening, he executes the sentences upon the fags whom the studyholders recommend for punishment during the day. A size-twelve gym shoe, therefore, is always within his instant reach. Towards the term's end, he starts his machinations for the supreme post, the Head of the House, if the office is to be left vacant. These intrigues allow him to perfect his five-year training in rendering unscrupulous behaviour efficacious, yet in carrying it out under the guise of adherence to traditional values of service, obedience, and leadership motivated by righteousness. Indeed, Americans must not assume the English Public School boy takes this charade seriously. The game is won only through cultivation of a profound cynicism. He knows class system within the school is ridiculous alongside all normal standards of behaviour, but he never really leaves school, for the expertise he learns in the exploitation of an hierarchical system is indispensable when he enters the ranks of The Establishment.

Thus, the boy who rebels, who does not wish to conform, wins no praise for daring individualism, is not even considered dangerous, but thought a naive fool. The rebellious idiot has made the mistake of taking the system seriously, of thinking it an instrument of his own oppression, whereas, in fact, it is the gift of his class, the knowledge of the manipulation of others in adult life. Any boy at the age of thirteen can be brain-washed. When I came to Williams, I was deeply impressed by the efforts made to help me fit in - there were all kinds of people to talk to for advice. To fail to fit into an English Public School, however, is a sin, and if one finds it difficult, the logic of the gym-shoe assists him. At Repton, the time allowed

to conform is two weeks after the beginning of the first term. After that, one takes an exam on all the attributes which give the school its identity. If one fails the exam (questions can be as absurd as "What is the name of the headmaster's cat?" or "Who is the ugliest boy in the house?"), punishment is inevitable. Having failed my exam, I was beaten for the second time within a month of my arrival for "not fitting in." The pretext for my punishment was that I had forgotten a number of times to wake up my Studyholder in the morning, and that when I did awaken him, it was with too much violence. I had the honour, however, of being executed by the Head of House, and, as he traced the floral pattern of his silk waistcoat with his finger, he lectured on the need "to get a grip on oneself." Although the gym-shoe was very large, the blows were hardly more than taps. This was part of the brain-washing technique. One's offence is made out to be very serious, cause for much weary nodding of heads and thoughtful grunts. One is aware of the impending punishment at least forty-eight hours in advance, so that he will be sick with fear by the time sentence is carried out. The sudden mildness of the punishment makes him feel contemptuous of previous foreboding, so that next time he bends over willingly.

The picture of brutality and oppression which I have painted above is no longer accurate. The reckless altruism, which so recently has infected Western youth in general, has permeated even those sanctuaries of tradition, the English Public Schools. Although beatings were frequent in my first year, seven years ago, there were only two in my last (1968). In retrospect, the atmosphere was never really one of constant repression or fear of arbitrary punishment. Indeed, did the reader weep for the unfortunate adventures of the proto-pubic Fraser Darling described above? There is, rather, the quality of "pauvre Candide" in his sad tale. Naturally, our Candide was most indignant at the injustices

Please turn to page 2

THE CATCH IN 'CATCH 22'

By John Sayles

...With the large-scale Thanksgiving exodus only days away, THE ADVOCATE thought it appropriate to take a look at one of the prominent cinematic features available to New York and Boston audiences. Our man on Third Avenue: John Sayles, who attended Mike Nichols' "Catch-22."

There are books that should not be made into movies. Catch-22 was one of them. Yet millions of dollars and some of the best talents of the American film renaissance got together and made one. The result is one of the best bad movies ever filmed.

A movie should not have been made because Joseph Heller's novel is not adaptable: it is a literary work. Its tricks and twistings, its humor, are literary; the time scheme of the action is chopped up and shuffled, and this is possible only in literature, where the reader has time to stop and think, to thumb backwards and put things together. In his review of the book Norman Mailer said, rightly, that you can skip any hundred pages without destroying the plot, yet the cumulative effect is such that you want every word. The same is in part true for Mike Nichols' film: many scenes could be cut at will, in fact an interesting movie could probably be made from the out-takes. But somewhere along the line Nichols has also lost the cumulative effect.

It is obvious that Nichols's film will be more intelligible to people who have read the book. Without any preknowledge, the viewer will become lost and certain scenes will make no sense at all. Yet if Nichols is only trying for an illustrated text (as in the recent "Virgin and the Gypsy") he should have stuck to the facts. Not only has he omitted characters and action, which had to be condensed in order to avoid a cumbersome film length, but he has also significantly changed the characters and incidents that finally make it onto the screen. Nichols and adaptor Buck Henry have stamped the film with their own sensibilities, while failing to free it from Heller's novel. The result is not even a whole movie; it operates in some limbo between film and literature. In this largest sense the movie is bad.

The most striking fault within the movie itself is again related to the failure in adaptation. Most of the characters that are introduced in the film (McWatt, Nately, Hungry Joe, Doc, Nurse Duckett) are wasted, left as loose ends. They are included because they are integral to some scene important to protagonist Yossarian, or because they are in some comic bit Nichols liked too much to pass up. What importance does Nurse Duckett have in the movie? There is a lyrical nude scene, featuring Paula Prentiss, that sits in the middle of the movie like a commercial for slow-motion photography. It's pretty enough, but has no further purpose. Likewise Bob Newhart and Jack Gilford's



routines as Major Major and Doc Daneeka; their scenes are well acted, the good "lines" delivered; then the characters are dropped. The development that was present in the book is nowhere to be seen; the segments seem like revue black-outs.

Nichols' worst botch is in his handling of Milo Minderbinder. In the book Milo is guileless; he is the ultimate capitalist, making a killing while maintaining that he is doing nothing wrong, and believing it. If Milo is corrupt he doesn't know it, because nothing that is good business can possibly be corrupt. In the book he is blackly comic, but in the film, played by

blond and Aryan Jon Voight, Milo is humorless: coldly calculating, too Nazi-like to be anything but sinister. It is too easy to disassociate from this character, whereas Heller's Milo achieves a certain painful identification. In the film we see the evil in one character; in the book it is the evil of the 'free' enterprise system.

Certain scenes taken from the book are just mishandled. The point of Yossarian's moaning during flight briefing is missed; it degenerates into something worthy of a Bob Hope flick. The scene in which Milo bombs his own airbase is also misdirected; all irony has been lost, the situation is now too easy to accept. The eerie, Fellini-like scene at the end where Yossarian walks the wasted streets of Rome is too spread out, too quiet. In print the grotesqueries surround Yossarian ominously, they build to a scream; Nichols' version is like a slow walk through a side-show. And Nichols has even compromised the ending.

There is a great scene in Casablanca when a group of drunken Nazis begin singing "Deutschland Uber Alles" in the midst of the French citizens at Rick's Cafe. Suddenly the exiled freedom fighter has the band strike up La Marseillaise, and all the French leap to their feet and sing in a gesture of pride and defiance. There is a close up of a collaboratrice, out on the town with a Boche officer, singing with tears in her eyes. The person in front of me the last time I saw the movie best described the effect of this sort of scene. "Tingles," he said, "Tingles!" The last scene of Catch-22 where Danby and Tappman tell Yossarian his friend Orr has made it to Sweden is nearly perfect. The acting is beautiful, the camera moves just right. I got tingles. Yossarian begins to run away, to desert. The audience feels very close to him. But Nichols pulls the camera back gradually as Yossarian reaches the beach, inflates a raft, and begins to paddle away. The last shot shows the island from far above with the

raft a speck. It is a neat, overused way to end a movie. And a mistake.

More important than such technical mistakes is the failure of the film in the cumulative sense. Nichols doesn't allow the insanity to build from small to large, as in the book; he starts off with the full-blown version and thus betrays a misunderstanding of black humor. The first major mistake comes early, almost before Yossarian is properly introduced. Milo and Colonel Cathcart are riding in a jeep, talking business, when a plane with smoking engines roars by and explodes on the runway. The two take no notice of it. All believability has been suspended; the insanity, the satire, have nothing left to play off. The only excuse for such a scene so early would be if Nichols were sacrificing all serious intentions and aiming for a wacky comedy. But wacky comedies do not have human guts slithering graphically out of bodies.

Metaphor time: There are women who can be so damn beautiful that it hurts, because as a whole they're not beautiful at all, far from it. You can either love them for those moments, or forget about them. Catch-22 has some of the best, most beautiful moments I've ever seen. The scenes with the chaplain at the hospital, with the old woman in the empty whorehouse, with Aarfy after he's killed a girl are worth the price of admission. For one thing, Alan Arkin gets to me; if you appreciate good acting, you can almost forget the film and lose yourself in his performance. Nichols' camera is usually right, seldom tricky for the hell of it. He is obviously one of the best acting directors around. The supporting characters, what there is of them, are almost all well done. With the amount of money and talent that was gathered on the island it's a shame they didn't give up on Catch-22 and make three or four cheaper, better movies.

Read the book if you haven't read it, reread it if you haven't recently. See the film if you get a chance. The experience will tell you a lot about film and literature, what each does best, and what can't be shared between them. If the movie producers would discover these facts, they might start making better films. They might even go so far as to leave some good books alone.

COLLEGE CINEMA

THIS WEEK :

Walt Disney's
FANTASIA

Featuring Mickey Mouse
as The Sorcerer's Apprentice

SHOWTIMES

Sun-Thurs: 8:00
Fri., Sat.: 7:00
&
9:00
Sat. & Sun.
Matinee 2:15

FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

Beginning this issue, THE ADVOCATE will discontinue its Harold Ribbins parody, "The Big Score," which has gone to the big pasture in the big sky. Our four contributors have been Mark Siegel, Adam Lefevre, Will Buck, and Don Beyer. "The Big Score" did not fail because of any inadequacies on the part of its writers. Rather the fault lies with THE ADVOCATE editors who refused to impose any structural discipline on the novel, and were content to let the piece be open-ended, and to let each contributor advance the story as he wished. Thus we achieved a combination of three writing styles: satire, satire of satire, and smut. We apologize not only for the piece's collapse, but for any sensibilities that may inadvertently have been offended. Certainly the campus has the right to demand greater responsibility on the part of its newspaper - opinion editors.

C.R.

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4.50

5.00

(Salad included)

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Nineteen

Tuesday, December 15, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Editorial: VESPER

Christmas is red and green, eggnog and fruit cake, decorated trees and colorful presents. Christmas is mistletoe that springs up in the most unexpected places. Christmas is ornate greeting cards and stuffed santas in department store windows. Christmas is a special on ham and turkey at the local market. Christmas is evergreen wreaths with white styrofoam bells and fresh holly. And Christmas is carols and the story of the Nativity.

Sunday evening's vespers service brought those last two elements to glorious life for the college and community. Readings by students and townspeople relived the ages old story of the Savior's birth, while traditional carols such as "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful" and "Oh, Little Town Of Bethlehem" rekindled the Christmas spirit. Bruckner, Brahms, and Vittoria motets by the Williams Choral Society and Vassar College Choir gave the service character and novelty. The evening's experience thus renewed and refreshed one's spirit before facing the trauma of finals.

THE ADVOCATE thanks the Chapel Board and Choral Society for a thoroughly inspirational and exhilarating prologue to the holiday season.



Sealy House: Activists Center Again

Draft Counseling

By Jim Grubb

Unable to resist the lure of a recent rash of posters, each adorned with a head-on view of an ominous-looking pistol and the pop-art sub-title "I tried not to panic...", I strolled over to one of the weekly meetings of the Williamstown Draft Counselling Bureau at Seely House. Once a hotbed of student activities, now in hibernation, the former Strike headquarters lay dormant except for a solitary light in one corner. The entrance hall was cheerless, the grey walls filled with fervent calls for the Strike and a November poetry reading, the floors piled with discarded textbooks gathered by one of the Seely social action groups. Faculty offices inside echoed the clutter of important but unorganized studies.

I was met by Mark Jobson, the Bureau's leader, dressed in the Strike uniform of faded work shirt and jeans, friendly and energetic under tangles of blond hair. He ushered me into the Bureau's office, a small space carved out of the Seely House kitchen. The furniture was haphazardly arranged, the posters from a long chain of anti-war exercises: the Pause for Peace, panoramas of military graveyards, old war recruiting posters. Cabinets and table-tops along one wall supported a cheerful mess collected by students caring more for action than efficiency, while along the other wall a bank of hotplates gave way to stacks of coffee cups piled indiscriminantly in the sink.

Jobson immediately launched into an enthusiastic explanation of the recent Selective Service ruling, whereby anyone with a draft lottery number over 195 can virtually assure himself of permanently avoiding the draft. By applying for a reclassification into 1-A status sometime before the end of the year, almost half the students will be freed of military service forever. Jobson was quick to find significant indications of weakening in the draft system.

"Ever since Curtis Tarr was appointed director of the draft he's been instituting a series of moves designed to smooth over the conflict and prevent people from screaming about the whole issue. He knows that the draft is going to be fought

if it stays as it is, so he offers this as a sop to keep the students quiet."

I was more cautious. "Do you mean that the whole new set of rulings was simply a pacifier, a sign that the SS is giving in to its critics?"

"Well, at least they're going on a 'benice' campaign to reduce the number of guys they'll have to handle next year," he explained and went into a detailed account of the mechanisms of the reclassification system, revealing the impossibility of draft boards' stalling people to increase their eligibility for the draft.

Unable to comprehend the complexities of what seemed like a high-risk version of the Irish Sweepstakes, I asked for some simple advice to students planning to take advantage of the rulings. "Certainly," he said, "tell them not to wait until after Christmas to contact their boards; the mails could get really screwed up around then, and they can't risk getting things messed up in the postal system."

I thanked him and asked about the office's Peace Library, which gained prominence during the strike as a reservoir for research literature on the issues of the strike. Apparently most of the material circulated so widely that it never returned; hence the Library is starting from scratch, amassing pamphlets and books and "propaganda sheets" from anti-draft groups around the country. He spoke of the liberation of the Library without bitterness, as if somewhere the literature still performed its allotted function, for that was all that mattered.

At this point students began to arrive at the office and Jobson excused himself to meet them. Jim Specht, who with David King assists at the Bureau, explained that most of their work goes on in individual counselling sessions. General meetings, he said, had proved less effective; most of the problems raised were too personal for exposure, and each student's reaction to the draft had to be worked out individually. In a few minutes the counsellors were engaged in intensive interviews, while waiting students looked

continued on page 2

EDITORIAL:

Racial Representation II

On Monday, December 14, all students may vote on a referendum amending the College Council constitution to give the "black community" -- a term left undefined -- a voting representative on the Council. The central issue is not the blacks' right to be represented on the Council, since most Williams students believe that all segments of the student body are entitled to effective participation in the Council's decision making.

Rather, the real questions are:

1) Are the Afro-American Society and the black students on campus denied participation by the current Council structure?

2) Would the addition of special interest groups significantly change the Council?

3) Would such a change be undesirable? If so, why?

During the past few years the black community has been much involved in student government. A past president of the Society represented an overwhelmingly white house on the Council. Black students fill elected posts on joint student-faculty committees. The CC has attempted to ensure black representation on appointed student-faculty committees like the CUL and the Admissions Committee. The Society has non-voting membership on the Council, which recognizes its status as a major interest group. Gladden House has a predominantly black house administration although the house lacks a black majority.

Undoubtedly, the college's expansion allowing black enrollment will increase the blacks' proportion to 30 or 40 percent in at least three or four houses, assuming no house becomes all, or preponderantly, black. Since the Society has yet to illustrate its alleged disfranchisement with any concrete examples, one wonders whether the black community lacks effective representation under the present Council organization.

The addition of certain interest groups as voting members would significantly change the Council, as denying representation to numerous other groups representing special constituencies on campus would be difficult. Proponents of the referendum have responded that Williams, being a small school, can be very flexible and responsive to particular problems, but in the final analysis the Council will decide subjectively who is entitled to representation as a legitimate interest group and who is not. The serious problem of double representation also arises, which Joe Goodman recently pointed out in the Record.

Finally, if Williams aspires to be a community where artificial distinctions among people are minimized -- a place where people make attempts, often painful, occasionally fruitful, to be a community of individuals with disparate ideas, background, and culture -- can we in good conscience establish racial, religious, or other distinctions in representation as an integral part of student life or the decision making process governing it?

REFLECTIONS

VASSAR

"... Zembruzski and Holland ..."

"Here!"

"... Corker and Morgan ..."

"Yeah."

"... Flaherty and Schade ..."

Silence.

"Flaherty and Schade?"

"Back here!"

"Will you please answer loudly when I call your names! By the way, if you haven't guessed already, these pairs of names are for your rooming assignments tonight. ... Conley and Hecker ..."

"Here."

We walked into the chapel Saturday afternoon just as the Vassar College Choir's manager, a short, oriental girl with bouncing black hair, was organizing the girls for that evening's sleeping accommodations. The group had come from Poughkeepsie to assist the Williams Choral Society in the annual Christmas vespers service on Sunday night.

The Vassar girls were surprisingly consistent in their fidelity to the canons of fashion; many sported midis, a number robed in maxis, while a stubborn, reactionary few still clung to minis. Yet all were chic, carefully coiffed, and clean. We had no trouble distinguishing them, in other words, from, say, the Bennington girl.

A veteran of choral performances with diverse women's groups offered us his expert opinion: "Among the choirs of Smith, Mt. Holyoke, and Vassar -- the three with whom the Society has performed this year -- Vassar places a definite second in quality to Smith, with Mt. Holyoke a pitiful third." Our informant, who judges under the pseudonym Aurelius, winked, and we thanked him for his trouble.

"Shu-ah. No trouble at all!"

After the struggles with seating arrangements and warm-ups, the group rehearsed motets for the approaching performance. A singer told us to return that night for the scheduled practice of Penderecki's "Stabat Mater," an avant-garde Polish work, which the group performs at Vassar later on. After experiencing Ludoslowski's "Three Poems of Andre Michaut" last year, which

English Professor Clay Hunt had so flamboyantly eulogized at its performance, we resolved not to miss the practice.

That night the choirs were spread through the front of the chapel in three mixed-voices groups. Mr. Marvin, Vassar's very young director, stood on a podium, baton in hand, and loudly chanted:

"Oneandtwoand, onetwothreefourfive, oneandtwoandthreeand, onetwothree ... All right, now I want you to do the same thing. Count the beats depending on the time signature of the measure. If it's two-four, count oneandtwoand; if five-eight, count onetwothreefourfive; and so on. But don't speed up! We have to be together or the thing will fall flat!"

At that, "oneandtwoand" and so forth accosted our ears en masse. The Penderecki apparently has difficult rhythmic variations, so Mr. Marvin made sure everyone was up on it. After the counting exercises, he proceeded to teach lyrics:

"Now, the notes that look like small 'Xs' I want you to sing in a high, squeaky falsetto. The ones that look like dollar signs are to be whispered loudly. So the line goes like this: 'in tanto SUPPLICIO!'"

Thus we experienced the mouse-like, subdued shrills and boisterous whispers endemic to the "Stabat Mater."

After the Penderecki orgy, Mr. Roberts took the group to practice the Brahms motet to be performed the following evening. A few hesitant entrances and some unfulfilled crescendos later, the director coached, "This was a good year for Brahms. Don't fill a first-rate vintage with mush. Caress the line, men, as the sopranos do."

Aurelius approached us again after the rehearsal to report a modification in his first appraisal of the Vassar group: "Taking a closer and more appreciative look, I'll have to say Vassar takes a mighty close second to Smith. To be generous, I might even say it's a tie."

After hearing and seeing the girls, we seconded the judgment.

GREYLOCK

We went behind the counter at Greylock Sunday night to see what was going on.

continued on page 2

The Williams Advocate

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE is a weekly publication by the students of Williams College; correspondence should be addressed to THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE, Brainerd Mears House, Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267; telephone 413-458-7131 Ext. 425

REFLECTION (continued)

Huntington's girlfriend: The Magnificent Seven - we think that it will make people feel great to find out how much useless nonknowledge they possess. Quick, what was the name of Sky King's plane?"

P.J. himself obviously had a formidable capacity for things that are totally worthless, and we said so. He, of course, objected to this definition of Trivia, viewing it as "That knowledge which, when it is exploded, releases megatons of nostalgia. To get the real essence of trivia, though, you'd have to come down to the Agard tube room and watch us in action. Do you have anything planned for the next four or five hours?"

Just then the ground under us began to move and we realized that we were standing on a set platform that was rotating onto the stage. We dismounted in haste and watched P.J. disappear onto the front of the set. While he was on stage we pondered "Who sang 'The Purple-People-Eater,'" and "Who was the last out in Don Larsen's perfect game?" We also plotted to avoid questions about the epistemology of trivia and the existential merit of categorizing knowledge. Instead of these, when P.J. did return we asked him how he had come to run the 1970 Fall Trivia Contest.

"More or less by a combined process of inheritance and default. The house which wins a trivia contest usually runs the following one. It's a long story. But speaking of trivia, who played the Thing in the movie of the same name?"

"I don't know. Who?"

"Sorry, that's classified information. I've got to go back on stage. Do you have any more questions?"

"How about, 'What's P.J. Morello's full name?'"

"Sorry, I don't have time to answer that right now. Listen to the show Friday night." He entered on cue.

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REPTON (continued)

perpetrated against him. He resolved to abolish all class differences when exalted to a position of eminence, of absolute power over a few square feet of floor, in later years. Surprisingly, the resolve never left him. Five years after his unfortunate experiences, he announced to his fags that they were no longer beasts of burden, but wore the mantle of human dignity, and hat he held them in no less esteem than he did himself. Paradoxically, this revolution was sustained only by the continued assertion of the Studyholder's power. The Seconds were enraged upon seeing their longed-for privileges of seniority disappear by an act not in the least democratic. Fortunately, Candide could not be deposed by a counter-revolution. He had not been elected to his office; on the contrary, he had selected himself those who were to suffer the consequences of his liberalism. However, the reform, so radical in its concept, went unnoticed. By 1968, such reform was an anachronism. Custom and the Victorian traditions of the English Public Schools had lost all meaning, not by any act, but by the gradual and tacit change in attitudes which the decade has accomplished throughout the world. In a hierarchy so intricate, dividing up so small a number, loss of faith is enough to destroy it, like a bubble burst. The instruments of oppression are still there, in the English Public School, but they have grown rusty for lack of use and are preserved as museum pieces. After all, when one visits the Tower of London and views the ancient implements of torture placed in positions of eminence, he must not believe the British Government still enforces its will with their use. Never-

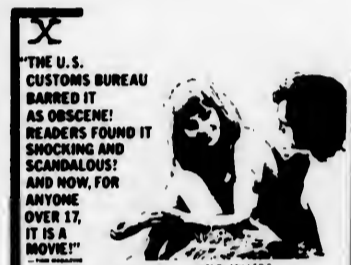
theless, however petty the circumstances of his indoctrination, the writer was impressed by the efficiency of an arbitrary hierarchy for the governing of lives, by a machine which, when well-oiled by faith, made the exercise of power so much more convenient. Consequently, I am a snob from expedience. The barricades which I shall defend in life will be class-divisions.

PRESIDENT SAWYER (continued)

"trend-line," curricular action will be taken. In President Sawyer's opinion, this process is preferable to instituting wholesale change without knowledge of the consequences; such a process maintains the standards of Williams, especially for the benefit of future students who may be relying on this continuity to get into law or medical school. This aversion to precipitous change is probably reflected by President Sawyer's interest in what has been said by himself and others in the past. As a historian, he is the kind of man who would like to see an orderly progression of events, but knows that it is probably more than he can hope for.

COLLEGE CINEMA

THIS WEEK:



Tropic Of Cancer

RATED X

Sun. - Thurs. 8:00
Fri., Sat. 7:00, 8:30

PANTAGLEIZE

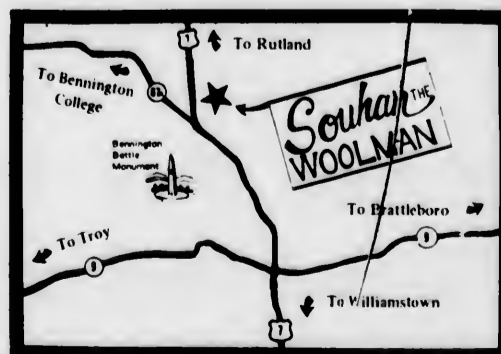
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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume One, Number Twenty

Thursday, December 17, 1970

Williamstown, Massachusetts

New Exchanging Alternative:

National Theater Institute

AMT, DECEMBER 7. The Eugene O'Neill Theater's National Theatre Institute (NTI) accepts approximately twenty college students each semester. The program is arranged in conjunction with the twelve-college exchange. Anyone interested should contact John Von Szeliski, director of the AMT.

"The NTI's program is a discovery semester for people who simply want to do some theatre," said Mr. Von Szeliski. "The program is an 'investigation.' You don't have to be committed to theatre, or a theatrical career. You work in an ensemble situation, and you work six or seven days a week under rigorous theatrical conditions -- everything that Williams can't offer. The O'Neill people put you in contact with top theater people: producers, directors, writers, designers, puppet makers, kabuki, just about anything you can think of."

Last Monday evening the NTI's "Bus" Company performed at the AMT. THE ADVOCATE is pleased to present two appraisals of the company and the players.

* * *

We sat down to dinner Monday night at Greylock, and among the three other guys and two girls at the table was a girl in the NTI theater group. Blue turtle-neck sweater, a shade too heavy on the eye shadow, but otherwise her manner wasn't theater-ish.

She talked about what it felt like on tour, how the performers would miss the "home field advantage" of their own theater at the Institute. "It's different. Like lighting and positions: you come on stage and you have to look for the 'hot



spot' in the spotlight. And then there's acoustics."

One of the guys pointed his thumb toward the AMT and asked "What about

this? Does it have good acoustics?"

"I wouldn't think so. But it's got very good lines of sight..."

We asked her about the NTI. "We're doing just one set of plays, but we do them eleven times at different schools. One time one of the authors came and worked with us. Cut a few scenes, changed some things." She said the group was based at the O'Neill Center in Waterford, Connecticut. "It's great, right on the beach. We get up every day at seven thirty for calisthenics before breakfast. I remember the first day we were here they made us run all the way down to the beach and back. That's about a mile, total, and I was so out of shape..."

She wanted to do some work with touring companies after she graduated from Vassar. She liked both classical and modern plays, really. "The thing with drama is whatever you learn, I don't care how silly it is, someday you'll use it."

She looked at her watch, then excused herself. "Six thirty, I've got to go get ready. Funny I'm not nervous yet."

* * *

They were called a Bus group -- for lack of a better name, I imagine -- and consisted of eighteen or nineteen people who looked very nice, with firm bodies and all. They were the result of a semester's work with the Eugene O'Neill Foundation in Connecticut.

The show began. There was a blackout; then a guy walked in, bowed, and played a little music on the piano as if he knew what he was doing. The audience wasn't impressed, and they waited. Then this buxom broad strolled on and took a placard -- white on black -- from the easel and showed us the words. Appreciative chuckles. Thus the company moved into their performance of *Old Movies* almost (but not quite) an improvisational masterpiece. I shall only say that it was fun and that those who missed it missed some laughs and a good smile and -- hell, this was only the first part of the program and it was supposed to get more serious, so we weren't about to leave yet. *Old Movies* was a good beginning, but it wasn't a semester's worth of work.

The cokes tasted different at Intermission.

When I returned the set had become a light blue scrim with some boards placed in the middle of the stage and shit, I said, is this effective. I heard the guy behind me turn to his wife and remark that they must have been between set designers when they built it. Then the group walked in, all eighteen or nineteen of them, with changed costumes and different hair

Please turn to page 4



Photo by Jay Prendergast

Left to right, new editors Dan Pinello, John Enteman, David Kehres; seated, Mark Siegel. Kehres carries an alligator head designed by P. J. Morello. (Morello is NOT a new editor and, in fact, does not even work for THE ADVOCATE.)

Pinello, Enteman, Siegel, and Kehres :

New Staff To Pamper Brat

THE ADVOCATE has new editors.

THE ADVOCATE needs new editors. President Sawyer thinks so. In a special, off-the-cuff interview with THE ADVOCATE's Ian Cookridge, President Sawyer remarked, "The Advocate needs new editors. Change is always good--that is, certain types of change: I wouldn't want you to misunderstand me. But change -- the constructive, not destructive type -- is good. What is it the Bible says, 'The sun comes up, the sun comes down, and then it starts all over again in the same place.' Or something like that. Blumpity-blumpit-blum... 'The sun also arises', you know. Anyway, change is good."

Charles Rubin and Mitchell Rapoport, retiring co-chairmen, had differing views on the success of THE ADVOCATE's fledgling year. Said Rubin, "I'd have to say our biggest problem was Rapoport. I think he's a real sweet kid and all, but an editor? Not a chance. He got in my way and stifled my creative genius. Genius, genius, genius."

"Ignoramous," replied Rapoport, drying his hair on the last issue. "I think our biggest problem was Rubin. He was a demoralizing force, always telling people exactly what he thought. You know what Ibsen says in 'The Wild Duck': Man needs a 'vital lie'. Oh, you don't know 'The Wild Duck'? Strange, I thought everyone did. Anyway, the only thing he was good for was occasional comic relief, like the time he fell in the closet."

"Why don't you shut-up about that closet thing?"

"Why don't you join The Record?"

Christopher West, retiring business manager, had still different thoughts. He laid THE ADVOCATE's failures to "the historico-politico-academico-arto-farto flapdoodle of Rubin and Rapoport." Any successes THE ADVOCATE accomplished were "mine alone." Chris was recently elected President of WMS-WCFM where he will pursue his desire "to control the media at Williams College. Haha! Control. Power. Lust for glory. I'll show them who's in charge. I'll show them. It's me: Chris West, learn to spell the name." Mitch will spend next semester Becoming A Real Human Being Again, and pursuing his experiments in the bio lab where he is trying to create hermaphroditic frogs out of amino acids and oreo cookies. "Once, a long time ago, many years ago in fact -- ah how the years do drift! -- once, as I say, I was in truth a Real Human Being. Then I began to lose touch; somehow I was now less than a Real Human Being; it was scarifying. Now, at last, I'm beginning to get closer to humanity. I think my frogs have had something to do with that, but I can't be sure..."

Charlie is spending next semester at Wellesley College, which he has never seen. "I thought it would be a learning kind of experience," he said. He also wanted to dispel any rumors that he and Mitch have been mistaken for Gaham Wilson creatures. "That's a very in-

teresting conceit," sighed Rubin, making paper dolls out of the Strike issue, "but not a highly illuminating one."

"Chugga-rump," said Rapoport.

Now for the new editors.

Effective the last week of January, they are Daniel Pinello, Mark Siegel, and David Kehres. John Enteman is the new business manager.

Pinello and Siegel will edit the paper -- which they affectionately term "the brat" -- during second semester. Then Kehres will replace Siegel, who will graduate in June. David is a chemistry major and a self-styled intellectual. He is spending second semester at Wellesley, which obviously makes him a hell of a choice for an editor, but that's THE ADVOCATE for you. David has been on THE ADVOCATE staff since its inception and presently serves as Executive Editor. His motto is "Fish goes nicely with white wine."

Dan Pinello last year refused to join THE ADVOCATE, believing the paper to be just another of Rubin's passing whims. This semester, however, Dan joined the staff with his "Gedanken" column, which expired after the second installment. "Well, what did you want?" said Pinello, a docile sort, the type you'd want your sister to marry. "I was caught up in the responsibilities of Managing Editor. And nice responsibilities they were, too, what with Rapoport messing with those frogs -- uuch, I hate frogs, such slimy things -- and Rubin doing God knows what. I also had to spend some time trimming my newly-grown beard. In fact, how do you like it? Look at it in profile..." Pinello is an American Civilization major and a self-styled intellectual.

Mark Siegel, a literary dilettante who has written for both The Record and THE ADVOCATE, entered journalism three years ago but spent his sophomore year in exile following a dispute with the Record's editors. He majors in political science and is a self-styled intellectual. His motto is "Corn beef goes nicely with cabbage, but what the hell." He is presently considering writing a weekly ADVOCATE column called "Siego Here."

Rounding out the staff is John Enteman. John comes as a new face to the staff after serving diligently as football manager. John promises red-blooded American hard work to follow in the footsteps of the industrious West. (That's Chris West, though American West is an interesting reading of the lines, i.e., hard work, find fortune, open West, Turner Thesis, etc. etc. Cf. "The Influences of the American West Upon Cinema Verite," Charles Thomas Samuels, "The American Scholar," Fall 1970.) In an unguarded moment, John stated "I'm just a classics major and a self-styled intellectual."

Serious Part: The new editorial staff reflects the season's spirit of rebirth and invites any aspiring journalist in the college community to write for THE ADVOCATE. There will be a meeting in January. Watch for signs, and keep those cards and letters coming.

Postscript

After my article on the English school boy as a political animal, some people came up to me and asked what kind of a zoo I lived in. What ostriches peeped out of the sand dunes? What sloths gazed at the eternal aether? People came to stare, stroked my trunk, gave me a bun, and waited for me to trumpet.

I told them times had changed. Western youth was emancipated forever, but they said there might still be mammoths in Siberia. I responded that a stuffed dodo may look alive, even though the species is extinct.

"What does this schoolboy do in his cage?"

"He likes it."

"But it's a cage?"

"He likes the gleam of new steel bars, the chink of chains, the dew dripping off the walls."

"Is he afraid of his friends?"

"They are just other baboons, and we catch each others' fleas."

"What does he do when he wants to do something?"

"He reads poetry."

"I mean, when he really wants to do something?"

"He reads poetry."

"But when he wants to live, when his Aristotelian potentiality strives for actuality?"

By J.R.M. Fraser Darling

"He reads poetry."

"Doesn't he get a little tired of reading poetry?"

"No, he writes it; everyone likes to read his own poetry and we listen to others' so that they are obliged to hear ours."

"But you need a woman for poetry."

"So, 'Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me.'"

Then the next bun is sugared, with a glycerine cherry on top.

"Is it true, is it true?"

"No."

"But it is true, isn't it?"

"No."

"Joyce said it, so did Shelley, Wilde did it."

"Frail fools."

"But it's true?"

"You seem certain."

"But it's a natural aberration, is it not?"

"You seem to know-- nature's own incest you feel?"

"There must be a secret, deep and carnal, that you are hiding."

"I told you, we wrote poetry."

"About whom?"

"Ourselves -- strangely enough the grass was greener on this side of the fence, we always had jam with our bread and butter, and we did not have to have sugar with our tea if we did not want it."

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DRAFT COUNSELING (continued)

through legal guides and draft newsletters scattered around the office.

Jobson, seated at the office's main desk in a classic interview pose, offered guidance and reassurance to a senior with a low lottery number and few hopes of avoiding the draft. I watched him with the fascination of a spectator in the presence of a thorough professional at work, admiring the cool way in which he stimulated self-analysis while remaining objective and slightly detached. Draft counsellors must undergo a complex training course designed to expose them to the intricacies of the draft laws, and as the interview progressed, Jobson's knowledge of the application of diverse opinions to the draft laws became manifest.

His air probing and efficient, Jobson first sought to establish the student's attitude towards the draft and military service, forcing him to crystallize principles long left unexamined. The senior

began to show the distress of those whose ideas of non-violence have evolved slowly, perhaps too slowly to avoid the draft. He broke off Jobson's patient questioning suddenly: "Don't you think that it would be pretty impossible to get a CO at this point? I mean, they'll think I'm applying just to get out of the war, won't they?"

Jobson refused to accept the growing hopelessness and attacked the problem from the angle of the conscientious objector form, tracing the depth and history of the senior's commitment to anti-war principles. More than a cold interviewer, Jobson pacified the student's doubts and reassured him of his chances of success in receiving CO classification even at this date. Calmly and realistically he discussed the senior's past training and past expressions of anti-war feeling, and the student, feeling at last somewhat qualified for a CO, began to brighten. The counselor urged him to formulate his ideas into consistent and unshakable principles, capable of withstanding close

probing by the hearing boards that face potential conscientious objectors. Jobson was once again cautious; "You've still got time," he ended the interview. "Rushing things can only screw you up."

As the senior left several students still waited in the office. I noticed few freshmen present and asked Jobson why there weren't more. Aren't freshmen, I wondered, the people being introduced to the draft and having the most questions about it?

"We don't get as many freshmen as we'd like to," he explained. "It's pretty easy when you're 18 to avoid the question altogether by getting a 2-S, and very few 18-year olds have very clearly conceived views towards the draft anyway."

The last of the students gone, Jobson pushed back from his desk and gave a slightly tired smile. I remarked with a look at all the stuff left over from the strike that the draft counselling office was pretty well-equipped to start major anti-draft and anti-war projects and really get something going in the Bureau.

"Well," he ended wistfully, "we're waiting, but the students don't seem to have any desire to do it anymore."

REFLECTIONS (continued)

Edith McLaughlin, the kindly-looking lady with silver-ornamented black glasses, who takes charge Sundays when chief chef Fern Anderson is off spoke with us. She said to look around if we wished. Everything had already been cooked, and four or five people were drinking coffee and talking, waiting for the students to arrive. Others would come through

carrying napkins or going off to do some job and then returning.

"Well, we're getting quite a snowstorm" prefaced conversation about the weather, the braided and unbraided hair of daughters and sisters, and sweaters for Christmas. The machines hummed, warming the cooked food in huge vats.

A man with hands folded over his plaid-shirt looked up at us from his chair and asked, "Are you looking to make any improvements?"

"No."

"I could tell you some improvements to make. Get Buildings and Grounds to put some heat in here."

"No heat in these radiators here. None at all," added another white-haired woman taking a few minutes' rest.

"A girl said they were freezing in the dining room, too, at lunch."

The man we learned was Peter Trainer, who has worked at the college for twenty years, sixteen as chef of Wood House, or Zeta Psi. He mentioned having worked at Harvard before coming here, but likes Williams better. We talked about the old fraternity days, the different problems they had, and the way things had changed.

"There's a lot to look forward to—things have changed so vastly, and a lot will come."

We wondered when they started cooking the food. "Oh, quite a while back. Some things, like beef, take a while to cook. They generally work all day—sometimes someone is starting work on lunch when breakfast is still being served. It depends. You have to judge it."

Those who were still left talking went off to their places as the students started to arrive. Some came through with potloads of stew, or with piles of trays; others started serving, occasionally talking to the warmly dressed students.

"Do you want any peas?"

"Yes, please."

"Yes, please, yes, please, yes, peas."

"It's really snowing out there," offered a student carrying his gloves under his arm.

"I've been waiting for this."

"Do a little skiing, maybe?"

"No, no. I just like snow."

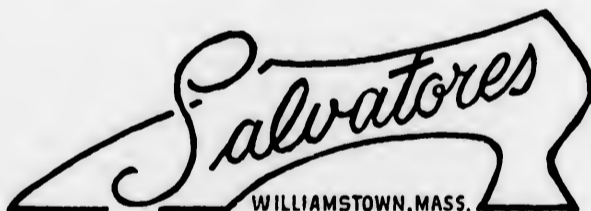
"For a while I'll like it. I'll be sick of it soon enough."

We decided against peas, after seeing so many vatsful of them. The meat, however, although still bland, took on a new character — the product of such a friendly crew was a indescribable trifle more palatable.

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3. As in the past, from Dec. 14 until 3 p.m. on Dec. 24, anyone who purchases \$15 or more worth of goods will become eligible for a drawing of three prizes. One will be Yankee Doodle Dandy, the mounted centerfold of Rockwell's huge book; second will be an art book; and third will be a major non-fiction best seller.



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Editorial:**Slip to M'Lou, Ho Ho**

'Tis the season to be jolly, yet apparently the College's present to the students this year is a series of broken bones, dislocations, and bruises. While Santa is winging his way over the rooftops of the Purple Valley, those of us confined to the ground are sliding our way along the College's sidewalks.

As far as we can see, there has yet to be a single cinder spread over College walkways; nowhere is a stretch of safely-sanded pavement to be found. Last year two co-eds complained that the College sidewalks were poorly-lit and dangerous; everyone agreed, but new lighting facilities were never erected. This year, if the darkness doesn't get you, the ice patches will.

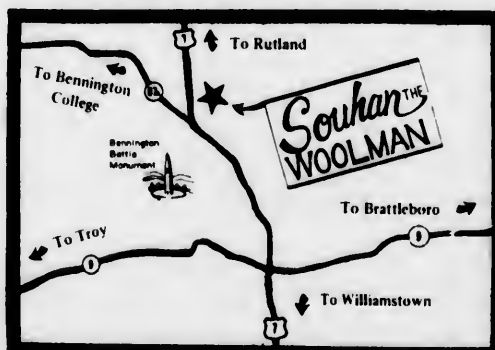
Some afternoons the middle of the Science Quad resembles a scene from a Marx Brothers movie, but we imagine that John Seakwood, who wrenched his shoulder outside Baxter this week, is not laughing quite as hard. Nor is an ADVOCATE staff member, who slipped near Greylock and mashed his face into the ice.

Well, three cheers for Christmas, but a loud hiss for Buildings and Grounds, or the College, or whoever is responsible for this latest insensitivity. Tightening the belt is one thing -- and the College is of course running in the red -- but scrimping on simple safety measures is quite another matter.

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REFLECTIONS**College Defeats Referendum**

The votes were not completely counted, but it was clear that the College Council referendum on whether to grant voting privileges to the black representative had been defeated. At best, the referendum had managed a slim majority of approving "yes's", but this was nowhere near the two-thirds majority needed for passage. We left the meeting hall and went out into the cold white town.

The amendment's defeat added increased puzzlement to the already muddled conception of what, exactly, the referendum signified in terms of black-white student relations, or in terms of the Afro-American Society's relationship to the college community. Hoping for clarification, we called on John Clemmons, a senior member of the Society and former member of the Society's Executive Committee.

John said he felt the defeat was "important," although he hastily added that he spoke for the Society in an unofficial capacity. The black representative on the Council, Clemmons argued, contributes a point of view and interest-orientation which would otherwise be absent from a Council that ostensibly aims to represent the entire student body. The Society's present Council representative is a non-voting member, and Clemmons insisted that voting power would "add dignity" to the black position; moreover, such rights would lessen that representative's sense of futility and "back up the words with a little power." However, Clemmons was uncertain whether the Society planned a "next step." He suggested we talk to a member of the Society's five-man Executive Board.

"We're disappointed, naturally," said Harold Lindsay, sitting in the basement tuberoom at Gladden House. But when we inquired about further action, Lindsay quickly replied that he didn't know, and that he couldn't speak for the whole committee before they meet on the issue. Then we asked if the recent Society circular, which advised the campus that "a black vote is invalid, unless there is a black house," implied that the Society would attempt to gain adequate representation through the formulation of an all-black house. Lindsey said he wasn't sure the circular implied that, and again could make no statement of policy.

Beautiful. But as we left Gladden we were still confused.

What seemed the most pertinent issue -- that the representation of the "black experience" and black problems on the Council would necessarily conflict with the role of a black student representing a house -- had not even been raised. Furthermore, the Afro-American Society had appeared disconcertingly noncommittal about the entire issue; certainly the Society had not attempted to rally a great deal of support for its cause. (In fact, we -- the devil-may-care, cynical, stand-offish, esoteric ADVOCATE -- we had seemed more concerned, upset, and curious about the issue than any of the blacks we had approached.)

Momentarily pausing in the Gladden lounge, we watched two black students pushing the pinball machine. Several whites looked on. The game captured our attention, but we were suddenly shocked into awareness when one of the players addressed us. Frankly, it seemed strange to talk casually with an individual we had just been observing as a political entity. Sheepishly realizing that the distinction existed in our minds alone, we walked back into the snow and home.

HAMLET

By popular demand, the Oxford-Cambridge Shakespeare Company's production of "Hamlet" has been held over until Friday night, December 18. Curtain is at 8:30 and tickets are \$2.50 apiece.

A NEW COURSE

POLITICAL SCIENCE 332 -- SOCIAL SCIENCE AND SOCIAL CHANGE, bracketed in the catalogue for 1970-71, has been unbracketed and will be taught in the Spring Semester by Professor Baer. The course will retain the format established last Spring by Professor Sutcliffe and consist of direct investigation of anti-poverty and other local community political programs in the Berkshire towns surrounding Williams. For additional information contact Mr. Baer.

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Santa Claus in rain-ruined red and white
jangles baleful bells, and sings
out of tonsil, out of beard;
"If all are martyred
none are saved...
the hosts of heaven will sing for a dime."
The falling frost, frozen tears of sky,
pierce his empty palms
and nettle brows of passers-by.

A toy vender sighs his wares,
stopping by the way to rest the wooden rack
on which the privileged burdens
of his cold stabbed feet
are hung, unhawked.
(Paper joys, wet-warped with Xmas seasoning.)
The price of a smile is clearly drawn
is shop windows and children's faces.

Snow birds drop white feathers in despair,
suffer, cry out cold-lunged, and wheel away.
Xmas is dead
from too many Christs.



TWO FRIENDS

Sally,
The rain's damp breath
will penetrate in gasps
the warm impersonality of your smile;
brown curls will hang in S's,
limp with dew,
and eyes will close to see
yourselves alone
and feel the soft pummel of the falling sky.



OLD TOYS

Came in off the street one day;
I'd guessed it was a while
since I'd seen the old folks
looking back and past me,
like yellowed, grey-veined mirrors...
though I thought I heard her voice one night,
shrill, like tight-stretched wire.

I came to talk--
and found myself cleaning house.
She handed me stiff-bristled brooms
and in delight I sent
powdered dreams into the dust-choked air,
and mingled with the grime of time;
frayed scraps and faded scrolls of memory
were swept from under ragged rugs.
Forgotten toys, like old debts, came out in turn;
it seems I sold myself yesterday
for a plastic brigade and panda softness.

Later I shook out my new old clothes
and left again.

FOUR By Mark Siegel

CAROLE, The Season's Song

Looking out warm windows
to snow-spattered space--
you float, white-wrapped, to earth
and settle in the quiet curves
and frosted folds.
Then, turning in to ourselves again,
you are the warm fire against me,
then hot,
for as long as we can stand the heat.
The flame is not,
and cannot be held;
the snow-flake melts in my hand.

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WILLIAMSTOWN

Jack Maitland psyched by super-bowl

By Buckley Wilson

Jack "The Keed" Maitland '70 culminated his freshman football season with the Baltimore Colts by playing in the Colts' 16-13 victory over the Dallas Cowboys in the recent Super Bowl. Easily, this was the greatest distinction achieved by any Eph since James Garfield cashed 'em in at that railway station.

Contacted in the midst of the postgame victory celebration, The Record asked The Keed just how it felt. "Feels great," said The Keed, "if that's what you mean. Sure the team didn't look so great, but the Cowboys were worse, and that's the way it is in life: Winner takes all the jellybeans, as Vince Lombardi used to say. Lombardi's dead, did you know that? Seems Lombardi's been dead since last August, but they're just telling the players now. Colt management keeps newspapers from us during the season. They don't want personal tragedy affecting our play out on the battlefield."

There was an interruption as two of Maitland's Colt teammates attempted to force The Keed's fingers into the quarter slot of the pay phone

he was using. "Just the boys getting a little too humored," explained The Keed after he had extricated his three middle fingers and two-thirds of his thumb. "Game like this, the guys get to drinking a little. Look at that, now," he said, forgetting that The Record couldn't look. "They've stuffed an entire beer can down Unitas' throat and now they're sticking his head into the whirlpool bath. That's just football humor, roustabout stuff, we all engage in it, even us college graduates, and sometimes we're the worst. In fact, excuse me." For the next moment all we could hear was The Keed's voice shouting, "That's it, his jockstrap, get his jockstrap. That's the way. Good show." When he returned to the phone, he sounded happier. "You know, of course, how we raked it in? Fifteen thou. Hey all you people on Spring Street -- I could buy you and sell you!"

The Keed insisted that a year in the pros hadn't changed his life, except to make him richer. He said he was "still the same slap-happy liberal of yore," but that the "fella" who had implied that he had supported last May's student strike would "get his." After all, The Keed said, "If football's taught me



Always in tip-top condition, Maitland charges lustily onto field with team. Maitland is Number 40.

anything, it's always to tell truth, decent to the coloreds. They get never to take advantage of someone their own table, after all, and isn't for an arbitrary score. That's the thing about football: It's the most American game around, us against the commies, wham smack hit crush. Those people who write that football is brutalizing and violent just aren't screwed on right." He also said that there was no racial dissension on the Colts. "That's just another lie perpetrated by the media. The Colt management's real

the season was over, things would be simpler and easier, though perhaps duller. "Every player's got his own pre-game ritual. John Unitas and Tom Matte like flicking towels at each other. Me, I order me up a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich -- B.L.T. we call it in the clubhouse -- and then remove the B.L.T. and just eat the crust. That way I'm 'hungry' as the Coach likes to say. I rip out on the field and tell myself, 'These commies are the ones who stole my B.L.T. These are the guys stealing B.L.T. all over the free world.' Then I feel ready to whack the crap out of them. That's why I got that 15-yard clipping penalty called on me during the Bowl. All of a sudden I see this guy and written all over him, like in neon lights, it says 'Hey, Maitland, guess who swiped your B.L.T.?' I saw that and I had to cream 'em."

Certainly a rookie's emotional development is always interesting, and The Keed verified that his rookie year was "always interesting." Being in a huddle with Johnny Unitas for the first time was "beyond description. It was a long time before I could call him John

Continued on Page 7

The Williams Record

A WILLIAMS ADVOCATE PARODY

VOL. I, NO. 21

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1971

PRICELESS

Advocate announces parody

The Williams Advocate has announced that it plans to produce a parody of The Record "in the imminent future." "It will be tasteless sneering. 'If anyone has any as hell,' insisted Chairman Mitchell Rapoport '72. "Just going to prove about the issue, I'll be glad to talk that The Advocate can be offensive without being obscene," added Chairman Charles Rubin '72. Wellesley College, Wellesley, Massachusetts. Rapoport will be on '72 elaborated: "They'll never forget this one, no matter how hard they try. But I'm not responsible -- him since he is disconnecting his take it up with the editors." The phone and undergoing plastic editors have indicated that the surgery to make him look like Arparody will very closely approximate the style and format used

by The Record, but that the content will make no pretense to factuality. "It's all in good humor," said Rubin, "If anyone has any questions, comments, or complaints about the issue, I'll be glad to talk with him," he stated, noting that he could be found at No. 7 Davis Dorm, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Massachusetts. Rapoport will be on campus second semester, but points out that there will be no way to reach him since he is disconnecting his phone and undergoing plastic surgery to make him look like Arparody. "So don't even bother trying," he said.

Frost announces start of February

By Bill Wuck

Because of the rash of vehement letters received in response to the Record's recent series of probing articles, "Student Life at Williams: Relevant? Archaic? or No Opinion?" the Record decided to deduce the administration's position by interviewing Dean Peter Frost on October 22 at 2:45 P.M. in Hopkins Hall, second floor.

Frost was asked to comment on varied aspects of student existence at Williams, but specifically those areas touched upon in the Record's recent expose, which Frost said he had "of course" read. "Really,"

First, Frost was questioned about student lassitude and the implications thereof.

"On the whole," he said, "students are more lassitudinous today than they were four, five, say ten years ago. Why is this so? I can assure you it's not the diet. Today's Williams student is exposed to more and better food than was the student of four, five, say ten years ago. I never enjoyed such nutritional advantages as an undergraduate at Harvard."

When asked if he personally could pinpoint the cause of student lassitude, Frost cited rainy days and the general torporific atmosphere of

a small, selective liberal arts college.

"B&G has just completed a survey on student racking habits," Frost stated. "Unfortunately, the results are not really definitive. It showed that 85 per cent of the Williams students were habitual sleepers between the hours of one and eight A.M., which is losing a lot of productivity time. It also showed that 57 per cent of the students sleep in pajamas, 31 per cent in underwear, 9 per cent in the nude, and 2 per cent with teddybears. It also showed that one student had been dead for three weeks. This, I think, is truly representative."

When asked if there was any particular reason for his employing the student vernacular "rack" for "sleep," the Dean replied, "You think I'm not together?"

Turning towards the more controversial topics of The Record articles, Dean Frost assumed a more soberly reserved attitude. "I imagine one must feel slightly more concerned about the 'real' issues. I mean, of course, off-track betting in the dorms and coed unrest. I can give no definitive administrative

stand on these issues. However, I can give you my personal opinions. off The Record, so to speak," he said chuckling and adjusting his glasses. "As for off-track betting, I'm for it," said Frost. "As I see it, one bets either off-track or on-track, and in my opinion it's safer off-track because then you don't get trampled by the horses. As for coed unrest, I say let them eat cake."

Continued on Page 4

Switchboard now 7131

By Will Buckins

At a faculty meeting last Friday evening, Provost Steven Lewis announced to the faculty that the Williams College switchboard is now be reached by dialing "7131" instead of "8-7131" as in the past. Lewis hailed the "operation" as "innovative and dynamic progress" in "tightening" the "lines" of communication at Williams. He labeled the elimination of the "8" as just one more example of the college administration's ('39) receptivity to change. "We are forever forging ahead in our explorations of new and better ways to bring the students and faculty together as a unified body of teacher-scholars," explained the Provost.

But the effects of the alteration have been perceptibly chaotic, to say the least. "This is a disaster," said switchboard-operator Rose Broni. "It means that the increased speed of contact with the exchange will douse us with calls. Communications will be paralyzed, and the College will sink under the weight of its profligate verbosity." "Nonsense," replied Dean Peter K. Frost, on being notified of Miss Broni's remarks. He explained that the elimination of the "8" is a "necessity" in that it is a tremendous "financial boon" to the College. "The absent '8' will save a tremendous amount of wear and tear on the phones," said Frost. "Just think of it. There are usually five digits in a Williamstown call, right? Well now you have to dial only four digits to reach the College. That's the elimination of one digit. A twenty percent reduction in wear-

and-tear," calculated Frost.

English Professor Luther Mansfield was of a different mind. "Damn the tightening of communications," he said. "I loathe these adolescent baboons bursting incessantly into my life, ringing up at all times, pouring all their mental muddles on me as if I was their great-aunt." Mansfield said it was his feeling that the switchboard number should be cubed and then squared, so that they keep forgetting it.

How do students feel about this significant move? The Record talked to some students who were in Baxter Hall when it was there. Rick Beinecke '71, a senior from Carter

Continued on Page 5



PETER FROST
Assoc. Dean

Commented Dean Frost, "The absent '8' will save a tremendous amount of wear and tear on the phones."



PETER FROST
Assoc. Dean

Commented Dean Frost, "As for coed unrest, I say let them eat cake.... At Harvard in the fifties we had no such silliness. Of course, I didn't date that much, so I can't really be sure."

Correction

The Record extends its apologies to Jim Lobe '70, whose letter in the December 1 issue was prematurely terminated. (By Pulliam. It was his issue.) We have, however, located the final two paragraphs. They were found in December 4's Record in an article entitled "Hoopsters Pummel Bowdoin 62-23." The final two paragraphs, together with a summary of the letter, will be reprinted in the next issue of The Record.

Soprano to be featured

Hermoine Saltimboca, soprano for sixteen years with the Tortona Opera Company of Tortona, Italy, and presently a resident of North Adams will perform nine "chambermaid" and "distant cousin" roles from Puccini and Verdi operas.

The concert is scheduled for Sunday, February 7. It will take place in Jesup Hall. Of special interest for everyone will be Miss Saltimboca's brief but compelling portrayal of Butterfly's cousin, which goes: "Goro l'offri pur anco a me, ma s'ebbe un no!" Miss Saltimboca will provide her own accompaniment on the piccolo.

Madame Saltimboca first became interested in a musical career at the age of three on the advice of Michaelangelo Rafaelo San Giovanni, the family butcher. Despite her late start, Signora Saltimboca studied diligently at the

Scuola di Opera da Fano and graduated at the age of nine with the highest honors, and a vast array of offers. Between nine and forty Dama Saltimboca played the third witch in Mozart's "Magic Flute" and between pregnancies, appeared as a member of the children's chorus in Bizet's "Carmen". It is only since 1960 that Miss Saltimboca has expanded her repertoire to include chambermaids and distant cousins, claiming that "the true artist is the versatile one."

The soprano immigrated to America and settled in North Adams in 1967. She appears frequently at church bazaars throughout Berkshire County. She also sings at Mama Girgenti's in North Adams on Mondays, Wednesdays, and alternate Fridays when she cleans.

Professor Shainman of the Music Department pleads with all students to attend.

THEATER (continued)

styles, and a guy walked over to a miniature harpsichord and began playing. Lovely, lovely music.

Now the girl who had played the ingenue in the silent movie suddenly spoke. Her hair was in a bun, and a guy with red hair stood in a parallel pool of light, and when she spoke the audience kind of swallowed down deep and listened. Then the guy with the red hair spoke: his voice was different, not as trained, but the two voices together made it. And finally this 63 year old woman who the guy in red had killed to support his habit bellowed, soft and very foxy-like, "Life is discouraging." And everybody clapped. Hey, wait a second it gets more serious so don't leave yet.

Now this deaf girl or something talked with her hands and her family responded, kind of begrudgingly, and this guy -- nice guy, I talked with him, had a Brooklyn accent -- planted a tree. What did ya plant the tree for, the 63 year old lady with the cracked head bitched, we don't have enough money to pay for other things. Now there was this guy Tuttle who was dressed in black, and the lady at the bank said there was this guy Richard who was going to commit suicide, and then at the bank she called him Richard Tuttle, and you knew that this great likable guy who had painted twenty-three white textured paintings was going to commit suicide. In fact he had already committed suicide

because his face and nose were bloody; and the lady at the bank asked him if he was a Nazi and he laughed. The audience was laughing too, but differently, kind of sadly. Tuttle walked and talked and babbled, and then he pulled his hands down quickly, and soon they were crossed and he was dead, and the audience was clapping for the last time. And the audience was clapping for a long time. A long time.

But -- now the plays were called *Trees and Flowers*, written and improvised almost at the same time they were performed. And the Tree was growing quickly and soon everybody was either building or tearing down a tree. The deaf girl hugged this tree or that tree, and the Sandflower was given to the gorgeous girl Tuttle hung around with, and the two plays were over, and there were never two plays the same.

The guy in back of me was right. The set for *Trees and Flowers* had been improvised and the guy with the red hair was from Williams (He's from Williams, he's an actor!); and the 63 year old ingenue was from Wellesley and shit, was she terrific.

CRITIC'S LAMENT

We met briefly
in one of those confrontations
so typical of late Strindberg:
you, the illusory milk-maid;
myself, the unshaven student.

Given few scenes together
within the play, we improvised,
afterwards, offstage--
stumbling within dialogue
Strindberg must have left in the fireplace.

Like forest and wind, we embraced,
in some Oslo wilderness,
making love vicariously
as symbols usually do.

TWO By Lloyd Thomas

Staff

"NAIMA"

INDIA

A second Williams-in-India program, co-educational and limited to fifteen students, will be sponsored by the Art Department during 1971-72. While a general meeting for prospective applicants will be held in January, those wishing advanced information can pick up a prospectus in the Art Department and are urged to contact Mr. Beach at Lawrence Hall or at 458-5223.

I was tentatively drinking at you &
Coltrane was nodding
while his piano player reminded us
of the tune.

We'd left many places empty
& still there were others left to visit;
those, for instance, we skipped
to come here.

You remember

windows propped open with wine bottles
blankets abandoned to the floor;
as the sky got darker
trees brushed the walls
pumice washed the sky down to gray.

We might have waited forever,
polite, courageous with wit
together for a while.
But the sky dissolved
like the tune
to rain
& we dissolved
like the still higher tune Coltrane came back carrying
utterly to silence.

Then I believed nothing
but you believed us
& that we were.

COLLEGE CINEMA

THIS WEEK :

Felini
"SATYRICON"

Sun. - Thurs. 8:00
Fri., Sat. 7:00
8:30

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STROBE, FRAGRANT,
DRIPPER & CHRISTMAS
CANDLES in various shapes
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CHEESE, POPSICLE &
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browse around.

THE
PEPPER
TREE?



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- On Tour	\$3.39
Dylan - Self Portrait	
(2-rec)	6.49
The Who - Tommy	
(2-rec)	8.49
Grand Funk - Live	
(2-rec)	4.49
Nonesuch Label	
(classical)	1.98
Miscellaneous	
Overstock	1.98

DISCOVERIES

SPRING STREET

CLIMBING STAIRS IS GOOD EXERCISE FOR SKIERS . . .
So Climb Our's and Find Where it's At For All Your
SKIING NEEDS . . . Great Name Merchandise

SUCH
AS

LANGE

ROSSIGNOL — HEAD

FISCHER — ELAN — VOKLE

TOURING SKIS — BINDINGS — POLES

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DUOFOLD — DOURE — SWIX — TOKO — RUBIN — WEISS — GARCIA

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SKI SHOP

WILLIAMSTOWN
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Located Upstairs by Bakery - Open Mon. - Sat. 8:30-5:30

Quotation of the Year

"Although Terpsichore, the dance's muse, has always been securely positioned next to her sisters, poetry and music, in the heavens, her prime celebrant on earth, the choreographer has more often than not, particularly in the United States, found it difficult to keep his placement intact."

Joy Dewey, Record, January 8, 1971

Runners-up: Good, But Cuts No Mustard

When asked just what the women of the class of 1975 were going to be like, Assistant Director of Admissions Philip G. Wick asserted that the girls would definitely be of Smith or Wellesley caliber, but then added, with a twinkle in his eye, that "they are not all going to be 750 SAT type."

Record, December 11, 1970

"I have no idea what Mr. Bosworth's political persuasion is, but his article is written in such a style of exaggeration, simplistic analysis of complex matters, and absolutism that it seems to me that he must be an admirer, at least stylewise, of Vice-President Agnew."

A letter, Record, December 4, 1970

"Aside from a tract on the northeast corner of the property which the college sold, almost immediately after getting back the forest, to Walter Beinecke, Jr., now of Williamstown, and the land between Bulkeley Street and Northwest Hill Road, which was developed for faculty housing, the land has sat waiting for something to be done with it."

Will Buck, Record, January 21, 1971

The Williams Record

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Making nice

When people in cars stop Williams students for directions and ask for them sometimes Williams students don't even give them, or else they give them wrong and this is a big joke.

Williams students treat townspeople in much the same way and manner. They look down their snobbish noses at them. They think that because they are getting more education and being exposed to more culture that the townspeople are second-rate or third-rate citizens. This is just not so.

Townspeople are real human beings, too!

They may have less education than we students, and be exposed to less culture, but this does not necessarily mean they are less educated and cultured. They are just as well as we are.

Firstly, we should stop referring to town children as "townies." This degrading term ought to be eliminated from the Williams student's vocabulary. It's just like at RPI where the students refer to the inhabitants of Troy as "Troylets." There are lots of muggings in Troy. Thankfully, there are no or at least few muggings in Williamstown but if we keep this up, who knows?

Second, we should start referring to them by their "real" names instead of "townies." Townspeople have real names. They are names like Joe or Frank or Bob, names just like Williams students with their elitist attitudes also have. If you stop a townspeople and ask his name he will tell you. Just say, "Pardon me, but what is your name?" It's that easy.

Williams students are quick to criticize George Wallace and Spiro Agnew, but sometimes they forget themselves to be polite.

We stop on Spring Street to pat dogs, so why don't we try "patting" townspeople a little, too?

--R.I.P.

Back to nature

Ever try plucking a sparrow from his nest? Don't. If he's in his nest, it probably means he likes it and ten to one he'll peck you. But sparrows are clever. They build their nests high in trees where you can't get to them, cut off from the life below which is forever attempting to intrude.

Why the analogy? I'll tell you. Look around you. Where? Anywhere. On campus, in Boston, in Albany, in Vermont, in Troy, in New York City. What do you see? I'll tell you what you see. (Hang with me eco-poly-socio-jocks.) What you see is farmer jeans. Blue farmer jeans, brown farmer jeans, even red farmer jeans. White farmer jeans too. White farmer jeans are actually painters' overalls, but if you have friends who wear them, don't mention that; it wouldn't be too cool. Just pretend they're white farmer jeans. Unless your friend is also wearing a painter's cap, in which case he's probably a painter. Even at the N.C.A.A. Golf Championship, which I played in -- I'm captain of the Williams team as you certainly know by now -- you see people wearing farmer jeans.

The point is an obvious one. Though it may not be obvious to you. Before I get into that, though, I think I'll pause and talk briefly about my culinary preferences. Would you like to hear about my culinary preferences? Or perhaps my genealogy? My genealogy? Originally my ancestors came from Germany. That was 1884, I believe. Though it may have been '85. Late '84 or early '85 let's call it. My paternal grandparents on my father's side were named Liebig, which means "beef extract" in French. But they changed the name to Lieberman, which is more German-sounding, after the Franco-Prussian War. My grandfather was a tailor.

Farmer jeans are so popular both among the with-it and even among

the not-so-very-with-it sets, because to bluntly put it, they represent a return to nature. You'll recall, by the way, that way back in October 13's "Liebo Here" I advocated back-to-natureness giving it a *** "more turned on than off" rating, proving once and for all time that I'm ahead of the game. This is why I'm the columnist and you're the reader.

Here's the point: Nature's finally in. For me? I can testify to the fact. For all? Of course not. For most? Ah, yes. No. No doubt about it. Nature has captured the mind of America, like an unwritten law on a subtle wall. But Nature's been in at Williams since 1793 or thereabouts when Eph was marshalling his troops through the woods and forests on the land which

the road to Vassar, hitting the books (even), saying good-bye and hello and what's happening, the rest of the world is tightening the gap, diminishing our claim to glory.

What do I mean "sequestering to the ultimate degree"? I mean sequestering to the furthest limit. To the nth point. The final cheese. It's all "got to go". For the last few years we've been doing a real hurt dance. It's that simple. We've got a vested interest in nature and the interest of our interest can not be emphasized or cultivated too much. It's time to start axing down telephone poles, ripping out electric sockets, trampling radio tubes, bashing in television screens, and gluing together the keys of our electric typewriters. If Eph Williams was able to type, he certainly didn't use an electric typewriter. That's for sure. And electric light's a real bummer for your eyes. There's no light like natural light. I always say. Please. I'm not advocating wanton destruction. No, not wanton. Maybe a little destruction. But not wanton. Destruction in the name of progress is never wanton. I prefer to look at it as inverse construction. Or is it converse? Or contrapositive destruction maybe? Anyway...

Voila the problem and the answer spelled out for you by me: Liebo. It's not too late to keep ahead in the race back to nature and I will lead us there. Me, Liebo. Excelsior! As Veblen once said "As it must, inevitably when should arise the doom hour ever, as before as always twinkle surely shall your constant companions in its midst, above in the firmament, the stars." (The old German's a bit rusty.) In other words, keep the faith, right on, and all that.

Next thing you know they'll be parading around with hoes, the phoney bastards. What would the sparrows say about that?

Liebo here

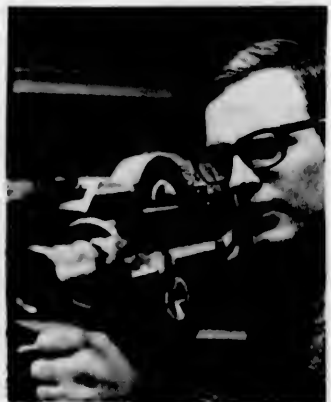
he's presently buried beneath. It's the rest of the world, Harvard and Berkeley, the pace-setters, included, who are catching up to Williams, this time.

Which means that Williams is about to confront a serious challenge, a la keeping-out-in-front. What do I mean keeping-out-in-front? I mean that we must maintain our lead in the race back to nature that is sweeping the country, as I have illustrated above. But what can be done? Much can, and must, be done. The answer is obvious-to-the-point-of-being-comical-or-if-not-comical-then-at-least-mildly-diverting. What? Most simply, the sequestering of Williams to the ultimate degree. We must remember that for every moment we just sit idly by amusing ourselves on the ski slopes, at the flicks, hitting

Wall painted at radio station

By Russ Ruck

On Monday night, former President William Sweney, '71, of the Williams College radio stations WMS-WCFM, announced that his administration had been responsible for "actually undertaking" the long- and oft-discussed plans for the painting of the east wall of the A.M. room in the station's studios in the basement of Baxter Hall. He added that no actual painting had been started as of the time he left office, which was assumed to be 4:15 p.m. on December 17, when the potted mushroom garden which presided over his desk, suddenly disappeared. But Sweney hastened to explain that "more progress was made in getting estimates on the wall under my administration than under Phil Geier's, ('70) administration." Sweney noted that the discussions on the painting of the wall were begun under Geier's regime, but that he was influential in his decision to save the actual negotiations, because of lack of funds, until the beginning of 1970, which was actually part of his administration. "This was not due to any desire for self-aggrandizement," interjected Sweney, "but rather due to practical considerations, such as lack of funds."



WILLIAM SWENEY '71
Hails wall as morale-booster

Although no official statement has yet been released, the Record has it from reliable sources that the wall, which is presently blue, will be painted either green or turquoise depending upon which faction of the WCFM executive board has the greater strength when the issue is brought to a vote, which another reliable source indicated would be sometime in late September or early October, though it might be in the middle of November instead. When asked why those colors, Sweney said the station "wanted to get closer to organic nature. That's what the

scene is today and WCFM is there on top of it."

Said Sweney of the wall, "I wish I could communicate just how much trouble it is to find good painters at reasonable prices nowadays."

When asked why it is so important that the wall be painted, Sweney said, "Morale." He explained that people "get tired" of the same colors. "I'm proud of the radio station's policy of frequent and tasteful redecoration. If my records are accurate, that wall has been painted at least three times in the last fifteen years. It makes the little people think that we at the executive level care."

As for the cost, Sweney explained it would depend upon which painter was chosen. "Some charge more than others," he observed. "Some also charge less."

The wall should be finished by the end of the year. Sweney noted his concern, though, that the station may have to shut down during the operation because people have the "nasty habit" of carving obscenities into fresh paint. Asked for specifics Sweney replied that the last time the wall was painted someone carved in the words: "The snake eats, the spider chews." The next day, someone added beneath: "The hen chews too. Bam bam." The wall was repainted immediately, at great cost to the station. Sweney noted, "It won't happen again."

India supper

Professor Robert Gaudino and several student members of the Williams-In-India program will present a multi-media demonstration of their experience at a Chapel Board supper-discussion Friday night. The demonstration will include a son et lumiere of sacred cows, a ten-minute marionette show mocking out the British, and slides depicting the participants in various painful stages of dysentery. St. John's Church, 6 P.M. Garlic bread and latkas.

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Experimental theater: X-rated for D quality

By Will Buck

In recent years, Experimental Theater has too often become a synonym for productions that might be called "X" in morality and "D" in quality. The ever-increasing popularity of Experimental Theater not only highlights the steadfast good taste of "regular" theater directors and producers who persistently refuse to present these obscene, valueless and intellectually phony plays, but points up the increasingly bad taste of the American theater-going public. There are 367 undotted i's in the Producing an experimental play script of 'Tolstoy Museum'The

Ever since its first rehearsal, reports of strange and bizarre happenings have filtered back to me about Steve Lawson's "Tolstoy Museum," an adaptation of Barthelme's short stories and novels. No one is quite sure what Lawson is up to though murmurings of "naked women" have been heard from several of the more artsy students on campus. English Professor Charles T. Samuels has noted that the play is "radically ambiguous." But all that could be pried from Lawson was his usual trickle of useless and inane comments: "There are 367 undotted i's in the Producing an experimental play script of 'Tolstoy Museum'The

shack. The room was in almost complete darkness, and it took my eyes a moment to adjust. Lawson had apparently decided to replace the audience seats with mattresses, covering the entire off-stage floor. What dim light there was appeared to be coming from day-glo painted bodies, scattered randomly among the mattresses. The bodies seemed to writhe and twist in the eerie green and orange glow of the paint.

More peculiar, still, was the activity on stage. A tall girl, cowed in waist-length black hair, her beauty concealed by little else, was picking lint out from between the toes of what seemed to be a humped-back

just witnessed was a remarkably adroit piece of "black slapstick," obviously involving precision timing -- when I stumbled against one of the day-glo nudes. Suddenly I felt a hand around my ankle and I was down on the mattresses, face-to-breast with a bald orange nude. The nude was very much alive, if a bit wild-eyed. "Celeste, here's someone new," she giggled.

The next thing I knew, hands were scratching at my plaster-of-paris hump.

"Excuse me," I squeaked, "but, um, I don't quite know how to put it. Actually, you see, I'm not really in your play at all." A green hand snatched away my dwarf's cap and ignited it. "I'm not even sure what the play is about," I protested. Heavy breathing behind me and I twisted around to see an army of green and orange bodies -- each wielding a buffalo head with a twig of celery protruding from its mouth -- converging upon me. "Where's Lawson?" I screamed, but they kept coming. I leapt to my feet, wondering if I could have stumbled into a rehearsal for "Marat-Sade" by mistake. Two orange arms detached themselves from the swarming mass and grabbed at me. I screamed again and planted a hob-nailed dwarf boot between them, connecting with a skull. The arms retracted with a low moaning, "more...more..."

I jumped over the bodies, fell twice on a large, inverted pig, and hurled myself through the window, leaving the ever-diminishing wails of a dozen heavy moaners behind me.

There was something strangely upsetting about a play like "Tolstoy Museum." Now, more than ever, I'm certain that Experimental Theater offers little for anyone other than moral degenerates. What's funny or captivating about people who slash each other with cat-o'-nine-tail whips or who sleep with pigs? If so, such an unstructured, ugly, smelly pig.

rambling framework only obfuscates the message. Why, it was hardly a play at all. No stage, no dialogue, no director (Where was Lawson, for God's sake?). And certainly, no actors. Anyone with a libido could have done the job those people were doing. Their sense of motion, while obviously inspired and motivated, was tediously repetitious and the frothing at the mouth effect, after the first twenty minutes, becomes merely disgusting. Also, I resent forced participation. (I felt simply ridiculous tripping over that stupid pig.)



STEVE LAWSON '71

Directing with "passion" at A.M.T.

The only redeeming qualities of "Tolstoy Museum" were David Ferguson's set (black walls and empty floors), which played nicely against the naked bodies, and the unique lighting effects. Otherwise, "Tolstoy Museum" is a complete failure any way you look at it. It belongs exactly where I saw it -- in the woods, along with all the animals. Admittedly, this was only an early rehearsal. But if Lawson plans to bring up the quality of the show, he'd better begin soon, because he's got a long way to go. He might start by getting rid of that pig.

Busl kills wasp in Baxter

By William Buckley

Last Friday at 8:27 P.M. Officer William Busl of the College Security Force destroyed a wasp which had been harassing the Williams Travel Bureau since 8:15. Officer Busl answered the urgent summons of Thom Wood '71, who telephoned from behind a barricade of bus and railway tickets.

"Yes, I would have to admit that Mr. Busl was somewhat effective," said Wood afterwards. Though he hastily added that his own "strength and foresight" should not go unnoticed. "Although I seldom admit it, I'm highly allergic to three species of Iraqi wasp and that beast might have been one of the fatal kinds."

Climbing out of a file closet, assistant Jim Edwards '74 broke in. He said, "Gosh. It was really keen the way he just stepped up and

gooshed the buggie dead." "Obviously Busl isn't allergic to wasps," Wood commented. All parties concerned agreed that the wasp put up little resistance after being crushed by Busl's shoe. Busl wears size 10½. Wood swept the wasp into a dustpan and deposited it in the wastepaper basket of the men's room opposite the freshmen mailboxes.

In Memoriam

Jerry Carlson '72, former business manager of The Record, noted film savant, and close friend of Charles T. Samuels, was found dead in the projection booth in Bronfman Auditorium last night following a Marx Brothers double feature. Dr. John G. Merselis diagnosed Carlson's untimely demise as "a clear-cut case of death due to aggravated ecstasy. His little heart couldn't take it."

Services for Jerry will be held Wednesday night at 7 P.M. in the Thompson Chapel. The Record joins Jerry's family and relatives, the English Department, Twentieth Century Fox, and two or three members of Garfield House in mourning his death.

Jerry has bequeathed his blue-tinted glasses to science.

(Editor's note: In reprinting this ludicrous exchange, The Record hopes to illustrate what happens when people get all hooked up in themselves and can't see the forest for the trees. -- Pulliam)

(Editor's note: Frankly, I found the exchange rather interesting, and I wish we could see some more of it. -- Liebo)

(Editor's note: What I'd like to know is where these letters came from in the first place. -- Pulliam)

(Editor's note: Are you accusing me, Pulliam? Was that a slur? -- Liebo)

Lawson also revives 'LOOT' at A.M.T.

Coincidental with "Tolstoy Museum," Steve Lawson '71 will also direct a revival of "Loot," the late Joe Orton's black drawing room comedy. The production will be produced in the A.M.T. Studio Theatre on Saturday, January 30, and Sunday, January 31, at 3:17 a.m., and Monday also at 3:17 a.m. Monday is February 1.

The late Joe Orton is dead now.

Director Lawson originally directed the play during Wesleyan weekend, November 6-8, but now is directing it "again." He said he was reviving the play because he had a "new overview" and also because the play is "so significant," though "that is a lesser reason." He re-emphasized "how significant, utterly, utterly" the play was.

The play is being produced during

intersession, when few students remain on campus, and at "ungodly hours" because, as Lawson sees it, "So what?" Lawson said that an audience was merely "a manifestation of bourgeois theatre." Lawson also emphasized that he did "not" think "Loot" was a play "for people who wear beads and part their hair down the middle," but that maybe it was.

dwarf. I identified Snow White, of course, by the seven beauty marks which adorned her flank (though her Viking hat is inexplicable) and the dwarf by his hump and his short stature. The dwarf was moaning like a bull tortoise in heat (perhaps suffering from aggravated athlete's foot). I was just settling down to this comfortably recognizable scene when three six-foot dwarfs rushed on stage snapping cat-o'-nine-tail whips. Snow White screamed and, dropping the moaning dwarf on his head, made a leap for the mattresses. The two closest dwarfs lashed out with their whips, each expertly snaring one of Snow White's snow-white ankles. She landed half off the stage with a sickening thud, bashing her head on the concrete floor. Blood gushed from her fragmented skull as the dwarfs reeled in their catch. I moved forward to admire the makeup artistry -- the scene I had

the media

here at Williams has become an ego-trip-and-a-half for many student directors. (More on this in my next feature, "Guerrilla Theater or Zoo?") Productions in the "X" (as the theater is known among the snobbish little in-group that runs it) automatically become art, as if art were a matter of geography, and the small seating capacity assures a sell-out crowd even if the actors are the only ones to show up.

After my previous articles on the Adams Memorial Theater, I was accused of being bitchy, narrow-minded and even prejudiced. To disprove these accusations and to show my good intentions (and to get the goods on that faggot Lawson '71) this reporter decided to re-evaluate what's happening at the A.M.T. by reviewing "Tolstoy Museum," which is presently in rehearsal.

And so late Sunday night, in a sneak attempt to scoop the critical world, I wound my way among the trees of Hopkins Forest to a small green shack, where, I was informed, a private rehearsal of "Tolstoy Museum" was underway. Disguised as one of the dwarfs from Barthelme's Snow White -- I figured an eighth bearded pervert wouldn't be conspicuous on the set -- I nimbly leaped through the window of the

Letters to the editor

Flepchuk attacks hoe-toters and . .

To the editor:

Violence has evolved as an American way of life. The recent wave of violent crimes in American cities has served to dramatize the problem, but this urban crime has also obscured the essential cause.

American violence was born on the frontier. Ugly violence perpetrated by brutal farmers rarely makes front page copy nowadays, but such mindless, hoe-toting savagery exists in force. These criminals live on government subsidies for their idle

land. They control our legislatures through a cabal of electoral malapportionment. Farmers are working right now to erode our political system, our standard of living, our way of life. Kill them.

Sincerely,

Warren J. Flepchuk

Rev. Eusden responds, but . . .

To the editor:

Truly it is letters like Mr. Flepchuk's that make my job so trying. If only people could learn the simple meaning of brotherhood, or to say hi to each other in the street. God, after all, cares (really he does), so why can't you? Even if you don't specifically believe (Believe), you can still see God as formless, the

way Zen does: e.g., the tree is God, the rock is God, the sausage is God. I am God, and so are you. Even farmers can be God. Please think about that.

Shantih shantih shantih.

Rev. John D. Eusden

Flepchuk isn't finished.

To the editor:

Okay, preacher man. You think you know things, well you don't. You think you know things because you know God, but that's not it at all. Brotherhood? Fine. But who was Linus Fagreamian? He was The Pitchfork Murderer. Or Tyler "Ox" Fagreamian, who was his brother? He was a Pitchfork Murderer too. See that? Two evil, sinister, brutal, cowardly murderers in even the same family. Think about that, preacher man. If we let these people run around loose, would you let your

children outside, or into parks, or down the street? Farmers must be eliminated. America has gone soft on farmerism ever since "The Real McCoys" convinced them that farmers were nice, gentle people with kindly grandfathers who limp. But, in truth, farmers kill their grandfathers, and then they eat them. Yes they do, and you'd better watch out.

Sincerely,

Warren J. Flepchuk

Then Van Ersatz '23 has his say,

To the editor:

The Reverend Eusden, which I was visiting last weekend, has generously permitted me to reply to Mr. Flepchuk in his place.

Reverend Eusden and I were talking about your letter and all the while playing Aaron Copland's "The Tender Land," and suddenly we were struck by the connection. Really, this land we call America is a tender land, but it is also a land. Too often we neglect the land part. Farmers farm the land. They make the land what it is. We therefore have a lot to thank farmers for, including beautiful land where we can let our cows graze.

Cows after all are such an integral

but Flepchuk's back again.

To the editor:

You people, you preachers and thinkers. You with your ways. Meanwhile it sounds like something Emily Cooper was supposed to have said the night before her family was murdered by "Ox" Fagreamian.

part of those warm, wonderful days we knew at Williams. I know, Mr. Flepchuk, that you did not attend Williams, but you must understand my pride because Williams was that place where we learned to live with and love each other. We weren't like those students with their ways; almost like prehistoric throw-backs! It's people like us, Mr. Flepchuk, you and me, who have to band together against the rest of them. Not the farmers, Mr. Flepchuk: They're on our side. It's the students. It's the students we want.

Sincerely,

Herbert Van Ersatz '23

But you just go right on. While you keep babbling about purple cows, the farmers are getting out of their Ford pick-ups right at the end of your driveway.

Sincerely,

Warren J. Flepchuk

Interview:

Sawyer '39 discusses new library

Owing with respect to recent rumors with respect to a new college library, to replace the old college library, President John E. Sawyer '39, agreed to answer some questions asked by the Record.

PRESIDENT SAWYER '39: Well hello, hello.

RECORD: Hello.

SAWYER '39: Hello. No, don't sit there.

RECORD: Thank you.

SAWYER '39: You're welcome. Now, what questions are on your mind...though in fairness I have to remind you that I can't talk that long. Work just piles up and there are alumni to call. Alumni to write, never seem to get any rest. Fum-tiddy-fumbidy-bum. That's a little tune I like humming.

RECORD: We'd like to discuss the prospects of a new library's being constructed here.

SAWYER '39: Here in this office?

RECORD: No. On campus grounds.

SAWYER '39: Actually, that was a little humor there.

RECORD: Ho yuk.

SAWYER '39: First, however, and this will seem a little off the subject, but I wanted to tell you boys what a fine column that "Liebo Here" is. I thought of it when you used the word "here", you know as in "library here on this campus." Though I also thought of hearing aids, here-heres, here she is Miss America, and a meatball and pepperoni pizza. Can't say why I thought of the pizza, though. Doesn't exactly relate...Well, no matter. Errr, as I was telling R.G.L. Waite....

RECORD: You were talking about "Liebo Here."

SAWYER '39: Ah yes, yes. Who is Liebo, anyway -- I assume Russ Pulliam? Well, no matter. Though -- now I hate to bring this up because it always gets misrepresented as censorship -- I thought that last "Liebo There" was, well a little on the vulgar side. We all know words like that exist, and we all use them. We may as well be frank and admit it. But I have always subscribed to the hypothesis that there are some things that should be, that should be concealed, you know pretend they don't exist. Like you'd put a band-aid over a cut.

Good metaphor there: Get it down...band-aid over a cut. Last time The Record interviewed me, now I know it wasn't any of you boys who were personally responsible (or was it? good), but they missed some of my metaphors, and I had some pretty good ones there too. I can't remember them all, but there was something about a sailboat, or a sailfish: 'sailfish in the sea,' oh I don't quite....

RECORD: The library.

SAWYER '39: Yes. Wasn't it Emily Dickenson who said something about books being her very best friends? Oh well. Yes, boys, I can tell you now that soon Williams will have a new library. There. The cat's out of the bag. Now, would you like to know the itinerary for my three-month sabbatical?



PRES. JOHN E. SAWYER '39

President Sawyer '39 remarks, "Fum-tiddy-fumbidy-bum. That's a little tune I like humming."

RECORD: No thank you. Back to the library. Is it true that there are no available funds?

SAWYER '39: Absolutely not.

RECORD: But it is true that the proposed donor suddenly withdrew his five million dollar check.

SAWYER '39: Not essentially.

RECORD: You mean you've still got the five million?

SAWYER '39: Not exactly.

RECORD: Then he withdrew it?

SAWYER '39: Doesn't that depend on how you define 'withdraw'?

RECORD: You mean you've 'sort of' got the check.

SAWYER '39: That's correct.

RECORD: But you also 'sort of' don't.

SAWYER '39: Don't what?

RECORD: Don't have the money.

SAWYER '39: Ah yes. That's true too.

RECORD: So there is no donor, and there are no funds.

SAWYER '39: Now, boys, that's being a trifle premature. Why, he might give the money back.

RECORD: Why did he take it away?

SAWYER '39: Who said anything about taking it away?

RECORD: You seemed to imply --

SAWYER '39: Boys, the opposite of giving is not 'taking away'. Why, if that were so, the whole Christmas thing goes down the drain. Suppose Santa came by on January 1 and took away all the new toys? Think of all the unhappy brothers and sisters.

RECORD: Yes, but --

SAWYER '39: By the way, I know this is supposed to be a candid conversation, but must you take down every word I say? Why is it you always get all the trivialities, yet somehow miss the metaphors. Wait a minute and I'll have it for you: "sailboat of death," no try "sunfish yellow like --"

RECORD: One last question about the library --

SAWYER '39: Why does everything relate to the library? Why can't we trade Maitland quips? I heard a good one from the Catuze the other day, seems Jack was belting down some --

RECORD: Is it true that the anonymous donor met with five or six student leaders during October, in order that the students might convince the donor to give back the money?

SAWYER '39: Absolutely incorrect.

RECORD: You mean the anonymous donor didn't meet with Paul Lieberman, Russ Pulliam, Greg Van --

SAWYER '39: Where did you get those names?

Frost announces Feb. cont.

At this point, this reporter joined Dean Frost in a lusty guffaw, but was immediately shushed when the Dean put his finger to his mouth and pointed at the wall. "Ears like bats," he said.

Elaborating on his coed arguments, the Dean remembered, "At Harvard in the fifties we had no such silliness. Of course, I didn't date that much, so I can't really be sure."

Settling into a comfortable position on the floor, Frost next considered the curriculum. "The curriculum always changes, as, indeed, so does life," he insisted, crawling along the rug. "About the upcoming Williams-in-Iceland program: I once knew a lovely Icelandic girl. She spoke English

fluently. A clever people. But rather cold. The climate, that is," he said, winking.

Frost remembered that in "my day, at my Alma Mater on the Charles, we had few opportunities for such on-the-spot learning, though we did go to the museum a lot." Similarly, about the Twelve College Exchange Program, Frost quipped, "It's almost like spending junior year a-broad. Get it?"

Finally, Mr. Frost was asked what he foresaw as the future of the typical Williams College student. Peeking out from under his desk, he stated, "Life is no bed of roses. Eh, heh. If the future Williams student wants to, he will have a great life and accomplish great things. Then again, he might get hit by a truck."

College purchases beast

Charles A. Foehl, Jr. '32, Williams College Treasurer, announced

recently the College's purchase of a zebra. The beast will be exhibited on Saturdays for \$25 to brothers and sisters of applicants for admission to Williams who come for interviews.

"This way the administration hopes to defray the costs of the rising number of interviews in Williamstown," said Foehl. "As the admission of students from impoverished ethnic groups has increased geometrically in the past few years, the College is optimistic that the investment in the zebra is sound since such applicants usually come from large families."

The zebra comes to Williams from Africa, where CC President Greg Van Schaack '71 researched his Winter Study project on the most efficient weapons for slaughtering big game animals. Van Schaack '71 carried out the successful negotiations for the animal's cap-

ture alive with white hunter Bob Bushbull.

The Record asked Sally Raczkia '73 for her comment on the development. "Well, a zebra is just a horse with stripes. But how many horses do you see running around today?"

Peter Frost, Associate Dean, remarked: "Any zoo in this country has a zebra for all to see. What this college needs is something rare, not just any run-of-the-mill zebra. A tufted puffin would do the trick." A tufted puffin is a bird, Frost added.

The Afro-American Society protested the admission charge to see the animal, labeling it "exploitative" and saying that it "negated the philosophical gains made in recent years in admissions policy."

Frederick Copeland '35, Director of Admissions, replied that the number of brothers and sisters who paid the \$25 fee would not affect his decision for accepting the candidate.

Students liking Williams more

By Lee Pulliam

Surprising as it may seem, students, on the whole, are liking Williams more. A carefully conducted cross-section of interviews taken about campus reflecting, perhaps, the attitudes of students in colleges and universities, big and small, reveals that the aforesaid students are liking the aforementioned college more.

"More than what?" was the most frequent reply to the question "Do you think students are liking Williams more?" When those who had responded thusly were recontacted, they were asked if they liked it "more than before". Again, the overwhelming response was "More than before what?" to which The Record responded "More than before what-do-you-think?"

A junior in Hopkins gave a typical reaction. "I dig it more, yeah. My friends, we're all digging it more. And I can dig them digging it more, and I can dig everyone digging it more. And they can dig me digging it more, and they can dig me digging them dig it on and on like that until you just can't stop."

The president of Hopkins said that his happiness resulted from "the Muzak they play in the Greylock dining hall." However, when The Record informed him that Greylock was music-less (or Muzak-less; he agreed, "You're right. I was

thinking of N.Y.U."

Several students were then asked, "Do you think students are liking Williams more because of a combination of factors?" "Yes," came one reaction. Others were "certainly," "definitely," and "most assuredly."



SMILING CO-ED '73

A coed from Hopkins said that "indeed" she was liking Williams more. Another Hopkins coed said she was liking it more "too." The house steward from Hopkins said he thought "humans" were "more at peace with themselves than last year" when they "weren't." A senior from Hopkins who asked not to be identified linked his happiness to "the outlawing of fraternities."

A dean said, "People are happy in general." Another dean said, "Happiness is relative, and people seem relatively happy." A third dean said, "Very true," and Dean Frost believed students were liking Williams more because "Spring is coming."

There were only a few negative reactions. "Sometimes I get tired just breathing," responded one motor-cycling JA who was eating in Hopkins House. Also, senior, Randy Livingstone, when asked if he thought agfhgihki eytrthfg fhgdn ghff jjhsgdfffsgshhdbcyr-thfdgdyhhkjjkfgfhyrissj fbghgdssgereyhaan mmjilhyet cbdgssff his hand clutching her tightly by oh please, no, oh please oh please thrusting, then back, then in again her drenched blouse clinging to her hurts doesn't it?" Ralph asked.

for John English '32, Director of Alum--

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Faculty profile: Prof. Robert G. L. Waite

The short, round man with the big moustache and a beret

By Raul Pullerman

The short, round man with the big moustache and a beret entered 10 Stetson, where I was to interview him. He was wearing the beret, actually. It was a size 7, large enough to accommodate his fact-packed cranium but not droopy; black felt, a rather dark color. He sat down and put his feet up on the desk. I, a nervous reporter, waited to hear what Professor Robert George Lesson Waite, Ph. D., Brown Professor of History, would say.

First, I wanted to get down the salient features of his past life. The son of a minister, Professor Waite is the product of a strict Congregational Church upbringing. After Oak Hill Elementary School, he proceeded to Oak Valley High School, where he was active on the school's biweekly newspaper *The Acorn*. He went to Macalester College from there and graduated in the early forties. On September 10, 1949, he began teaching at Williams and was made chairman of the history department on July 4, 1967. Many people have commented that, owing to his religious background,

Professor Waite must lead a Christian life. I asked him about this. His cryptic reply was: "I let my dog sleep in the house, if that's what you mean."

Professor Waite really isn't that short; actually he is of medium height. He's not really round either, rather more oval. His moustache is medium-size, and bears no resemblance whatsoever to Hitler's.

Professor Waite seemed inexplicably perplexed by one of my early questions: "Do you see anything coincidental about your second middle name? Do you suppose it has anything to do with your chosen vocation?" He pondered for a moment, consulted the dictionary, and then replied, "I suppose I was named that because it was my grandmother's maiden name." He was also rather non-committal concerning his preference in bicycles. "It's just that the Schwinn 5-speed has always seemed more sedate to me, yet speedy enough." On his notorious hikes, he said, he often heads for Pine Cobble because of its beautiful view. "The view from the top of Pine Cobble is



Professor Waite romping on one of his "notorious" hikes. The short, round man's moustache is clearly visible, but his beret has been inadvertently cropped out by staff photographer Roy Zarcos '73; responds Zarcos, "It could have been worse."

beautiful, so I often go there on my frequent hikes," stated Professor Waite.

As a professor at Williams, Professor Waite spends a fair amount of time teaching. This year, for instance, he will teach History 101, 104, 305, 401, 402a, and H359. Last year he taught 101-102, 104, 301, 305, and H359. History H359 is, of course, his favorite, because it deals with the subject in which he has the most interest. Teaching is, in fact, an integral part of his life. "Yes, I do enjoy teaching," said Professor Waite, "but the bridge parties at the Faculty House are fun, too." For the first time, I detected a glimmer of the notorious Waite wit. Many students have commented about it. In his classes, he brings an almost incredible zeal to his lectures, revealing his great interest in the subject matter. He seems to honestly enjoy conveying his knowledge to the students.

Professor Waite finds that being a professor gives him time to do research as well as teach. He is an acknowledged scholar. In addition to *The Vanguard of Nazism, A History of the Weimar Republic*, and *Psychoanalytic Interpretation of History*, he has also published *The Style Mammal*, for Writing Papers and Theses. I questioned him about this last work. "William L. Strunk of Columbia, in his *Elements of Style*,

contends that the possessives of all names ending in sibilants, except certain Biblical ones, should be formed by adding 'apostrophe s.' You, however, introduce polysyllabicism as the criterion." Waite replied, "Strunk was an English teacher; I'm an historian. Besides, he's dead now." In passing, Professor Waite mentioned that his next book will be a psychoanalytic study of the Vice President.

Waite is a voracious reader. Even thumbing through the dictionary, he devoured the pages zestfully. He simply loves to read. In glancing over his bookshelves I saw hundreds of titles, paperbacks shredded from being constantly consulted. He noticed me staring wide-eyed at these and commented, "Oh, yes, those. Ruff got at them one evening before I took them off the floor." Tireless scholarship is obviously one of his joys.

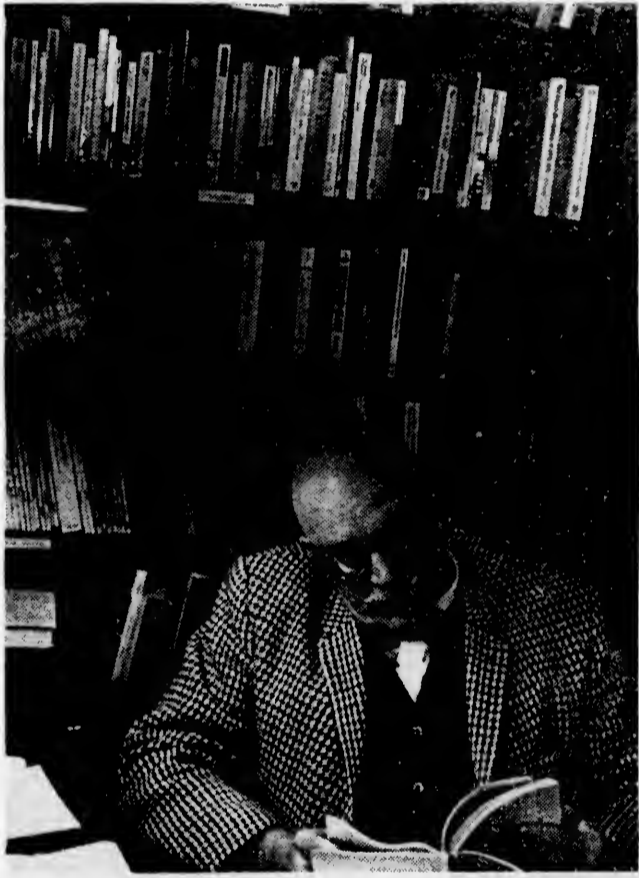
Outside the academic sphere, Professor Waite is just as enthusiastic. True to his upbringing, he attends church regularly. "I see him going to church every Sunday," reported one student. He also served on the Mount Greylock school board, hosted an ABC student, and sponsored the intramural pinball program last year.

At the end of the interview, I asked Professor Waite, "I suppose you've found life at Williams somewhat

enjoyable, teaching here for 21 years and becoming a permanent resident of Williamstown?" "No," replied the short, round man, "actually, the whole atmosphere is entirely odious. I've abhorred every moment of it." Again, as I left the office, I faintly sensed the barbs of Waite's incisive wit.



Short, round man riding bicycle.



Short, round man reading.

News Briefs

Provost

Provost Stephen Lewis '60, who has been infrequently seen on campus this year ('70-'71), flatly denied any rumors that he was dead. In a letter to *The Record*, Lewis stated, "There is...absolutely no truth to those rumors. After all, how could I be writing this letter if I were dead, or at least not alive?" Associate Dean Peter K. Frost and Dean Neil R. Grabis also agreed with Lewis's analysis of the situation, although Grabis admitted he had not seen Lewis, either.

Dean McIntire

Dean of Women Nancy J. McIntire called for the resignation of Assistant Dean Curtis L. Manns. Dean McIntire stated that Dean Manns's "unfortunate surname" has prompted too many "humorists" to refer to her as "Dean Womans." Dean Womans also said she was going to "come down hard" on those humorists who continually carve "things" onto her desk. "This was tolerable at first," she said, "but lately the carvings have become totally unambiguous and, even, rather insolently frank."

Most disturbing, however, to Dean Womans was that the carvings were anatomically inaccurate.

Intersession

By a vote of 79-14-5, the faculty voted Wednesday to change the name "intersession" to "days in between Winter Study and the beginning of second semester" because some of the townspeople had been complaining that "intersession" sounds too much like that thing cows and horses do, and sometimes even people.

Lieberman To Read

On Thursday, February 4, the Chapel Board will sponsor a special meeting-in-the-round in the Berkshire Prospect Lounge. Special speaker will be Paul Lieberman '71, who will read those philosophy and religion papers which were "too long or too arcane" to publish in his weekly column. Should the readings prove successful, Mr. Lieberman plans to return Friday night with papers from English 204 and 228 and selections from a health essay he wrote in junior high school, of which he is exceptionally proud.

7131 continued

House, said, "I think it's all a plot of the Administration to enmesh youth's beautiful soul in a web of electronics - I refuse to be a machine. I refuse to be a machine."

According to Provost Lewis, the major "wrench" in the "system" will be the alumni, who, according to John English, Director of Alumni Relations, often resent "precipitous change." Already the Alumni Office has received a series of unfavorable comments from "concerned" alumni. Comments have ranged from "That '8' was a symbol of all that was important to me at Williams, and now it's gone too," to "It's a pity. The '8' always gave one a chance to pause for thought before making a rash move."

Another alumnus who identified himself only as "La Vache Qui Rit '20" was evidently quite concerned about the streamlined number and kept repeating into the phone "This is it. This is it." When Mr. English asked him, "What, in fact, is it," La Vache replied, "Wait" and nothing more happened then. Uncertain as to the meaning of the alumnus' command, Mr. English is still on the phone waiting. At last report, the connection with La Vache had been replaced by a dial tone, yet Mr. English still waits patiently on the phone. "He said 'Wait!'" said Mr.



JOHN P. ENGLISH '32
Director of Alumni Relations.
English '32 comments on 7131: "He said 'Wait! I'm a cautious man. You can't take liberties in my job.'"

English. "I'm a cautious man. You can't take liberties in my job." When it was suggested to Mr. English that possibly the unidentified Vache did not expect to be taken literally, but rather meant "Wait and see," Mr.

English replied, "Possibly. But then again, possibly not."

It is obvious, then, that the dropping of the '8' from "8-7131," that number which has become a mother to so many, is a matter of major concern to all involved. The "8" has become more than a mere number, a mere notational convenience. It has become, like dogs, an integral part of the Williams experience. This we can safely say.

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Calendar

WEDNESDAY

12:00 P.M. DISCUSSION: Administration and faculty on "Defending the Williams Experience." You won't miss lunch. Jesup.

4:00 P.M. DEMONSTRATION—DISCUSSION: "The Miracle of Birth." Seven sisters from the Pittsfield chapter of "Bread and Roses" will talk on childbirth. Following the discussion the women will bind the men with ropes into various cramp inducing positions.

1:00 A.M. HEADLINES: On WCFM, Ron Ross inaugurates his headlines show which he calls "No One's Making You Listen." Ron will read what he considers to be the important headlines of the night. Accompanying himself on the sitar. Then he will re-read the same headlines again until he gets bored under the rationale that it's his show and he can do what he wants.

THURSDAY

4:30 P.M. ILLUSTRATED LECTURE: "The Super-Life Theater in Poland." A.M.T.

8:30 P.M. LECTURE: Meir Kahane, leader of the militant Jewish Defense League, will make his second appearance on campus. Kahane will talk on Jewish liberties. After a buffet dinner in his honor the rabbi will hunt down "Russian types" and "make gravel out of on "What it Means to Be a New them." The public better come. Jesup.

9:30 P.M. FILM: "Watch Dr. Finkelstein." Organic chemistry professor Manuel Finkelstein, Church.

University of New Hampshire, will demonstrate everyday scientific phenomena to neighborhood children Jimmy and Joanie. In Reel B he takes their weight. Bronfman Auditorium.

FRIDAY

7:30 P.M. HOCKEY: Varsity vs House of Walsh. Chapman Rink.

9:00 P.M. MOVIE: "Fifty Types of Vermin: America's Shameful Ghettos Under the Microscope." Part of the City and the Environment Series, this film examines crime in the streets, welfare, inner city sanitary conditions, the mating and breeding habits of rats, and the mating and breeding habits of minority peoples.

10:00 P.M. LECTURE: Paul Lieberman on "Pay Toilets -- Removing the Quarter." Pittsfield Bus Station: Men's Room.

SATURDAY

5:15 P.M. POLITICAL SEMINAR: Judy Allerhand will force the starch issue by burning down the Garfield House kitchen. Garfield House.

6:15 P.M. NUTRIMENT SEMINAR: Disguised as a boiled potato, Miss Allerhand will reappear on the scene to investigate the nutritional value of the residue and prove to the world she was right after all. Site of Garfield House.

7:30 P.M. LECTURE: Joe Dewey on "What it Means to Be a New England Liberal." Bronfman Auditorium.

9:00 SERMON: Renzi Lamb on: "Is There a God?" St. John's Church.

Winter study flickers and fades

By Will Buck

While most students across the country are studying frantically for first semester finals, students at Williams (and a few other favored institutions) are enjoying the unhurried atmosphere, the intellectual freedom, and the limitless personal challenges of the Winter Study Period. When I described the real atmosphere of the WSP to some of my old high school friends over Christmas vacation, they were obviously envious. (For all the wrong reasons.) Even now that they have returned to the toil that should characterize the lives of ambitious students, I still feel guilty.

For from what I hear, the high hopes professed for a month of concentrated study in one subject are being blasted, scattered to the winds that blow rough and chill through the Purple Valley. The "studying" is mere pretense, a pretense that masks an underlying philosophy of lassitude and cynical contempt for the true spirit of the intra-semester term.

I can picture the iron mask of cold lying over Williamstown like a shroud, smothering all life in its icy grip, stagnating any productive endeavor, blanketing everything in characteristic gray, even driving the skiers home from Brodie prematurely. Those students without independent study projects to allow them egress have returned to an existence that surely consists of endless afternoons spent playing basketball, haunting the snack bar, or sleeping. The month of stimulus, it becomes apparent, is a time of stupefaction, mindless boredom, filled with formless events which

can barely be recalled with effort. From the letters this reporter has received from some part-time students (postmarked Boston, South Hadley, et cetera), he can visualize the scene. The movies in Bronfman and Weston occur with more regularity than the classes. But even these fail to arouse interest; even when the fate of the entire "Forbidden Planet" hangs in the balance students drop off. And no one even asks the question, "Why is it that in



PROVOST STEPHEN R. LEWIS, JR. '60
Enjoying Winter Study

Moby Dick Melville has every character remark upon the others' biblical names, and yet his psychology is such that he never mentions the fact that Queequeg means 'impaler of evil' in Seminole? The last spark of curiosity has been extinguished. The College Cinema sensed the at-

mosphere and has responded by presenting a slate of films designed for the man with time on his hands (Joe and more recently, Eugene, rated X).

The directors of the Williams-in-India and Holyoke Transfer programs have found that enrollment was much greater this year; they finally hit on the idea of presenting the programs during Winter Study. How pleasant India and Mt. Holyoke must look. Yes indeed, Williams students just don't seem to care.

Here and there, some individuals are engaged in truly engaging activities, to be sure. Music was composed and performed; some science majors are working full forty-hour weeks, doing whatever it is they do, you know, over there in the Science Quad. And some of the 99's are, in Mauritius, or in hospitals (some working, some convalescing). In a week Winter Study will be over. There will be some people missing, and there will be a few new faces; but for most of the campus, the month will have become just an indistinct memory, with little or no lasting effect.

Little wonder that my postman remarked one clear Connecticut day as I came out to collect the mail "What are you doing home still?" When I described the alternative to him, he replied, "Huk, and you kids call that an education." My family is fine. I occasionally think of Williams, but I'm already checking with travel agencies about next January.

'Eugenie:' kinky kapitalism

"Eugenie" is a skin flick. "Eugenie" is a puerile attempt to make a fast buck off a generation that is slowly becoming aware of the sexual sterility of the "Amerikan scene." In brief, it attempts to depict the impending emotional catharsis of a woman deeply into the Marquis de Sade.

Of course, this is merely a shabby disguise for a film whose real purpose is to lull into apathy those Americans whose vestigial consciences may still be rebelling at the Vietnamese Monstrosity. In fact, this flick is nothing less than a mephitic defense of the Amerikan way of life. Images keep recurring to me of all those ut-ter-lee appalled spectators indulging in orgasms of ego for all their mustn't-mustn't morality as compared to those nastee perverts on the screen, while

the air. If more pieces land on the table than on the floor, the group will be assigned to Greylock-Berkshire Prospect. If more hit the floor, the group gets put in a row house. If the pieces stick on the ceiling, the group goes into Wood House.

5) The final step is the balancing process. Any blacks placed in any houses other than Gladden will immediately be moved to Gladden. All dogs not approved by B and G will be swiftly destroyed.

After prolonged debate, the Council resolved by unanimous vote to approve the plan.

every day far more horrible perversions are perpetrated by the Amerikan government both at home and abroad. I mean, compare the luxurious tropical island setting of this movie to the filthy facilities which the migrant farmworkers are condemned to (even though Cesar Chavez is a sellout). Wanna see my stringbean collection?

The treatment of the sole black character only serves to accentuate the racist character of this film and the basically unchanged, patronising manner with which the West still treats the Third World. And as for the innocence of the young virgin fresh from the convent and the religious servant who attempts to resist the apparent evil on the island...after all, the Church is the richest corporation in the world and yet it still rips from the people to feed the Pig. This focus on the obscurantist-kapitalist hang-up of good-and-evil should appeal to plastic hippies everywhere.

But like there are too many people with their heads together to be fooled any longer. Existentialism is dead and rotting. And H. Rap Brown and Bernadine Doehrn are magicians; their sincerity and commitment are a rip-off. I mean nothing more than a quick sleeve-job. After all, Tinkerbell and Clarabell and no-doze and miracle whiteners. It's all one when you're juggling illusions and not dumping them. No, on second thought it's infinite, isn't it?

By Ron Ross

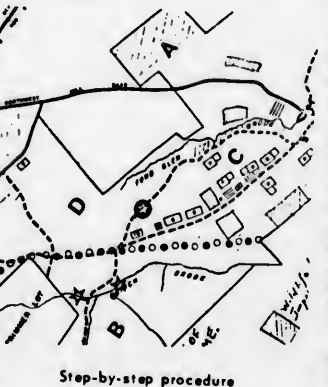
Council approves CASESFI plan

By Bickford Wooliam

On Tuesday night, the College Council was called to order at 10:00 P.M. by Greg Van Schaak '71, who is President of the Council. After Lewis Steele '72 read last week's minutes, the Council proceeded to its pending business.

The first thing to be discussed at length by the Council was the "generally fascist" behavior of Buildings and Grounds in regards to pets, dates, coffee perculators, T.V.'s, posters and Cambodia. Then co-ed Anne Forrestel '72 was recognized. She asserted that Williams was distinguished by its "paucity" of blooming plants. She cited "the importance of our little leafy friends" and requested that she be given \$90 to plant flower seeds all over the campus. After prolonged debate between Miss Forrestel and Richard Metzger '71, who insisted that the College has enough trees, the Council resolved 14-2-1 to award Miss Forrestel \$87.25 of the \$90. Upon the suggestion of Metzger, the Council stipulated that Miss Forrestel must spend at least one-third of the money (\$29.08) for petunias since they are purple and gold and would add to the Williams image. "I still think it's stupid," said Metzger.

After a brief recess, Dan Hanley '71, the chairman of the Joint Student-Faculty Committee to Arrange a Simple but Efficient System of Freshmen Inclusion (CASESFI) announced his committee's recommendations for the 1971 season:



1) Freshmen must return questionnaires to the Dean's Office before Spring Vacation, listing one, two, or three roommates for next year. Students on the football or hockey team may apply in groups of eight. A large dog may qualify as a

roommate. Students whose names begin with letters G-M must apply in groups of three unless they come from Michigan, Idaho, or West Virginia, in which case they will be placed in singles providing their birthdays fall in months with thirty-one days. Students with names beginning with A-E must pick one roommate either A) with a name beginning with I, N, R, V, or Y; B) from the state of Washington, or C) with a birthday on the 4, 16, 25, 28, 29 or 31 of any month.

2) Each group will then indicate its first choice: a row house or a Greylock-Berkshire-Prospect type of house. (Students should remember that four of the row houses will be moved to Mission Park this summer, so if a student chooses row, he may wind up in Mission Park, which is more like Greylock than Greylock.)

3) The CASESFI will then take the questionnaires and study them for a fortnight, in seclusion and under a veil of secrecy.

4) On the evening of April 1, the members of the Committee will seclude themselves in the inner recesses of Hopkins Hall to carry out the assignment process. As the questionnaires are drawn from Dean Frost's hat by blindfolded Dan Hanley, they will be coated with glue and then threaded and tossed into

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continued from Page 1

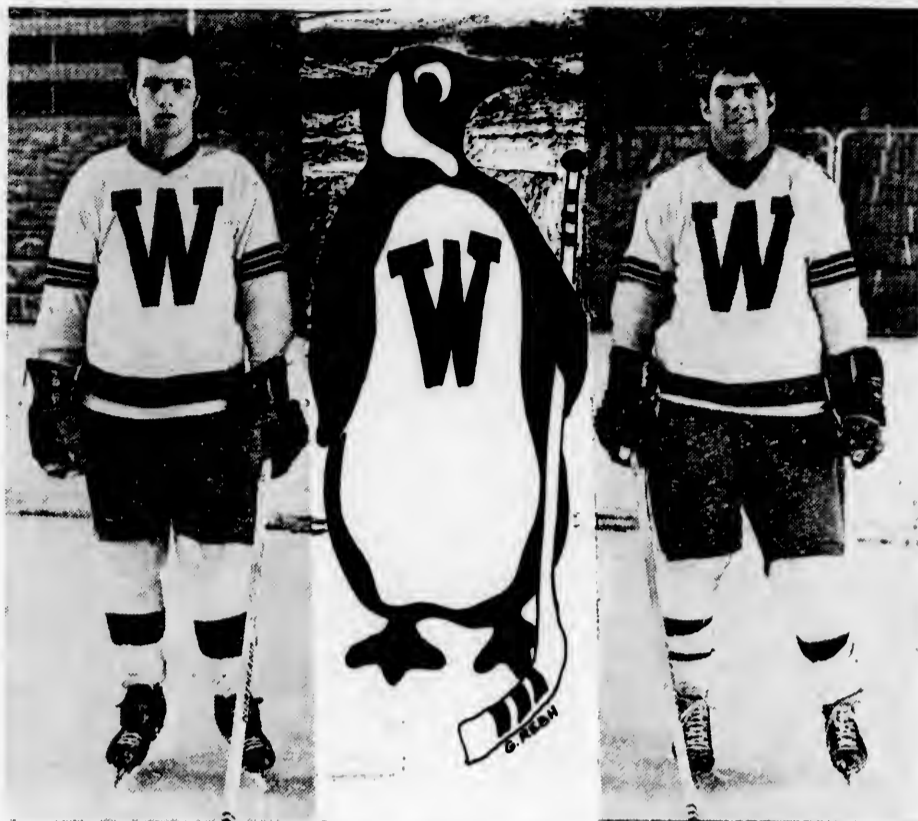
instead of Mr. Unitas. One day he just took me aside and said, 'Lookit here, Keed, no more of this Mr. Unitas crap, huh?' and then he gave me a little pat on the rump. What a guy! He's got a little nickname for me: Mr. Screw-Up. You know, I could die tomorrow and I'd never forget that. Remember I made the first tackle in the Bowl today? Well, as I was leaving the field, John says, 'Well, Screw-Up, made the first tackle didn't ya?' We asked The Keed if there was any chance Unitas would say a few words about the Super Bowl to The Record, and Unitas offered, 'It's our country: love it or leave it.'

Football players are of course subjected to special dietary routines, and The Record asked The Keed, a former member of Gurgle, how he reacted to this. 'I was always able to slip in a few nips on the side,' he responded. As for his other hobbies, The Keed admitted that he rarely read any more. 'At the beginning of the season, you know, I was reading this book *Know Your Bulldog* 'cause I'd bought this bulldog.' The Keed's voice began audibly changing. There was a scraping noise as he cupped his hand over the phone. 'Gotta whisper now. Wouldn't want the guys to remember...I used to keep that book in my locker, you know, and the guys, every so often they'd walk by and whistle, or make this little swishy thing like they wore a dress, or they'd just say 'Hoo boy.' There was this once even John Unitas picks it up and says, 'What's this, a book?' and just sets it down. Right then I knew something had to be done so I grabbed a match and lit the damn thing on fire, right in the middle of the clubhouse. Burned like a bastard. And the guys, you know, they didn't say nothin' but you could tell they were pleased. They started smiling at me again, you know, we're all a-team-hell type smiles, no more hoo boys, and they stopped leaving the shower when I entered.'

We asked The Keed how he managed to train the bulldog after that. 'That's a funny story, too,' he said. 'One day after practice I asked Dad -- that's Coach McCafferty, you understand, I always call him Dad -- I asked him home after practice to toss down a few. Well, we no sooner get in the front door when the bulldog starts in barking and yapping. Coach just looks at me, you know, and says, 'Got a dog here, didn't ya?' I said yessir. 'Had 'em long?' he says. No sir. 'Then get rid of 'em.' I was just green, you know, so I says, 'Why?' and Coach says, 'Lookit, Keed. Been my experience that dogs are like women, and they chew up the carpet like hell. You take my advice, you hear, and you put the ole kibosh on that pup -- or he'll wreck your career.' Frankly, I hadn't heard anything so damn inspirational since the Catooze told me to cut out sex, so I right then threw some gas on the dog and lit 'em up. Christ, you shoulda seen the bastard burn. And you shoulda seen McCafferty. He was jumpin' around, panting and smacking his lips, and hollerin': 'You're gonna be all right, Keed. You're gonna be all right.'

The Keed will spend the off-season catching up on back issues of TV Guide and working for the advertising firm of Vic Maitland and associates. 'I don't want you to think I got that job just because of my father,' The Keed objected. He will be stationed in Dallas, Texas, but does not fear reprisals from reactionary, sore-loser Cowboys. 'Naw, hell. It's all a game. I betcha I'll hook up with some of those fellas and we'll go out shootin' a little beaver.'

Finally, The Keed reminded his 'good buddies' in Williamstown that he was still unmarried, but 'still looking for the right girl. With fifteen thousand burning a hole in my pocket, there oughta be some honey who's up for it. If you know what I mean.'



Ephs Ice stars who powered team to last week's victory. Left to right, Larry Anderson '72 and Jack Curtin '72.

B-ballers drill Dentists, 99-68

By King John

It was a cold night, last Saturday night, but Williams was hot, as the high-flying purple basketball quipped stormed to a 99-68 rout over hapless and helpless Neponset School of Dentistry last Saturday night in Lasell Gymnasium. The contest was a laughter from the start, as the Eph hoopsters passed, dribbled, faked, ran, and shot circles around Neponset's bewildered and obviously unorganized man-to-man zone press. The first Williams score was typical: John Untereker tapped the tip-off to guard Richard Max, who dribbled three times with his left hand, once with his right, turned and hit Dave Green with a crossing pass. Green took the ball around to the right side and passed back to the Vernon Manley, who was playing the head of Dentists' center Hiram game with sunglasses and mittens. Crossbite. The angry Crossbite Manley passed back out to Dick Small who giggled and gave the ball

right back to Manley who drove in Delaney and a pick, tossed in a night, but Williams was hot, as the high-flying purple basketball quipped stormed to a 99-68 rout over hapless and helpless Neponset School of Dentistry last Saturday night in Lasell Gymnasium. The contest was a laughter from the start, as the Eph hoopsters passed, dribbled, faked, ran, and shot circles around Neponset's bewildered and obviously unorganized man-to-man zone press. The first Williams score was typical: John Untereker tapped the tip-off to guard Richard Max, who dribbled three times with his left hand, once with his right, turned and hit Dave Green with a crossing pass. Green took the ball around to the right side and passed back to the Vernon Manley, who was playing the head of Dentists' center Hiram game with sunglasses and mittens. Crossbite. The angry Crossbite Manley passed back out to Dick Small who giggled and gave the ball

down the court, moved around the hoop in the second half, which was marred by a near pass. Green took the ball around to free-for-all when Bob Delaney bounced an inbounds pass of the head of Dentists' center Hiram game with sunglasses and mittens. Crossbite. The angry Crossbite Manley passed back out to Dick Small who giggled and gave the ball

Emery wins college 21 contest

By Bill Rivers

Dan Emery '72, the big, bearded thought from Coach Al Shaw: "Dan, behemoth from Buffalo ("Eggerts- if your hair gets any longer you ville!") has shot his way to the 1970-71 Williams College "21" Crown. Dan and Coach Al have a long-toiling fiercely on the oppressively standing friendship dating back to hot Lasell Gym court, Dan defeated several seasons ago when Dan left his opponent in the final round, the varsity B-ball squad to play freshman Brian Burke, by winning intramurals for Garfield House. (He is currently averaging thirty big ones every game.)

"Twenty-one," a variant of basketball which emphasizes but "good words" for all his op-shooting rather than dribbling, ponents and for Coach Al, and that rebounding, elbowing and other he had been "treated very well" aspects of the game, involves the throughout the tournament. "No player taking one shot from the top flies on Coach Al," commented of the "key," about 21 feet from the Emery bucket, and then following up on the rebound with a short layup. The lay-up is, of course, contingent on the athletics at Williams. It's not surprising that a non-varsity player former counts one point, the latter here can out-perform our in-two. Next to bullfighting and tercollegiate athletes at their own cycling, Ernest Hemingway liked sport. Why it is not surprising is the "21" the best.

Emery has thrilled "21" Doug Pickard was not available aficionados and dazzled opponents for comment. When asked if he plans to return to "long-bomb" jumper. This shot is Varsity Competition in the near future, Emery replied, "Who needs it?" Finally, Emery expressed his thanks to all those "little people" who aided him on the road to success: "My Mom and my Dad, my brother, Mr. Reegy, my elementary school gym teacher-they've all lent a helping hand. And one special finger on that hand is reserved for Coach Al."

Emery was rewarded for his hustle and aggressiveness with a handshake and an inspirational

BEHEMOTH EMERY
Comments Emery, "Gruff"

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Left to right, The Catooze and The Keed just before a big game.

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Volume Two, Number One

Friday, February 12, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts

NEW FOOTBALL COACH

HELLO TO THE DELL

By Jim Gasperini and Ken Kessel

A new new head football coach has been selected. Robert H. Odell, former head coach of the University of Pennsylvania and, before that, head coach at Bucknell, will fill the vacancy left by the December resignation of coach Larry Catuzzi and by last week's resignation of Al Jacks. Odell, who had a .500 record at Penn for the past six seasons, has made it clear that he would prefer going back to small school coaching. His six years of experience at Bucknell, during which he had a 37-26 record and won the Lambert Cup twice, make him eminently qualified for the job.

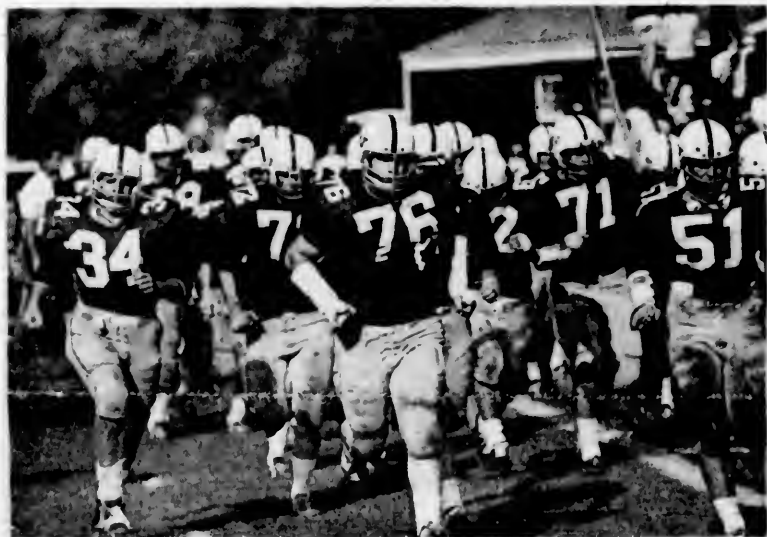
Contacted over the telephone Wednesday, Odell seemed to be looking forward to coming north. "The environment itself is a welcome change from the city, the rat race. . . I like the idea of being

"not football" took up large portions of his time, things like travelling to places like Florida and Chicago for recruiting. "I found I was getting further and further away from what I really wanted to do. It was getting too complicated." He mentioned that he would much prefer playing a "wide open kind of football," but that specifics of training and style would naturally have to be worked out after he had gotten to know the players and the school better.

Odell recognizes the obligations of the football players outside of the sport, that football players are regular students here and have regular interests and regular schedules, burdened with both studies and extracurricular activities. Mentioning what might develop into another aspect of an already interesting rivalry, he said



Students in London... Paris?... Rome? Photo by William Pierson



more intimate and getting to know everybody. At Penn after the season some of the players would disappear into the jungle of the campus, the city. Many of them you wouldn't see." At Williams, Odell hopes "to strike up a good rapport with the members of the squad so that I understand their problems and they understand mine. There has to be a good understanding. I always feel that my door is open, that I'd like to hear what they have to say." He says he is "anxious to get working. . . a change like this is always exciting."

Speaking of his reasons for leaving Penn, Mr. Odell mentioned that the last few years at the large school haven't been as much fun for him as he could have hoped. "Outside distractions" that were

"Coach Ostendorf at Amherst—I've known him for years—he doesn't practice on Mondays and Fridays. I'm not going to make any inferences. . . I'd like to have fun, but where the fun stops and the work begins—and football is hard work—is very difficult to determine. It's a judgment I'll have to make."

Coach Renzi Lamb, when asked for his reaction to the sudden departure of Al Jacks, noted that the change from Clarion State to Williams would be a major, "traumatic" one. "Clarion State in Clarion, Pennsylvania, and Williams in Williamstown, Massachusetts, are very, very, very different places. . . I've never been to Clarion. . . I imagine his family

WSP OFF-CAMPUS

By James Grubb

With the close of the fourth year of the Winter Study Program, a number of evaluations to determine the validity of the WSP have appeared. The Winter Study Committee this week distributed a poll asking students for their "opinions and attitudes concerning the WSP," to be collated into a formal report appearing later this term. Informal discussions throughout the campus have revealed a wide range of student reactions to the concept of a month of concentrated study. The faculty will draw from this wealth of comment later in the year when they meet to decide "whether to retain the 4-1-4 curriculum as is, retain it with modifications, or abandon it in favor of an alternative."

wouldn't want to leave Clarion; I don't think they came up here." Lamb suggested that Jacks may have decided to stay at Clarion because of a number of complications, including both his family and the school. "You never look as good to the school as when somebody else wants you. You know what I'm talking about?"

"Right."
"Right."
"Right."

"They probably changed a few things there to make his stay at Clarion more enjoyable; with that background, when Jacks came to Williams and discovered that the change was a major one, which 'you wouldn't know until you spent five days on the campus,' the change probably began to look like a mistake."

When questioned on whether an adverse reaction to the kind of football played at

That such a decision must be made at all indicates few people are entirely happy with Winter Study. Disgruntled students complain about the project selections available for January study. The lack of interesting courses, the restrictions placed on many courses, and the conventional nature of most offerings explain the discontent with the "1" of Williams' 4-1-4.

The Administration has tried to discover alternate methods of structuring the WSP, acting within the existing framework of the program. One development of the WSP, moreover, has generated almost universal enthusiasm from students and faculty: getting off campus.

Whether as part of a regular course or an independent study, leaving Williams during January has proved educationally valid and usually more enjoyable than a comparable stay in Williamstown.

Winter Study trips which the College initially sponsors have, to be sure, been scarce. The first, an anthropology trip to Colombia, set the precedent for the expensive, small-group courses abroad offered this year. Glowing reports from students and professors undoubtedly preview the College's encouragement of future off-campus projects, abolishing the exclusiveness of some of the more exotic courses.

Thus far, off-campus expeditions have been concentrated in the art field. The importance of "physical experience" in viewing works, absorbing a presence which cannot be felt in looking at slides or reproductions, Professor Fred Stocking, co-leader of a tour of English Gothic Revival architecture, stresses. Professor Michael Rinehart, who traveled to Italy to examine the works of Giotto, claims that any serious studies of art before the Nineteenth Century would require student travel, since the finest surviving examples in such an area of concentration are usually abroad. Both professors underlined the need for an experiential understanding of art, which would communicate the emotional and intellectual impact of art forms.

Many students taking WSPs off-campus praised direct involvement in other environments. Studying away from Williams was in itself significant, as it exposed them to alternate educational systems. Ames Anderson, who attended school in Santa Barbara, urges an extension of the Winter Study principle: "Williams should make it mandatory for people to split for a year or so, so that they can better appreciate and judge what Williams can offer." Time spent away from Williams, he feels, could be of significant value in helping the individual evaluate his own academic goals and his views of the Williams experience. Anderson thinks his time spent in California has shown him how "outdated a place Williams is." Ed Moss, who took an anthropology course at Mills College in California, agrees that his being in a

Please turn to page 4

GODZILLA VS. THE MIXED MEDIA

By Mark Siegel

In the final week of Winter Study the "Mixed Media-Godzilla vs. King Kong" experiment hit like a rock in the campus pond; two weeks later the last ripples of what seemed to be a violent splash have been washed beyond the village pale. Both its sensational appearance and rapid disappearance seemed worth investigating.

The Mixed Media program, a combination of art and experimental psychology, lured about 350 students to Bronfman Auditorium by promising to show the film "King Kong vs. Godzilla," but instead ran a mixed media program involving film and sound clippings, live actors, and audience participation. The program was at first well received but when it finally became apparent that "Godzilla" was not going to be shown, many people in the audience became seriously upset, arguments broke out, and hundreds of students frustrated themselves further by trying to heap verbal abuse on the evening's illusive puppet-masters.

Assistant Professor of English Bill

Boone, known to many students even then as the faculty advisor of the Mixed Media Winter Study Program, was the obvious (indeed, the only visible) target for the frustrated throng. For an hour after the lights went on in the auditorium and the "artistic" element of the program had ended, he was haranged by angry students.

People were so worked up that "audience participation" did not stop in the auditorium. In retrospect Boone noted "It was a far greater success than we had hoped for. Those people just wouldn't leave. I even got several threatening phone calls that night!" He added, "All in good humor, of course, and they stopped promptly at midnight in the courteous Williams tradition." Boone also counted the notice that appeared in the "Adviser" the following day, calling a meeting for the discussion of "retaliatory measures" against the perpetrators of the media project, as another "humorous after effect." (The meeting was never held.)

Many people have questioned the morality behind the project and the right of the individuals who ran it to commandeer the time of others in this way.

Boone pointed out that, although "the art may have been extremely arrogant" in the way it presented itself, the very basis of the experiment demanded that the audience NOT receive what it expected. Boone said that he chose "King Kong vs. Godzilla" rather than "Personna" because he thought people would be more receptive to the project if they were expecting a "camp" evening to begin with.

"Then what we tried to do was make students look at their own anger and their own personal motivations a little more closely. We maintain that the reason for most people's anger at the end of the program was not disappointment at missing 'Godzilla,' but fear and anxiety caused by their inability to control their own environment and to distinguish illusion from reality. By the end of the program people literally did not know what was 'art' and what was 'life,' what was part of the program and what wasn't. This is an upsetting experience for most people."

Boone said "I won't pretend that what went on was polite," but suggested that many people may have gained valuable insights about themselves.

Good-bye to the Catooze

By Bull Wook

The Catooze is gone.

He has passed from the scene. He was the man who in so many ways came to epitomize the hang-loose spirit of Williams football. But, above all, he was a Man. A "macho," as the Spanish say -- a real man.

Larry Catuzzi, known as "The Catooze" to his players, quit his job as mentor of the Williams juggernaut. He will be missed.

For when the autumn leaves begin to change colors, the Williamstown establishment inevitably turns its thoughts to football. The subjects of Ephdom prefer their football hard-hitting, purple, and moddish, and beginning a September without The Catooze will be like baking a pie without crust.

But begin again they shall. For life goes on, even on the gridiron. The next game must be played. New pennants will wave in the breeze.

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom. But The Catooze will not be forgotten.

Charley Hurley, manager of the field house, described his first meeting with The Catooze. "A good-looking fella walked in one humid summer day. He'd been playing golf, and first he wrung out his shirt before pulling out a flask of Old Mr. Boston, which he offered me before taking a bit himself. The equipment had been lying around all year, and we went over it together. What a great guy -- we really hit it off. The picture I'll always remember of him is the way he walked out of the field house that day, dripping wet, and his flask in his back pocket."

both broke out laughing loudly.... God, I loved that man."

The Catooze came to Williams three years ago from Ohio State. At Ohio State The Catooze had been a spiritless, and demoralized. The coaching disciple of Woody Hayes, and The Catooze brought Williams a dose of the warmth and understanding that so characterize his mentor. "Yes, I learned a lot from

suicide squadder from the '68 squad.

"We had this great start, you know, then all of a sudden the ballgame was over. We were sloppy, messy, and demoralized. The alumni stopped giving us those undercover pay-offs. But The Catooze stood behind us. I'll never forget: He called this meeting, you know, big clubhouse meeting, and

starter for the AFC Miami Dolphins.

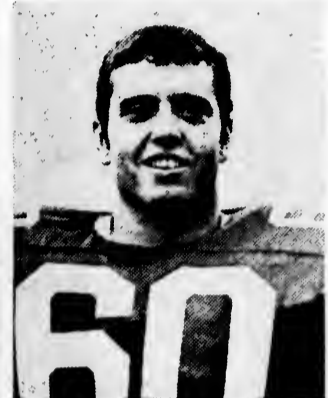
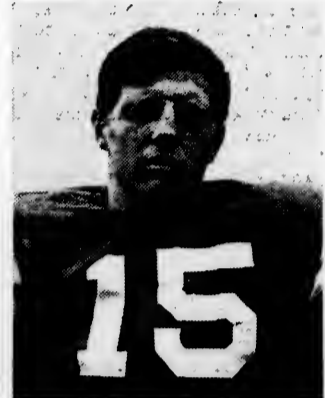
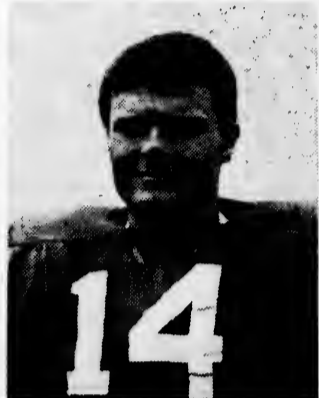
"That was the game The Catooze most inspired me to prove my manhood. The first half was hell -- Swift knocked me all over the lot. I was lucky to be alive, but I wouldn't have bet on my chances of making it through the second half. But The Catooze took me aside and told me not to worry, Swift wasn't aH that

boys -- killed my first yellowjack today."

David Shawan '72, the 240-lb. defensive tackle whom The Catooze affectionately labeled "Tank," recalled another highlight. "We were sitting around, just sorta goofing off, when The Catooze came in and screamed at us for being pieces of meat that were good for nothing, and if we didn't watch it we'd end up like CooCoo the Bruiser. 'You know who was CooCoo the Bruiser, boys?' he said. 'You know who? CooCoo the Bruiser was the greatest fullback I ever saw, a legend in his own time. And you know what happened to CooCoo? You know what happened, boys? He was in a train accident. And he never played again. And you know why he never played again? You wanna know why? Because he was yella.'"

You bet: The Catooze will be missed.

Football coaches have long claimed that football makes boys into men, and some even claim that football is a necessity for manhood.



John Murray '72, Bob Rutkowski '72, and Ernie Smith '72 dwell on the passing of The Catooze. Smith called him "a giant who walked between us."

Woody." The Catooze once said. "If a coach is the force behind his team, then the coach's coach is the force behind the man behind the team." The kind of success The Catooze enjoyed at Williams was eloquently expressed by Washington State's basketball coach Marv Harshman: "If the Cougars have one outstanding trait this year," commented Harshman, "it's mediocrity." In 1968, The Catooze's

everyone comes in expecting to get it tossed in their eye -- big chew-out, you know, and lots of cussing. But instead The Catooze just told us to go out there and play it big because our mothers and fathers were watching, and we wouldn't want to fail in front of them. All of a sudden, I remember, Tiny Frascotti stands up and asks suppose our parents couldn't make the game? Catooze, he didn't bat an eyelash. He just says, 'Well, Tiny, then I guess you've gotta just pretend.'"

The following year was The Catooze's much-heralded Rebuilding Year. But something went hopelessly wrong, and the team could barely eke out another 4-4 record, losing both Little Three contests. Still there were plenty of bright moments. Reg Pierce '72 before the season's opener against recalled an episode from the the Rochester Yellow Jackets, The Amherst game in which his blocking Catooze withdrew a crushed insect assignment was Doug Swift, now a from his hip pocket and said. "Look

tough, and that I should let the Lord help me do the blocking."

Reg Pierce broke his leg and suffered a concussion on the second play of the second half of the Amherst game. This was the type of devotion The Catooze inspired. He was that sort of guy. "Yes sir," said Margaret McDonough, Athletic's Office secretary.

Something just failed to click in 1970, that was all there was to it. "Some days even the sun don't shine," as The Catooze used to say.

The Purple finished with a 3-5 record as even morale became a problem. But The Catooze wouldn't have been bothered by that. The Catooze knew just how to get to the heart of the matter. At the clubhouse meeting recalled an episode from the the Rochester Yellow Jackets, The Amherst game in which his blocking Catooze withdrew a crushed insect assignment was Doug Swift, now a from his hip pocket and said. "Look



Young Catooze.

The Catooze took this dictum one step further at Williams: He made boys into men, and then made men into mountains. And The Catooze did it with the meagre tools at his disposal. "Williams does not recruit," The Catooze always cheerfully insisted. "He did it all by himself," a former tight end reminisced. "Though he was somewhat aided by a group of Buffalo sportsmen who are part-time businessmen and full-time Williams alumni."

Wotta guy. Listen to his last public statement, and there is the very essence of the man. "When the going gets tough, the tough get going. They put their pants on the same way we do, one leg at a time. Williams football is low-key: If my quarterback quit at midseason, no one would say anything to him. I like the low-key atmosphere. Hit, don't be hit. My boys are behind me all the way: pushing. Sing out the Purple hail, for once again tra-la-la-la."

Good-by, Catooze. Good-by. Don't look back. It's all right.

The Record extends its best wishes to The Catooze and wishes him future happiness in his next position.



Good-bye to The Chofe -- Spring, 1970.

Director of Athletics Frank R. Thoms Jr. added his own favorite reminiscence. "Leaving my office had been undefeated the previous one day, The Catooze tripped over a year. After four rapid victories, set of shoulder pads. You know what however, The Catooze began to work he did? With a big grin on his face, he just picked them up and smashed them against the nearest wall. We four in a row," remembered a

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Editorial:

VALEDICTION

What can you say about an ambition you never really believed (in your heart of hearts) you'd ever be able to achieve? You can say thank you. To the College Council, who has endowed us generously, to our advertisers, to our printers: the Adams Specialty and Printing Company, the Williamstown News, and the Bennington Banner; to the Williams Record, for being faithful critics and excellent sports; to Business Manager Chris West (learn to spell the name), who put us on our feet financially, and to Business Manager John Enteman (who'll own us all one day) for keeping us there; to Executive Editor David Kehres, who saved our editorial necks; to our diligent and resourceful Managing Editors, James Fraser Darling and Dan Pinello; to Mark Siegel, house poet and sometime pornographer; to John Ramsbottom and Ken Kessel, who didn't realize what they were getting into; to George Rebb, artist-in-residence; to Photography Editor Jay Prendergast, who's got us all where he wants us; to our dedicated Assistant Editors: Don Beyer, Dore Griffinger, Paul Isaac, Donald Mender, Lewis Steele, Charles Waigi; to our assiduous Editorial Board: Jim Gasperini, Robert Gordon, James Grubb, Ellen Lazarus, Paul Peterson, Win Quayle, Sally Raczk, Dale Riehl, Dave Rosenblutt, Paul Stekler, and Andy Zimmerman; to our reviewers Jamie James and Henry Dinger; to Reflection's notorious "we," whoever they may be; to Harold Robbins, God bless him; to our readers; and to everyone else who has helped us along the way. To all of you -- we say thank you.

Sincerely,
Mitchell Rapoport
Charles J. Rubin



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REFLECTIONS

THE DEANS

It began with an idea we had, a rather simple idea. We decided to ask certain members of the college administration what they thought about 1) the future disposition of a particular campus facility, and 2) the concept of a black house. What we intended by "black house" was a residence which would be set aside for any black students who wished to live there and for black students exclusively. We were so curious that we phoned Dean Frost on Sunday afternoon. In answer to our first question, Dean Frost told us that no decision concerning the particular facility was in the offing. We expressed no opinion, but said that we should come in the next morning and talk it over. We agreed. Our second call, to Dean Manns, was more fruitful. He commented that the possibility of a black house is "a hot subject." He also invited us to come in and discuss it.

Unfortunately we failed to keep the appointment with Dean Frost; classes interfered. But we did manage to appear in the Deans Office at 3:15, the appointed time for our meeting with Dean Manns. Upon inquiry, we were informed that the dean was out, attending a conference with some other administrative official. Digesting this, we settled onto a bench to wait for what, we were assured, would be no more than half an hour. While perusing the bulletin of the University of the Virgin Islands, we noticed the room filling with other dismayed students.

At about 3:45, Dean Grabois appeared and ushered one anxious student into his office. Perhaps we could talk to this dean, we reflected; after all, he would see our article before it was published anyway. At about 4:00, Dean Frost walked in. We hadn't expected to see him, as he had told us that he would be teaching in the afternoon. We got the attention of his secretary and arranged to reserve what little time he might have available. Finally, a few minutes later, we had Dean Frost to ourselves. He took off his coat again, sat back in his swivel chair, and indicated that enough had been said for the time being concerning that certain facility. Dean Frost said that "the best man to see about the college's philosophy concerning a black house would be Dean Grabois." Dean Grabois was, fortuitously, still in the office. Upon entering Dean Frost's office, Grabois strenuously supported Frost's view that enough had been said about that facility, in the abstract. We hinted that Dean Frost had indicated that Grabois was the man to answer our question. After we asked for a definition of "black house" (this was the third such definition), he offered gingerly, "A black house would not be in the spirit of the residential house system." Had the Afro-American Society, in fact, requested a black house? Grabois responded that we had better consult the Society rather than rely on "hearsay information" from the administration. Were administrative decisions, we wondered silently, really based on hearsay? At this point, Dean Grabois was called away again, and Dean Manns entered. Responding to one question, he indicated that Deans Grabois and Frost were better equipped to answer it than he; his answer would only be his personal opinion. We insisted that this was exactly what we were anxiously anticipating. Dean Manns said, "Yeah, yeah," nodding his head in comprehension. Then he walked out of the office. Eyes fixed on a point in space, Dean Frost clarified. What is really being considered is an alteration in the rules governing freshman application to sophomore housing. Due to black students' "special needs," certain limits may well be relaxed. More than four freshmen may be allowed to apply to live together, and they may be more certain about which house they will enter. The extent of the relaxation remains to be decided. When we asked if we were to understand that these relaxations would apply only to black students, Frost replied, with an expression that was distinctly sad, "Yes." Dean Manns reappeared. Could we come back tomorrow? No, we said, we had a deadline. Manns looked intently at us and said earnestly, "I'm sorry about that." Downstairs we encountered Professor Austin Clarke, who had been waiting some time for Dean Manns also. "This certainly is a busy place," he commented. That, we had found, was an egregious understatement.

NIXON

We dined at the Fort the other night with an Alabaman from Briarcliffe whose father is a Republican Committeeman from his state. In the course of conversation the subject of summer jobs arose, and the belle explained to us that her father had procured her a position under Harry Dent, Special Counsellor to the President, whose office is in the White House next to Nixon's.

"One day I actually got to meet Nixon," she drawled, "but the encounter was rather unusual. For when I reached out my hand to shake his, well, he noticed I was wearing a Spiro watch. It wasn't very clever of me. 'What's that?' he asked. I must have turned crimson. 'It's a Spiro watch,' I finally replied. He mumbled something which I couldn't catch, then asked who manufactured the watch. 'The Dirty Time Company,' I peeped. He just looked at me for a moment. Then led me into a corner, rolled up his sleeve, and showed me his own Spiro watch."

ABORTION

When we entered the Berkshire Prospect lounge, we found we had ample room to join the semi-circle of people loosely clustered around the Newman Club's most recent guest speaker. Philip Grandchamps, a man of eminently nondescript appearance, leaned back in his seat next to the panoramic window, briefly summarized some of the legal aspects of the abortion controversy, and then turned his efforts to directing a discussion of selected topics having to do with the overall question.

The Adams lawyer threw out his first issue: that of the legal responsibility for abortion. Who can legally make the decision to have an abortion performed -- the mother, father, other relatives, the state? This question elicited feeble response from the students around us. The audience warmed slightly, however, when Grandchamps suggested that a couple looking for a child to adopt might have the right to demand that a particular fetus be allowed to live. Ellen Josephson led the attack against the hypothetical couple, asserting that she couldn't "stand the idea of being a baby-maker for some other people." At this point, we heard the timid voice of a student in the back row suggest that perhaps the decision as to the existence of the fetus is the prerogative of the father. A counter-attack by Josephson and Rick Beinecke squelched this.

More peacemaker than mediator by now, Mr. Grandchamps brought up the question of a cut-off time for abortions. He cited New York's law allowing abortion only up to the 24th week of pregnancy, suggesting that such an absolute judgment is "a moral compromise."

Hands flew up across the room. The audience, eager to get away from legal terminology and judicial thinking, quickly turned the problem into an ethical one. From religious, medical, and political viewpoints, the participants sought to define the time at which an embryo becomes a person. We sensed a growing discomfort on Grandchamps' part in this rarefied philosophical atmosphere. The lawyer repeatedly made attempts to return the discussion to the legal field, but the audience, once loosed, refused to submit again to control. That same curious compulsion, to relate personal experiences, which plagued the discussion following Lucy Komisar's Women's Liberation speech, seized several members of this group. Example contradicted example, and Grandchamps could only flail his arms in a futile attempt to restore order. The expanses of frenzied debate between reasoned opinions were increasing in duration with every statement.

Newman Club head Tom Willoughby stood to terminate the confusion by declaring an end to the formal portion of the meeting. Informal discussion would follow.

One time-conscious student remarked to us as he left, "It was a great debate there, and maybe it would have been worth it to stay. But it's like the Women's Lib thing, you know--these things can get out of control, and they'll go on all night if you don't watch out."

LETTERS

To the Editors:

While you claim that your recent parody on the Record was "satirical in nature and designed to show that Williams has lost its wit and humor," I, as well as the college's Black community and other sensitive persons, found this issue distasteful, grossly offensive, and devoid of sensitivity.

"Fifty Types of Vermin" (under the calendar section) was supposed to be a dig at the City and Environmental Studies Programs, but its irony missed the mark. The author not only seems insensitive to the faculty members who have demonstrated a desire to work with students; worse yet the blatant correlation between the sexual habits of rats and minorities and the electrified manner in which sexuality, deprivation and rats are connected is offensive.

Even worse are the ethnocentric pronouncements in "College Purchases Beast." Subliminal condescending phrases stood out in the article as if in bold print -- minorities -- large families -- investment in the beast -- is sound -- to defray the cost. The author appears taxed or threatened by large numbers of non-white students at Williams.

Despite its supposedly humorous intent, these and other articles cut deeply into several sensitive areas; therefore, the authors should either sensitize themselves to various issues, exercise temperance or -- failing the first two suggestions -- cease publication.

In openness.

Curtis L. Manns
Assistant Dean

The Editors' Reply:

We are sincerely chagrined that Dean Manns, and many black students, considered the Record Parody insensitive and offensive. But more than chagrined, we are astounded. Certainly the Parody "roasted" several prominent and roastworthy elements of the community, notably President Sawyer, Dean Frost, Mr. English, the football team, and certain eminent members of the Record staff. But it was done innocently, with absolutely no malice intended, and fortunately (to the best of our knowledge), no umbrage was taken. With one salient exception.

Our astonishment stems from the fact that the blacks, unlike those who were lampooned and took it with good grace, were, in fact, excluded from being satirized (but for one quip). What Dean Manns has found objectionable, then, was not at all intended to parody the black community. One wonders if Dean Manns was not deliberately hunting for something offensive to the black sensibility, perhaps under the rationale that, after all, if President Sawyer and Dean Frost, two very vulnerable icons, were debunked, is it likely that the blacks, also sacred cows, would escape slaughter?

And so what he found, ironically enough, was a joke lambasting that very condescending breed of white pseudo-liberal who inadvertently displays his racism while trying to illustrate his brotherhood. It's an old joke which, in different forms, has run the gamut from off-off Broadway to Laugh-In. Its humor derives from the classic character flaw, hypocrisy -- and not from a comparison between rodents and minority groups, or from a swipe at the City and Environment program in particular. Nor was it intended to connect sex, deprivation, and rats. Of course, if Dean Manns wishes to read the joke that way, he may. But he must accept the fact that such a rendition highlights a certain amount of paranoia and insecurity on his part, and not, as the Dean would have us believe, a vulgar prejudice within the storyteller.

"College Purchases Beast" discusses the fictitious hare-brained scheme of purchasing a zebra to display to siblings of applicants for the purpose of raising revenue, the need for which derives from the expansion of the scholarship program. In short, then, the joke is obviously at the expense of the College, which, considering its recent parsimony, could conceivably enact such a plan. The article also manages to fire upon Charles Foehl, former C.C. President Greg Van Schaack, co-ed Sally Raczka, Dean Frost, Frederick Copeland, and the Afro-American Society.

It's puzzling to us that Mr. Manns has chosen not to comment on the one joke which does, in fact, play upon the Afro-American Society: "The Afro-American Society protested the admission charge to see the animal, labeling it 'exploitative' and saying that it 'negated the philosophical gains made in recent years in admissions policy.'" Instead, Dean Manns has launched the phenomenally absurd charge that the article contains ethnocentric pronouncements and subliminal condescending phrases. Does Dean Manns object to the simply usage of such words as "minorities," "large families," "investment in the beast," "is sound," and "to defray the cost." Or does he subscribe to the blatantly anti-intellectual theory that some facts should be whispered, if spoken at all -- such as the fact that blacks constitute a minority (as do Jews and Italian-Americans), that ghettos are comprised of comparatively large families, and that the increased enrollment of scholarship students, black or white, will indeed cost money, and sound investments will certainly help to defray the cost. What in the world could possibly be objectionable in recognizing and discussing such issues?

It was also called to our attention that the selection of the "zebra," which of course comes from Africa, was interpreted by Dean Manns to have "special significance" and thus gave offense. Of course, there are dozens of interpretations to which the "zebra" lends itself. Perhaps it was chosen to suggest that blacks, who also come from Africa, are, in fact, bestial themselves. Or that blacks belong in striped uniforms. Or in zoos. Or possibly "zebra" is really an acronym. And when one has tired of that

mystery, he might divert himself with the actual implications of the "puffin," which is also mentioned in the article.

Part of the actor's art is to take a given line and read it with its intended significance. The key, of course, lies within the context. And just in case the actor misses, the director is there to catch him. A reader, too, is called upon to interpret what he reads. But unfortunately, he cannot be supplied a director to guide him. He must accept the obligation of reading, on his own, with intelligence. On the other hand, it is the responsibility of a publication to select carefully and conscientiously the material presented on its pages; we believe we have met this responsibility. It is our judgement that the lines under consideration are obvious in their comic intent. And the context in which they are placed is clearly not one of malice.

To the Editors:

With the beginning of spring semester and the usual rush of course changes and confusion, some questions for the Registrar (or anyone who is interested):

Why must registration for both semesters take place in spring of the previous year? Presumably a student's choice of courses for the spring semester is based in part on his experiences in the fall and winter. Why then should he be required to commit himself to a curriculum (under pain of a "change of course fee") nine months in advance? Why can't registration for the spring semester take place during January or towards the end of the fall semester?

Also, why is only one week allowed between the beginning of classes and the deadline for course changes? A longer period would give the student a better chance to get acquainted with his instructors and courses and decide if he wants to stay with them, and to attend sessions of other courses in which he might be interested. It would also reduce the pressure and confusion in the Registrar's office during the first week.

THE ADVOCATE PAGE THREE

SIEGO HERE

Frenetic fruit from grey-haired children falls, overripe to interment; mundane humus does not resound high-toned hosannas but gasps one flabby fart, one seedless "squash."

Wrong questions (smartly answered!) buzz busily around the corpse, suck its sweetly poisoned sap and, in self-deluded smugness, buzz off.

THE ADVOCATE is not "news," it is ideas, creative thought, and serious reflection. Creative writings, poetry, or prose will be gratefully accepted for publication by Mark Siegel and Dan Pinello, Garfield House.

For that matter, why must there be a deadline at all? Why shouldn't a student be permitted to change courses at any point during the semester, with the permission of both instructors and his faculty advisor or department chairman?

Sincerely,

Kevin Kelly

FOOTBALL (continued)

Williams might have had something to do with the decision, Lamb disputed such speculations. "You know those press releases; they're trying to fill up a 8½ by 11 page. Yeah, rather than just tell you what's happening...reporters are just going to report what they want to hear. I would say that he was not here long enough to evaluate the way we play football, and he wasn't aware of the exact nature of the Little Three competition. For crying out loud, it took me one or two--you'd have to watch as we lost to Amherst and then again next year as we defeat them to really know what it is like. Those are purely reporter's mouthings put in his mouth for copy."

Ernie Smith, Varsity football captain, agreed on this point. "The real truth? Nobody really knows. I've heard all rumors...Personally, I don't think the meeting with the players had any effect. He must have been surprised that he had no hand in choosing students, though... He seemed like a really good coach." Ernie felt that the sudden departure of Jacks and the immediate hiring of Odell might confuse the players, but that the effect should wear off. Coach Joe Daly agreed, commenting "I think we're all mature people...when someone comes in here and decides 'this is not for me,' I think we're mature enough to see that people make mistakes. I think he probably just made a mistake, and there's no problem."

THE ADVOCATE announces the appointments of John Ramsbottom to the position of Managing Editor, of Jim Gasperini, James Grubb, Ken Kessel, and Andrew Zimmerman to Assistant Editor, of Dore Griffinger to Sports Features Editor, and of William Capel to Advertising Manager. This action is effective immediately, if not sooner.

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

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Volume Two, Number Two

Thursday, February 18, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts



Photo by William Tague

Two Years After Hopkins Hall

By Charles Waigi

In the spring of 1969, a capacity congregation in the Thompson Memorial Chapel attended the services marking the first anniversary of the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. That night the black-American students of Williams moved into Hopkins Hall and vowed to occupy it until certain demands were met by the college administration.

From this occupation resulted several actions of the college, including the establishment of the Afro-American Studies and the hiring of a black professor and a black dean. The Afro-American Society and the administration at Williams may differ as to whether these two changes came as a direct response to the occupation or simply as the execution of plans already contemplated. In either case, the occupation greatly influenced the timing of those changes.

One of the most controversial demands was the establishment of an all-black house, which the black students demanded and the college insisted was illegal. The solution rested in a compromise policy, which allows any black student to enter a house of his choice, as long as the house does not become 100 percent black. For nearly two years now Gladden House has served that purpose.

The problem that persists, however, results from the black students' means for socializing, which differ from those of the white house members.

There is, to be sure, white-black interaction, but such relationships remain, in the words of one black student, "strictly personal." These limited relationships are of course not unique to Gladden House. Whenever people live in such a communal environment, an in-

dividual will choose to associate more closely with some people than with others. Whatever the personal relationships, the individuals must, nevertheless, have enough in common to hold together as a community.

Such a common bond, however, appears to be lacking in Gladden House. The black students organize their own parties, for example, through the Afro-American Society. Although Gladden House recently had white and black co-presidents, and two other black officers, the black students felt they had no influence over the house social activities. As one black student told me, they like neither the traditional beer parties, the house mixers, nor the music provided at all-college parties during the big weekends.

Such discontent invariably leads to the question of house social dues. Since they participate so little in house social activities, black students naturally preferred not to pay house dues. This controversy culminated on January 28 in the black "secession" from Gladden House, when the blacks refused to pay social dues to the house treasury and all black house officers resigned from their positions.

If a residential house at Williams does not mean simply a group of individuals who live under one roof (and I assume that such is not the meaning), then the Gladden House experiment has not been successful. Cooperation and restraint both among the Gladden House students and the college administration are badly needed to reach a meaningful new solution to the problem.

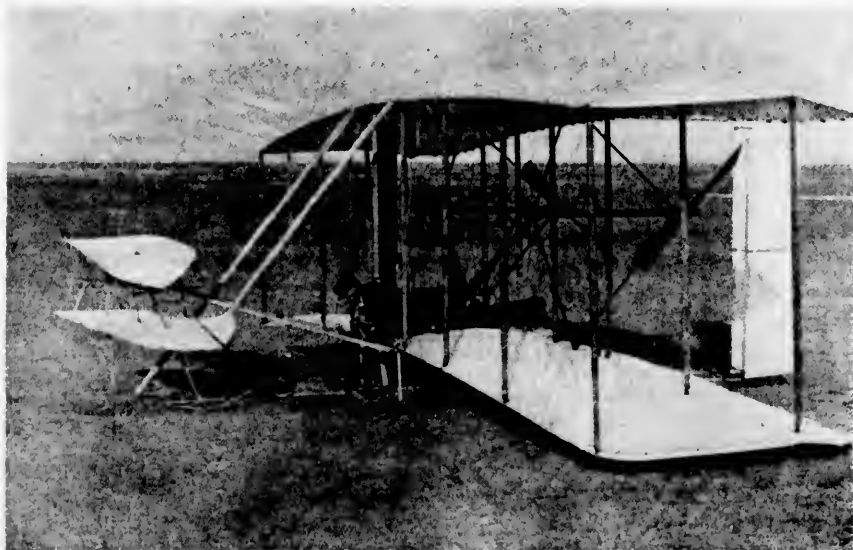
Tanzanian Sourballs And Malgache Francs

By The Afghan Flash

Several times each year, at some social function or other, I can guarantee a contemporary of your parents will clap you on that post-adolescent shoulder with an amicable grip of iron and harangue you for at least fifteen minutes on the inestimable benefits which progress has bestowed on modern youth. A perennial workhorse of such a list is fast, inexpensive (comparatively so, at least) air travel. Jets may well have innumerable advantages over slogging at twelve knots on the S. S. President Fillmore, but they have intangible costs also -- like the unbearable commercials every ten minutes

freshener." My neighbor dropped off into a sleep earned by a hefty spree at the Casino the night before. Three minutes later a stewardess woke him to give him a pillow with which to take a nap. When his adrenalin level dropped to where he felt drowsy again, we landed in Tananarive, Madagascar.

Madagascar does not offer the tourist a plethora of activities, especially during a three-hour wait in the transit lounge of Tananarive airport. Purchases at the post office, gift shop, restaurant, and bar, furthermore, must be made in Malgache Francs -- not the kind of currency accepted at a ten percent discount at Thruway toll booths. Every fifteen



The Flash questions whether the Wright Brothers were right

during a late movie on television. On air travel, nevertheless, let me relate this.

I took off on the return leg of my WSP in Mauritius around 2:00 p. m., half an hour late. True to traditions of grimly smiling service, a stewardess offered me some Tanzanian sourballs to keep my ears from popping after take-off. As the plane taxied towards the runway I started sucking the delicacy, hoping to have some left when the craft finally decided to leave. Air France, however, has scientifically timed the operation so that no one this side of a Death Valley prospector generates so little saliva that he finishes the sourball just after take-off.

After stopping long enough in St. Denis de la Reunion to swill a beer and change planes, we were air-borne again. Two minutes after take-off, some troglodytic steward came jogging down the aisle macing everyone with a can of "air

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By J. R. M. Fraser Darling

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I have found it easier to rule than to love. But power is a parasite upon a man, and one day the soul comes questioning. She comes to me weeping, and I can only show her lines of captives chained in my triumph. She smiles at times, when I am walking on a headland above the city, seeing the squall-born waves ruffle the Propontis and break against Bithynia. Too long I fought for empire, a man enslaved by a harlot's dream. Byzantium I garlanded with cities, while my heart's maiden waited till the fall of night and wet my pillow with tears.

Persia raised her rabid head. Like flowers under the share, Antioch and Jerusalem were crushed beneath her

tread. Alexandria yielded to the progeny of Darius, while Tyre and Byblos, laughing like whores, hung about their necks. In my nightmares came Antiochus, Seleucus, Ptolemy, beckoning with swords, while Xerxes chuckled the chin of Cleopatra. I struck back. Lightning marches looped at the hydra's heads. It was said that, just before the Persians broke, Alexander was seen among the vanguard of my army. The requirements of state, however, have necessitated that Christ be given the honour. Persia curled her coils, lame and bleeding, back behind Ararat; the Euphrates afforded us no barrier; like a javelin of shimmering bronze idly cast upon the desert sand, the Tigris pointed to Ctesiphon and Babylon beyond. I did not know myself; already, it seemed, I was pacing the high halls of Persepolis. At my banquets even Antony would blush a pauper, while a single dish would have squandered Lucullus' revenues. In bowls golden as my joy the wine was drunk unmixed. Greece was once again triumphant; the Orient hid beneath her silks. The Hellenic Ideal, it seemed, had returned my embrace with one yet tenderer. I wore the diadem of the

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A message from Palmyra brought all to an end. With the ease of divine instruments, Arabs on foul-smelling camels reaped a harvest of kingdoms. Totally alien, beyond antipathy, they eclipsed our sun. Defeat was like a mirror to the ravaged soul which now visited me every hour, bidding me feel the ribs, hard and marrowless, beneath the skin. The soul fed upon herself. The Empress stood by my cot like Medea, listening to my wild night-cries. The thought of action made me vomit.

Like a corpse upon a bier I was carried back to Byzantium. Nostalgia, as one beloved in boyhood and long forgotten, came to comfort me in that city. The chariots still grazed the turning post at the Hippodrome; the Patriarch continued to intone beneath the dome of the Holy Wisdom, and the mob to demand bread and circuses. Dusk found me upon the Theodosian walls, those monuments to faith that our world will continue, armour against time, brazen sarcophagi. I had known joy. I thought I was capable of

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume Two, Number Two

Thursday, February 18, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts



Photo by William Tague

Two Years After Hopkins Hall

By Charles Waigi

In the spring of 1969, a capacity congregation in the Thompson Memorial Chapel attended the services marking the first anniversary of the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. That night the black-American students of Williams moved into Hopkins Hall and vowed to occupy it until certain demands were met by the college administration.

From this occupation resulted several actions of the college, including the establishment of the Afro-American Studies and the hiring of a black professor and a black dean. The Afro-American Society and the administration at Williams may differ as to whether these two changes came as a direct response to the occupation or simply as the execution of plans already contemplated. In either case, the occupation greatly influenced the timing of those changes.

One of the most controversial demands was the establishment of an all-black house, which the black students demanded and the college insisted was illegal. The solution rested in a compromise policy, which allows any black student to enter a house of his choice, as long as the house does not become 100 percent black. For nearly two years now Gladden House has served that purpose.

The problem that persists, however, results from the black students' means for socializing, which differ from those of the white house members.

There is, to be sure, white-black interaction, but such relationships remain, in the words of one black student, "strictly personal." These limited relationships are of course not unique to Gladden House. Whenever people live in such a communal environment, an in-

dividual will choose to associate more closely with some people than with others. Whatever the personal relationships, the individuals must, nevertheless, have enough in common to hold together as a community.

Such a common bond, however, appears to be lacking in Gladden House. The black students organize their own parties, for example, through the Afro-American Society. Although Gladden House recently had white and black co-presidents, and two other black officers, the black students felt they had no influence over the house social activities. As one black student told me, they like neither the traditional beer parties, the house mixers, nor the music provided at all-college parties during the big weekends.

Such discontent invariably leads to the question of house social dues. Since they participate so little in house social activities, black students naturally preferred not to pay house dues. This controversy culminated on January 28 in the black "secession" from Gladden House, when the blacks refused to pay social dues to the house treasury and all black house officers resigned from their positions.

If a residential house at Williams does not mean simply a group of individuals who live under one roof (and I assume that such is not the meaning), then the Gladden House experiment has not been successful. Cooperation and restraint both among the Gladden House students and the college administration are badly needed to reach a meaningful new solution to the problem.

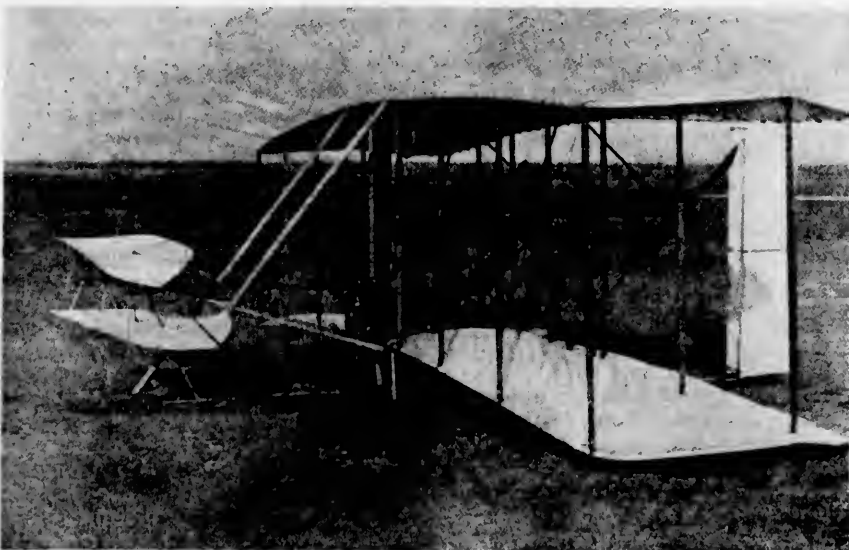
Tanzanian Sourballs And Malgache Francs

By The Afghan Flash

Several times each year, at some social function or other, I can guarantee a contemporary of your parents will clap you on that post-adolescent shoulder with an amicable grip of iron and harangue you for at least fifteen minutes on the inestimable benefits which progress has bestowed on modern youth. A perennial workhorse of such a list is fast, inexpensive (comparatively so, at least) air travel. Jets may well have innumerable advantages over slogging at twelve knots on the S. S. President Fillmore, but they have intangible costs also -- like the unbearable commercials every ten minutes

freshener." My neighbor dropped off into a sleep earned by a hefty spree at the Casino the night before. Three minutes later a stewardess woke him to give him a pillow with which to take a nap. When his adrenalin level dropped to where he felt drowsy again, we landed in Tananarive, Madagascar.

Madagascar does not offer the tourist a plethora of activities, especially during a three-hour wait in the transit lounge of Tananarive airport. Purchases at the post office, gift shop, restaurant, and bar, furthermore, must be made in Malgache Francs -- not the kind of currency accepted at a ten percent discount at Thruway toll booths. Every fifteen



The Flash questions whether the Wright Brothers were right

during a late movie on television. On air travel, nevertheless, let me relate this.

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ART REVIEW

"LITHOGRAPHY TODAY"

By Jeffrey Schulte

The Pratt Graphics Center, a branch of the Pratt Institute, has produced an exhibition of contemporary graphics entitled "Lithography Today," currently on display at Lawrence Hall. The Graphics Center has sent Williams twenty-nine lithographs in color and black and white produced at their printmaking and graphic design workshop in New York. These twenty-nine prints constitute a show of rather uneven quality, yet among them are a few pieces fine enough to vindicate the exhibit and make it well worth a walk to Lawrence Hall.

The black and white prints in the Pratt selection are more successful, generally, than those in color. These are mostly student works, and tend to show greater facility in design than in use of color. Several pieces seem derivative of artists such as Jasper Johns, Galder, and Warhol, yet most demonstrate a high level of freshness and originality. Worthy of special note is John Hultberg's "In Prison," a black and white lithograph with tremendous dramatic impact. Part of the drama of this piece stems from its bold contrasts of black and white, evoking a dark prison cell with a view through black-barred windows to the sunlight beyond. It employs negative space in a fairly sophisticated way, as the black bars of the cell also read as the spaces between the white rectangles indicating sunlight. White is used very suggestively and very sparingly; indeed, the print is predominantly black, with just enough white to evoke a subject, create shape and pattern, and forestall visual boredom.

Sidney Goodman's "Night" carries a psychological intensity similar to that of Hultberg's piece. This black and white lithograph depicts a figure in a landscape at night. The figure stands in the foreground on a desolate plain, engulfed by black night rising from a low horizon. The body is discernable from feet to waist, then obliterated by encroaching blackness. Thin, irregularly shaped horizontals of white articulate the blackness near the horizon and create an impression of desolate flatlands with great economy of means. Hanging next to this piece is the more quiescent "Nude on Bed" by Philip Pearlstein, which is also one of the better pieces in the show. What it lacks in drama and intensity its quiet competence more than compensates. This print (also black and white) conveys a certain forthrightness; it is clean and direct, a depiction of a seated nude with a quality of line and a technique for shading reminiscent of a fairly quick pencil drawing.

Devotees of Dr. Seuss books and Zap Comix will probably enjoy A. Paul Weber's "Rumor," a black and white print with a rather cartoonish style depicting Rumor as a serpentine creature with a caricature head and Leonard Nimoy ears. Its body is composed of myriad eyes and ears, and, as it floats between huge apartment buildings, it grows, being constantly fed by a stream of cartoon figures which float from the building windows to merge with it. They are all smiling; the picture is quite bizarre.

Among the color lithographs I can find nothing particularly striking, with the possible exception of Cleve Gray's untitled abstract piece in red, yellow, black, and white. The colors are applied as areas with ragged edges and read as bold brushstrokes. The transparency of the colors, however, tends to weaken this piece, which might have worked better as an abstract expressionist painting, which would give it the solidity and substance of oil paint.

Ben Berns' "XX" strikes me as an object lesson in the dangers of slavish copying. The lithograph is red, black, and blue print on white paper; each color appears but once, so that we see three colored shapes stacked one above the other, in mock Calder style. Anyone who

**"Sleep," by S. Ida**

Photo by Jay Prendergast

has seen the Ferdinand Roten annual print sale in Lawrence Hall has probably seen Calder lithos from "Derriere le Miroir," and knows what I mean. Pure rip-off, in the argot of the Pepsi generation.

Anna Wong's "Forest" owes much to ideas explored by Warhol and Johns, and appears to be a fine composition. It is marred only by its color (which unfortunately overshadows the whole piece), muddy, dirty purples and greens. "Sleep," by S. Ida, is a lurid fluorescent red-blue-green Seagram's Seven Crown

ad, which will mercifully go away if you close your eyes. Perhaps that explains the title.

And so on. The exhibit is actually quite worth seeing. Anyone who goes should find something to please him. All works in the show are for sale. While in Lawrence Hall, it would also be worthwhile to visit Gallery 2, in which the Rogers Collection of antique jewelry and Greek armor is displayed, surrounded by an array of boxes by Joseph Cornell. I promise that it will not disappoint you.

WSP (Continued)

different cultural atmosphere has "pointed up some of the faults and narrowness of Williams."

Professor Stocking, while emphasizing that there was "nothing valuable in getting off-campus for its own sake," similarly recognizes the refreshment inherent to a change of scene. The ideal off-campus WSP, he vows, would present "academics for the joy of it," and be a city-oriented program, where theaters and museums can supplement regular course activities.

While students and faculty are unanimous in their recommendation that more students seek off-campus WSPs, the desirability of group projects over independent work generates debate. Viewing Winter Study in terms of an academic experience, Professor Stocking notes that a 99 requires a "self-starter" and that many off-campus students, lacking this, may fail to accomplish their academic goals. Independent study is valuable, he claims, only as long as there is a definite focus to it.

The class situation for Stocking has certain advantages over individual research, such as the discussion and give-and-take of group activity. The existence of a class, Professor Rinehart claims "kept a focus to the experience," keeping the group's attention on the subject throughout their travel. In a foreign

language situation, where many of the students involved know little of the course's subject, the guidance of a teacher is of pivotal significance for that project's success.

Both Moss and Anderson see their projects in terms of the total experience of the month rather than in those of any set academic goals. Accordingly, they prefer the freedom of individual activities. Alone, said Moss, "one can be more independent and open to new situations." Anderson seconds the thought: "It's possible to experience more with people not from the school."

Any learning they may have gained, the students think, was secondary to the understanding of themselves and their attitudes reached during the WSP. Enjoyment, furthermore, played a major part in their satisfaction with the month. "Learning is a lot easier when it's made up of good times," said Anderson. "What I learned may not be too academic and connected with my studies, but it is a lot stronger experience because I was having fun picking up knowledge."

Whatever their differences in focus, both students and faculty have welcomed increased off-campus WSPs. Whether interested in academic involvement or in the challenge of new experiences, all have felt that well organized outside projects would be an educational aid of great value to Williams students. Ultimately, the increased stress in off-campus Winter Study Projects may prove to be the saving grace of the entire program.

Your feature and opinion paper, THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE needs you, if you have talent in writing, photography, art, criticism, poetry, or have enough chutzpah to join the business end of the operation. For those individuals so disposed, there will be an open meeting of THE ADVOCATE this Tuesday, February 16, 7:30 P.M., in the Mears House lounge.

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LETTERS

Parody Flak Continues

Gentlemen:

No irony in the address. You find Dean Mann's letter oversensitive. You imply he was searching for offense. Several white faculty members have spoken with distress of the zebra and other episodes in a parody issue that I otherwise enjoyed. I cannot believe that offense was intended. But offense may be legitimately taken where none is intended.

I look forward to the time when the blacks on this campus are a happy group, at ease, willing to be both part of this campus and different from the whites. When that time comes, it will be because there is more understanding on all sides. Then the theory that everyone ought to be willing to take his lumps, when Wit rides out in its random way, can be put into practice. I can imagine you could dream up some pretty funny stuff about giving birth; but you'd probably save it from a pregnant woman with a previous stillbirth.

Of course the blacks were offended, because of a problem that you and I share -- the common illusion that black feels as much at home on the campus as you and I do. Wasp atmosphere fades out more slowly than our conscious beliefs. I want to repeat that I saw no malice, but unthinking playfulness can get the same results as malice.

Sincerely yours,

Nathaniel Lawrence
Professor of Philosophy
February 15, 1971

Your feature and opinion paper, THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE, needs cars with drivers. Those capitalist pigs who want to earn some cold cash, please contact Dan Pinello (8-5126) or Mark Siegel (8-4283) immediately.

To the Editors:

I too was "chagrined" and "astounded" by the letter of Dean Curtis L. Manns (ADVOCATE, February 12) in which Mr. Manns denounced the ADVOCATE's brilliant tour de force of last month as "distasteful," "grossly offensive," and "devoid of sensitivity." I personally consider that issue to be the best thing I have ever seen published on this campus.

I would like to elucidate the nature of my own chagrin and astonishment. I am very much disturbed at the hypersensitivity bordering on paranoia which characterizes all too much of black criticism. I can respect any black critic for being a good critic, but not for being a good black; i.e., for parroting the oppressed minority rap. Hopefully a man with the official stature of Dean of Williams College would be above such pettiness. Right on, Brother!

Mr. Manns modestly refers to himself as a "sensitive person" (indirectly, of course), then proceeds to unequivocally demonstrate that he has mistaken his own acute (and possibly pathological) affective susceptibility for genuine critical sensitivity. The particular examples he sights as offensive ("College Purchases Beast," "Fifty Types of Vermin," etc.) were in my opinion the very quintessence of satire, as well as good, clean fun.

I am further disheartened by the remarkable parallel between Mr. Mann's attitude and the general tenor of black critical response to the psychological studies of Jensen. Jensen is a scientist, not a political philosopher, yet here too, the blacks have taken indignant offense where offense was neither intended nor rationally construable.

In openness,

Thomas H. Baker
February 13, 1971

REFLECTIONS

WINTER CARNIVAL

Since Winter Carnival will soon come to the Purple Valley, we decided to investigate the preparations for the various Carnival activities on campus.

We called Bob Muller at the radio station after he'd finished broadcasting his show and the 11:00 news. Bob is in charge of the bike races and the chugging contest.

"This contest is forty-seven years old?" we asked.

"Well, the number 'forty-seven' originated in my drama class -- I liked the number... The contest dates back to the Twenties, with the fraternities, so that's about forty-seven or forty-eight years."

"How many entries are there? Are there any favorites?"

"There are no entries yet, so there are no favorites. The race is for anybody. There's usually one team from each house -- two people and a bike. The preliminary round is four laps; the final round is eight. The chugging contest comes in between... B and G is very cooperative in offering to help us set up the course... The job was thrust upon me by members of the Outing Club -- we wanted to keep it in the Fort."

"We understand there's a tradition of standing in the windows in the Freshman Quad and throwing things at the contestants..."

"Yes, the rules state that nothing harder than warm garbage may be thrown."

"That's a direct quote from the rules committee?"

"Yes -- a direct quote from the rules committee."

We next called Coach McCormick to talk about the broomball game.

"Well, I'm not in charge of it this year. It's the faculty vs. the all-stars from intramural hockey. I can't give you the historical background of the game, although it's an old one. It's in its second year here at Williams. Last year, the undergraduates won, 2-1."

"What would your evaluation be of last year's game?"

"The undergrads were well-organized. Neither team really had an advantage, although it's rumored the students used that liquid stuff -- what is it? -- 'Liquid Tire Chain,' I think -- on the bottoms of their sneakers... I guess youth prevailed."

"Are you on the team this year?"

"Yes, but the faculty will have no practices; it's a once-a-year shot for them. It takes too much stamina to go through practices."

"How is the game played?"

"It's played under regular hockey rules, only the participants wear sneakers and use broomsticks and a soccer ball instead of hockey sticks and a puck... regulation hockey rules -- offsides, etc. There are the same number of men on the ice as in a hockey game. I guess the team that stays on its feet the best has the greatest chance of winning."

"How do you feel about your team's chances this year?"

"Oh, we're confident."

To cover the snow sculpture contest, we called Veit Metzroth and Duke Bascom, and Frode Jensen -- the heads of the Garfield House and Bryant House sculpture operations, and the person charged with selecting the judges, respectively.

Veit, when asked if his house's entry was a state secret, replied, "No, it's not a state secret. We're not sure yet what it'll be -- probably Eric von Zipper -- you know, from 'Beach Blanket Bingo' -- a motorcycle-Marlin Brando-greaser type with his hair all slicked back; and Minnie Mouse, maybe in some feminist attire... The pose? I don't know, probably something risqué."

"What else might you do?"

"Another idea was Superman -- someone really typical of the Fifties -- or Davy Crockett... Disney characters are good."

"How will you get all the snow?"

"B and G said they'd build us a mound."

"How did you get the job?"

"Well, I'm an art major -- the only one in the house."

"How about house participation?"

"It should be pretty good. We'll have a sculpture-building party... typical refreshments."

When we called Duke, he asked, "Is this legal? Well, okay. We're thinking of doing a giant hound dog. You know -- Elvis

Presley -- 'You Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog'? -- with hopefully giant floppy ears and a mike and his head back, with the ears flopping in the breeze. It'll probably be ten or twelve feet high, unless there isn't enough snow; then it'll probably be one or two... If B and G doesn't pile the snow for us, we'll fill up some trucks and dump the snow. Bryant usually puts in a concerted effort all week... How did I get the job? I'm house social chairman. No one's really in charge; people are usually willing to go out and work."

We asked Frode Jensen about the criteria for judging the sculptures.

"Oh, I don't know. I won't judge. I just pick the panel of judges. The criteria will probably be the things on the posters -- how much it looks like what they say it is; how creative or outrageous it is. The judges will be from different parts of the campus... I was commandeered for the job... Oh, a new thing -- anyone is eligible -- you can enter in a specific group, not just in houses, so the number of entries will be expanded. Throw something in about people notifying me if they have a 'hidden' sculpture somewhere -- like way over at Suzie Hopkins House."

APES

We felt numb. After all, we had been wedged between a protruded elbow and the concrete wall of Bronfman auditorium for the better part of half an hour. But it was worth it. The several hundred other members of the audience, whose presence made Bronfman resemble a bomb-shelter during the Blitz, also seemed to feel it worth their time and discomfort. Richard Leakey, son of the renowned anthropologists (and hardly wishing to be identified in that fashion), was narrating a film of his own expeditions in East Africa. Leakey was a gangling, loose, lean man, bronzed by his work under the searing African sun. Although he denied any association with college or university, he looked and sounded to us the model of Hilton's Mr. Chips, in his youth, of course.

Despite the fact that he had delivered the same talk daily since January 6th, Leakey maintained an appearance of spontaneity. His humorous degressions held the interest of the audience, but he did not spare the group the difficulties of terminology and background. Much of his presentation was centered on several new ideas which he has been developing since October as a result of his finds on the shore of Lake Rudolph in Kenya. Foremost among these is the suggestion that *Australopithecus* was not the ancestor of the genus *Homo* (Leakey never employs species names in connection with the genus *Homo*; his parents do), but rather a contemporary, evolving from a common unspecialized stock. He conceives of *Australopithecus* as an extremely, in fact overly, specialized herbivore. *Homo* was, in his view, a scavenger-carnivore, not the "savage ape" of Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis*. Several of these concepts contradict the opinions held by other anthropologists, some of whom are no doubt Leakey's elders and holders of doctorates. He did not appear deeply troubled by this, although he conceded that he might be a difficult man to locate after the publication of his next paper, which will attempt to discredit a longstanding notion concerning the South African *australopithecines*.

After his narration, Leakey entertained questions of all degrees of complexity and interest with the same tolerance and poise. He accorded each its portion of blackboard, often speaking to the surface in front of him as he heavily delineated dates and diagrams.


What seemed to concern him most, next to his establishing an independent identity, was the reputation of anthropology as a "dubious form of artistic science." He told one interlocutor in the lounge that the expedition is "just a great excuse to get away from everything." He obviously thinks more of the overall endeavor than that, but he stressed that much of the scientific evaluation cannot proceed until many more specimens have been collected. Only a "speck" of Africa has been searched thus far, yielding a "ridiculously small" number of fossils. His task remains, then, to continue the search. "I'm not a very serious sort of person," Leakey told one young questioner, but we found that difficult to believe.

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DISCOVERIES

At The Cinema:

Dick Berg

Melting The Great Victorian Icicle

The College Cinema is once again indulging naive Williamstown with a double feature dacoity. The first presentation, "Brother from Outer Space," is a response to non-teleological Schopenhaurian orthophysics. It is a loquacious, bombastic, insidious, vituperative seduction of neophytes to the Scylla and Charybdis of the reactionary nature of the great American cynosure. In other words - a bad cartoon. Must we conjure up Mr. Nicely and must we zap him with a "sweetness and nice ray"? This is decadence, a travesty to the most modest modicum of intelligence. Where are Road Runner, Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck-those giants of the past whose mindlessness was palliated by their heroic stature and energy as great characters of the cartoons? Is Mount Olympus sinking; is the spirit of Walt Disney on the wane; are the good old days really over? The camels nose is definitely in the tent. That is, this reviewer implores the theatre to elevate its standards; let us have some first-rate, first-run cartoons!

The other feature of the evening is "The Owl and the Pussycat," starring Barbara Streisand and George Segal with screenplay by Buck Henry. As entertainment the movie is a good one for a Winter Carnival weekend, with a probable, if obsolete, rating somewhere between I and M so that it is safe in any crisis.

Fred Sanders (George Segal) is a Doubleday book clerk who has illusions of the literary man, and Doris Wilgus (Barbara Streisand) is a sometime hooker. The plot then is the decline and fall of Felix Sanders, literatus, to Fred

Sanders, human being. Doris is wonderful, simple, and sensuous. Her spontaneous reactions finally melt the ice from the great Victorian icicle. In this way, you might say the movie is a bourgeois adaptation of "Bonnie and Clyde," without the violence, if such is possible.

Movie reviewers in general analyze films from the aspect of some sort of artistic aesthetic. Like other Buck Henry films ("Catch 22," "Candy," "Midnight Cowboy," "The Graduate"), it is Hollywood. Not only is the wit of the original work slivered, but the lines are slickly greased up. Where the play involves only two people in basically one setting, the movie has to move through the streets and apartments of New York, largely for no purpose. There is a sophistication in the play that comes out like a series of good lines in the movie. Barbara Streisand and George Segal do well; the script, however, fails to move outside the world of Doris and to give any credit to the values of Felix's sun spitting morning on the world.

If you are a swinger-aspirant, try to like the flick. If you want to hear a couple of good lines, see it. If you want to know what is on Buck Henry's mind, it doesn't matter whether you see it or not. If you are looking for real people, walk down Spring Street instead. There is a paucity of credibility in the development, an exaggeration in the monochromatic values, and a neat bundledness in the smooth and rank growth of the Doris-Fred relationship. Despite all this, the movie is still more entertaining and less anti-intellectual than the cartoon.

LETTERS (continued)

Exposé: Secretaries Wield The Power

To the Editors:

In the last edition of the **ADVOCATE**, Kevin Kelly advocated a relaxation of registration schedules. Similarly, Russ Pulliam expressed his desire for a general relaxation of campus rules in a recent issue of the **Record**, particularly those pertaining to cars, divisional requirements, etc. What fools! What naive, well-meaning fools!

As any student of political science will eagerly tell you, meaningful change is not possible at Williams, especially with the current structure of power in the college administration. The real power on this campus-the power to make the crucial decisions-is held not by '39, nor '60, nor Swarthmore '57, nor certainly by Harvard '59, but collectively by all the females in Hopkins Hall-the secretaries-and by one woman in particular.

How ironic that this should be in an institution founded by men for the education of men! Somehow the pillars of masculine authority have been eroded by the feminine lust for minutia and minuscule. Slowly the edifice is crumbling, now so much in ruin as to be virtually beyond repair.

One sees the vile conquerors stealing about the fortress of Hopkins Hall, their Amazon aggressiveness concealed beneath their vacuous gazes. One approaches them cautiously. Gathered

around the water cooler, hatching their dastardly schemes, they resemble a dreary band of revolutionaries. Suddenly, as one advances to a critical distance within the range of hearing their whispering, they break out of their formation in a flurry of cackling and diabolical hand clenching. One almost recognizes a dominance order, rather like the pecking order of barnyard hens. Robert Ardrey comes to mind with visions of Pleistocene men in loincloths plotting the death of jackals.

Awake all Ephs! That gum-chewing, mousey female, who seemingly spends her days staring at the back of the file cabinet, is secretly in charge of her boss, wielding untold destructive powers.

This seizure of power did not take place in a swift, brief coup d'etat. Rather, it occurred slowly, imperceptibly, over the course of two or three years. The evidence is everywhere apparent in the growing arbitrary and bureaucratic manner of every policy and document issuing from Hopkins Hall. The accretion of forms and questionnaires, the computerization of every complicated administrative function from billing to registration has been in the interest of only one power block in the Williams community (except the paper vendors)-the secretaries.

Consider: in order to register for Winter Study one must sign up for four projects in order of preference even if there is no

Registrar Answers Kelly

To the Editors:

Kevin Kelly's letter raises some very good questions about course changes. The problem is not unique at Williams. Whenever two or more Registrars get together their conversation invariably turns to two mutually-shared problems: (1) how to get grades from faculty within a reasonable time after final exams; (2) how to handle the increasingly large numbers of course changes.

The problem has become more acute at Williams in just the last three or four years as more single semester courses have been offered. Until quite recently nearly every introductory course was a year course requiring both semesters to be completed to get credit for the course. This meant that a Freshman's second semester was almost solely determined by what he took in the first semester. There were also departments that did not offer freshman level courses. And even many Sophomore level courses were year courses. Finally the relaxation on what constitutes Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior courses, and the ease of waiving prerequisites give the student a much broader range of opportunities, and also more of a dilemma as to what courses to take.

Faced with such a myriad of courses it may be unrealistic to ask a student to commit himself to what he will want the following February. But the various departments have to have some idea of student interest for the entire year in order to make their plans to meet student desires. Without figures obtained at Spring registration, departments would have to rely almost entirely on intuition in their planning and staffing for the following year. If registration for the second semester was postponed to January, course offerings would have to be confined to the staff that was determined for first course offerings only rather than having been planned on a broader base for the entire year. This could penalize those students with well-planned courses of study. Also it would be practically impossible to get the necessary books in stock in time for the opening of the second semester.

Time limitations on course changes are a compromise between those who would require Freshmen to register for all four years upon his acceptance by Williams and those who would permit changes any

time up to the beginning of final exams. The former requirement would make the Registrar's job easier. For instance, in early December we sent to each student a list of his second semester courses and urged him to make any changes desired by January 15 at which time we would have to stop accepting changes so that individual class schedules could be prepared in time for the start of second semester classes. We took this action to try to reduce the number of changes that would have to be made after the start of classes. During this period some 600 students made over 2,000 changes. At the moment we are not sure that our objective was met in calling for these changes because after classes started we processed another 2,200 changes for over 650 students. We haven't had an opportunity to analyze how many of the post-start-of-class changes were reversing previous ones and how much overlap there was in the number of students included in the two periods.

The Registrar's function is not to try to eliminate changes. It is to accommodate students in getting their choice of courses. It is also to settle class enrollments as quickly as possible so that the faculty can proceed with their course plans. In the sciences especially it is necessary that enrollments in labs be quickly established. This has become more important since we went to the 4-W-4 plan with the resultant reduction in the length of the semester by about three weeks.

Course changes cannot be eliminated. We have tried various means to handle them to minimize disruption of the teaching process. Students must have an opportunity to know what their courses are going to be like before finally committing themselves. The question is whether this can only be done by attending classes for a period of a week or so. Perhaps a better method can be found whereby instructors can give students a better idea of the content, method of instruction and work required in a course than is now contained in the catalog description.

Sincerely,

George C. Howard
February 15, 1971

P.S. Please note-use of the masculine gender is intended to include the feminine gender as well.

question that he will be admitted to the project of his choice. Why should this be so? The computer, that front for the secretaries, was programmed to read four projects, and must have four projects to read or else it will not function. But it is the secretaries who benefit from all this. They can force any student to fill in any blank space in any form to satisfy their anal passion for little words in little boxes. It is with such trinkets they govern, to borrow from Napoleon. The tiny bureaucratic details become

necessary; the secretaries control the details; the secretaries rule. That is the paradigm.

Do not be deluded into thinking that the men in coats and ties who hold the titled positions in Hopkins Hall wield any power. They have no interest in forms and computers, chits or ID cards. They would just as soon play golf or watch their hair turn gray.

Just as middle class predominance in

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Volume Two, Number Three

Thursday, February 25, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts



Photo by Alex Carroll
J.A. Bob Herman insists on bathroom tax from temporarily delinquent Henry Dinger.

J.A. Takes Money Pinch Seriously

By Alex Carroll

J.A. Bob Hermann has initiated a novel experiment in his freshman entry. A memorandum from Peter Welanetz, Director of Physical Plant, concerning the conservation of heating fuel and electrical power inspired his remarkable program in institutional economy. The note asked for "suggestions for any practical ideas you may have" to conserve fuel and, incidentally, to bring the College through the current recession.

Hermann came up with several original ideas and immediately put them into practice in his entry. His methods, illustrated in the accompanying photographs, involve collecting taxes for using bathroom stalls, selling season passes for showers, and charging large sums for the use of electrical outlets.

Please turn to page 3

As Time Goes By

By Bill Loomis

The President of Fort Hoosac opened dinner Saturday by saying, "I want to thank the Lord very much indeed for this fine meal. Amen." Then he thanked the cook. God was back in the kitchen replacing the relevance of saying "Peace" or a moment of silence, and Williams was going back to normal. Collegiate appetites for debauchery were at last released on the grounds of "imitating" the Fifties. Dwight Eisenhower would be proud.

Blatant organizational skills went into time shifts on snow sculptures. Genius was the decision to use paint on the image of a '57 Chevy. Crafty was Tyler House "stealing" the idea. Garfield even managed to exhibit phallic vulgarity. One member worked feverishly through the night on the sculpture, while another provided the proper mix of censorious Puritanism to destroy the edifice painfully, gleefully, with a flailing shovel, the next day.

Obviously to imitate the Fifties properly everyone would have to drink. The Williams dilemma of the drug culture versus the beer culture threatened to wreck everything. Then, with brilliant compromise social opinion decided we could have both. The drug set discovered that liberalism was the acceptance of both booze and drugs. Those who found booze unacceptable agreed to mix with drunkards and take on their style. Hence, a tripping senior willingly sat on a bathroom floor for an hour arguing with a plastered compatriot about the merits of two brands of shaving cream.

Alumni came back to Williamstown with a new confidence. They poured into the houses looking as though they had checked golf clubs at the door; their "girls" thought of Greenwich as "home" rather than as a polemic cliché. Once

A Dismal History, But Frost Hints Admin Is Ready Perspectus: THE CO-ED ROW HOUSE

By James Grubb and Mitchell Rapoport

The impetus behind co-ed housing, last year an issue of burning importance to the row house communities, seems to have withered this semester, along with everything else that might smack of controversy.

Only last spring, the presidents of Garfield House and Perry House petitioned the Administration to include an unspecified number of women in both houses. The deans were uncertain. Paul Lieberman, on behalf of Garfield, went to the deans with the suggestion that the third floor of his house be reserved for women. "Well," replied one dean, "but what if one of the girls should walk past the second floor men's room at an inopportune moment?" (Lieberman was incredulous.) Garfield was further informed that: a) the trustees wouldn't approve, b) even if they should approve the alumni affiliated with the house, and with the Delta Upsilon fraternity, would conceivably be "revolted" by the idea, and c) in any event, the town would be reluctant to issue a zoning permit for a co-ed house without a separate entry for the co-eds.

Perry House was slightly better prepared for the confrontation. John Walcott, house president, offered to accommodate the co-eds in a separate wing with its own entry. That's most encouraging, said the Administration. But it doesn't resolve the trustee problem. Furthermore, the move might jeopardize the transfer of the house deeds from the Alpha Delta Phi national to the College. And then there was the matter of the townspeople who, the Administration claimed, were distressed by the prospect of watching women "enter and leave" the row houses. Hopkins and Prospect Houses, both of which are presently co-ed, are more "apartment-like," they reasoned.

After much heated debate, the Administration decided to reject the concept of "the co-ed row house," at least for the

1970-71 academic year. But student leaders were persistent and asked to meet with the trustees. And so, for two hours late one night, the issues were argued before an aggregation of Board members. Unfortunately, the trustees decided to uphold the Administration's position and with that, things rolled to a halt. Then came the Strike, then summer, and finally the "silent semester." Like everything else worth grappling for, co-educational living, so central to the tenor of daily life at Williams, was quietly entombed by the rampant apathy. "It's futile," said Rex Krakauer, president of Garfield House. "The Administration is too strongly opposed."

Popular opinion appears to place the burden of the decision on the Board of Trustees. "There was no decision made by the Board," said trustee Ferdinand Thun. "We were just dragged in by some of the students," said W. Van Alan Clark, Jr., a member of the Co-education Committee. There was "simply an exchange of ideas between students and trustees," he said. Thus in their unwillingness to express an official opinion, the trustees wanted, as Mr. Clark noted, to affirm their "faith in the ability of the Administration to run the College." The trustees simply upheld the Administration's right to make a decision; the authority of the Administration was sanctioned, rather than a specific rejection of co-educational living.

Mr. Clark noted several aspects of the proposal which may have led to its dismissal. One was a lack of unanimity in the student body. Within student ranks there was opposition to the plan, a division which might have convinced the Administration that the student body as a whole did not favor the concept.

Mr. Clark also observed a "notable lack of research" on the students' part. "The Administration felt that the students hadn't studied the situation elsewhere," he said. Clark felt that the "ill-prepared" way in which the proposal was presented undoubtedly contributed to the Administration's rejection.

If the trustees refused either to accept or reject the co-ed housing scheme, they certainly expressed their personal opinions, which were undoubtedly familiar to administration officials. The words of important trustees and alumni like Talcott Banks, who called for a "reasonable degree of separation" between males and females, must have been carefully digested by the President and the deans.

At the moment, then, co-education at Williams is, at best, wobbling on training wheels. Only two houses, Prospect and Hopkins, have co-ed entries while the other houses maintain female affiliates who reside in female-affiliate houses and visit their brother houses for occasional meals, parties, television, and little else. Caution is the rule of the game. And quite obviously, the row houses and the co-eds (70 per cent of whom indicated a

preference for co-ed housing) appear the losers, if by default, with a very negligible booby-prize to bring home with them. The strange thing is, there doesn't seem to be any winner.

Dean Peter Frost, in discussing the issue today, alludes only scantily to disgruntled alumni and temperamental trustees. He admits that in the past the alumni were "leery" of co-ed row houses, but believes they might be more amenable this year. Reasons were not offered. He is still somewhat concerned about the town's reaction to a more widespread integration. But Frost's major reservation lies with the prospective inclusion of relatively few women among an overwhelming number of men. "When a house goes co-ed it should have a significant number of girls in it," Frost explained. Eight to ten girls, in a house of seventeen to twenty residents, would constitute a significant number.

Next September there will be two residential units ready for occupation in Mission Park. One will be the new Brooks House, the other, a dormitory designed to house overflow students from all row houses. Dean Frost envisions both as co-ed, and both with "significant numbers" of female inhabitants.

The important question is whether it would not be more valuable, accepting Dean Frost's "significant numbers" stipulation, to create an all-male Mission Park dorm, and incorporate its potential female residents among certain of the row houses. Such a plan could create a more complete co-educational pattern for the College which would bring Williams up to par with the most co-educationally progressive colleges in the nation. And at the same time, all-male/all-female residences, such as West College and what is presently Brooks House, would be available for students who prefer monosex accommodations.

Surprisingly enough, Dean Frost was extremely receptive. He indicated that such a plan could very conceivably (dean language for "I can't commit myself") be effected next semester if students were to take the initiative now. Failing the decision on the part of enough row houses to accommodate all the female Mission Park inhabitants, individual row houses might petition for eight to ten female residents, so long as the one-to-three female to male ratio, which the Dean considers desirable for any residential unit, is not upset. In other words, co-education for row houses -- the major step towards complete co-education at Williams -- can, in fact, be realized in the immediate future. The Administration is ready, but the students must take the initiative.

Why the precipitous change of heart on the part of the deans? The deans would say, there is no change of heart. It was only a matter of the right move at the right moment. But then deans will be deans.

The Interpersonal Labyrinth

By Tom Baker

Editors' Note:

Neuroses, in all shapes and sizes, by their ever-increasing encroachment into our lives and the lives of friends, have come out of the clinic and into the "real" world.

In this article Tom Baker outlines the approach of one school of thought to these problems.

Modern man is effectively left with little choice but to operate on the assumption that society is rational and sane, and to conclude that any deviation from the established norms of behavior are at least de jure irrational and something less than sane. Since he can give no rational account for his feelings of unhappiness in light of his general condition of material affluence and apparent freedom, he tries to repress these troublesome feelings. He endows his

immediate "reality" with an ontological status that supercedes his intangible emotional life and tends to overlook the possibility that his feelings may indeed represent rational responses to an irrational world, and not the reverse.

In at least a regulative sense, man derives his sense of self from his relatedness to others. Determinants of his conception of personal identity include "how he perceives and acts toward others, how they perceive and act toward him, how he perceives them as perceiving him, how they perceive him as perceiving them, etc." Technological society tends to perceive man as merely an agent of production and has absorbed him into the industrial process. This process, which R. D. Laing calls "petrification," is not without devastating effect upon the consciousness of the individual. Man

Please turn to page 3

SECRETARIES (continued)

America dominates our values and determines the nature of our government, so secretarial dominance of Williams College has left its mark on the Williams administration. The ethos which accompanies their complete supremacy is too complex for more than a cursory discussion. Above all it values convenience. No secretary wants to spend time with inconvenient people who want to change courses, delay payments of bills, bend rules, or make unusual requests. When threatened by a student, who, for example, wants to petition into a course, she brings into play a whole battery of defenses. First there is the icy, penetrating glare, which intimidates the student, and softens him up for the kill. Then there are volumes of forms, and, if that is not enough, citations of rules repeated with machine-like precision and rapidity in the face of the confused, uncomprehending student. "The rule says, 'NO.' The rule says, 'NO.' The rule says, 'NO.'"

How did the women take over Hopkins Hall? Most likely the secretarial faction discovered the new technology of the computer and exploited it as a new means to power. Many great conflicts have been decided by the implementation of new hardware by one of the combatant parties. Thus did the crossbow extend the power of medieval princes, and World War I begin with machine guns and end with tanks.

Every ruling oligarchy has a leader, an organizer who pulls the strings and keeps the underlings in line. Only after much observation and thought was I led to the discovery of the identity of Madame Number One. Nor was it until a certain incident occurred that I was convinced I had found the top hen. I was sitting in a certain office waiting to be referred to some other secretary, who was later to refer me to another, and so on, when a confrontation occurred between Numera Una and a certain political science professor. The poor professor, needless to mention, was laid waste by the woman; he stormed out in a childish fit of frustration and rage.

If this had been a new instructor, one of those with long hair and blue jeans, recently from grad school, perhaps I would not necessarily be convinced I had found Hen Number One, Czarina of All the Barnyard, as I had seen such neophytes dismissed by the newest of secretaries. However, this professor had just recently returned from a stint in the State Department, where he had been working on Asian foreign policy. This branch, the purveyor of American Vietnam policy, is the supreme bureaucracy in all the world, known widely by connoisseurs. I reasoned that anyone so experienced in such a training ground should be able to outfox all but the most clever of secretaries, and I had my man—or woman.

Regally she sits behind a large desk in the center of the room, shuffling papers like a Xerox machine. She has the power of Julius Caesar and the ruthlessness of Robespierre. But, alas, the terror which her power provokes in me prevents me from revealing her identity.

Resist them, Ephmen, before it is too late!

(The author of this letter, who is not on the ADVOCATE staff, wishes to remain anonymous, for obvious reasons.)

At The Theater:

Mark Siegel

"Tolstoy Museum": A Touch Of Sublimity

"Tolstoy Museum" is a humorous view of the emptiness and desolation of modern life presented in the framework of the "Snow White" fairy tale. "The world," says Snow White, "is a multidimensional muck with a touch of sublimity." If only the play itself were that easy to describe!

"Tolstoy Museum," as even those individuals who read newspapers only in the bathroom know by now, is directed by Steve Lawson, who also helped adapt the play from the works of Donald Barthelme. The play is a multi-media assault on the audience involving slides, films, piano music (adeptly supplied by Denny Maroney), and, at times, maddeningly suggestive dialogue. "Tolstoy Museum" is bound to elicit the entire spectrum of audience response, from high praise to four-letter Saxon epithets.

Unfortunately a major factor in that response is the viewer's familiarity with Barthelme's work. Nearly every line in the play is recognizable from one or another of his stories, and this context often seems to explain an otherwise confusing scene. While Barthelme's humor, furthermore, is often theatrical - juxtaposing dialogue and situation, for instance - it is also very literary; the piecemeal discovery of a physically

bizarre and mysterious character, or the playing off of the narrator's voice by repeating the voice in a character, are subtleties common in his work which cannot be reproduced on the stage. Many lines turn out to be merely peculiar rather than humorous as a result.

The brilliant collaboration of David Furgeson with Lawson on the set and staging, however, more than compensates for the dialogue, which has suffered from the change of medium. The success of the apparently simple, metal-framed platforms in abstracting and separating what might otherwise be a bewildering conglomeration of activity is startling. The separate-yet-connected stages hold together the separate-yet-connected mini-scenes and draws them into a bizarre panorama of life.

The acting and Lawson's direction are of exceptional quality. In a solid cast of over a dozen players, Joan Hertzberg, Gordie Clapp, George Ebright, Carin Pert and Bill Finn are outstanding. Denny Maroney, Belle Boch, Randy Livingstone, and Tom Rea also contribute excellent performances. No one is less than good and the play moves very well despite the technical difficulties involved in the staging.

SOURLBALLS(continued)

luxuriated in an alcoholic rapture all the way to Nairobi.

From Nairobi I had a seat right behind the emergency exit with no seats in front of me. Thus, if any of the 100-odd people jammed into that 707's narrow confines were going to be comfortable, well ...

Unfortunately, however, I shared an armrest with a mountaineer, a German who had just assaulted Mt. Kenya, who refused to recognize my prior ownership of that armrest. We battled from Nairobi to Athens, exchanging diplomatic comments in English and French, which we both understood, while softly swearing in those tongues we knew that other didn't know -- German, in his case; Spanish, in mine.

Then, from Athens to Paris, where we cleared customs, health, and the police. Thanks to modern air travel, therefore, I arrived in the magnificent capital of France alive, alert, in perfect humor, and ready for the new day I was about to begin at 7:30 a. m.

So when your parents' friend next clasps your shoulder with his iron grip -- kindly tell him to have another martini.

In the end, the success of "Tolstoy Museum" for the individual viewer does not depend so much on whether or not one is familiar with the "in jokes" involved, but on one's appreciation of Barthelme's particular brand of droll wit. In any event, the production is both an interesting experiment and a major theatrical work; it is well worth two hours in the AMT Thursday or Saturday night.

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Editorials:

OPENING THE DOOR TO HOPKINS HALL

The air has quite obviously been let out of the radical balloon. This semester, at least, it doesn't seem likely that the College administration will have to grapple with the political unrest that so often has a way of cropping up with the disappearance of winter. The outcome to last May's Strike and the anti-climax in its wake were all too abysmal for such a venture to be considered again, at least for awhile.

Which from the Administration's point of view must be a good thing indeed. For they have enough problems to contend with as it is; specifically, the problems inherent in growth and diversification. For the first time in its history, Williams has two large and easily distinguishable minority groups within its purview. The blacks, on the one hand, wish to remain a quasi-autonomous school within a school which, right or wrong, simply does not jive with the Williams tradition. Obviously a lot of head-scratching is in store for the men who sit in Hopkins Hall for they are dealing with an issue without precedent and consequently must be all the more cautious. Similarly, the co-ed question is unprecedented at Williams. There the Administration must find a way to bring the women close to the men—but not too close, for that too would not be in the Williams tradition. No matter how the Administration decides, in either case, there are certain individuals who are going to feel, and with reason, that their liberties have been violated. There is bound to be acrimony.

But the acrimony can be minimized. If only the College administration would open its doors on the decision-making process, its decisions would perforce appear, if not more acceptable, then at least more comprehensible. In the past two months, Hopkins has fostered a considerable amount of animosity within the black and Park Hall communities, by mere virtue of its beat-around-the-bush secrecy. It is inexcusable that in a college of 1400 the Administration resorts to closed-door policy-making (replete with Pentagonal information blackouts) not unlike that of the most complex bureaucracies. Doesn't Hopkins Hall realize that such a communication gap, in a College where rumors travel as fast as news, may very well lead to a credibility gap? And a credibility gap would simply be disastrous for a small college like Williams.

Now that the student community has evidenced its frustration with the "student movement" as it related to Federal policy, students appear to be turning inwards, to be devoting more energy to things closer to home. Consequently, if any fires are to burn this spring, it seems probable that they will be homefires. The concerns of black students, in particular, could conceivably prove incendiary especially under the aegis of spring. Hopkins Hall, then, will play its hand best by laying its cards on the table. Secrecy undoubtedly breeds mistrust, and mistrust too often breeds violence.

BROOKS' SUPERB SCULPTURE

Each February for the past twenty years, Professor Robert R. R. Brooks has created a snow statue to represent the faculty during the Winter Carnival sculpture competition. Professor Brooks' artistry has always been superb, but this year we feel he has outdone himself. His model of a ballet team, currently standing outside the Faculty House, is nothing less than masterful.

THE ADVOCATE congratulates Professor Brooks and thanks him for making a dreary, drizzly weekend a little brighter.

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REFLECTIONS

CARNIVAL WEEKEND

The Flying Burrito Brothers were just finishing their second encore number. Except for the occasional tinny clang of a beer can, we thought the country rock sound had gone over well with the crowd at the Friday night concert.

"God, they're good!"

"Yeah, what a surprise."

Ron Ross ambled up to the mike.

"Security says we're oversold, so the building's overcrowded. Well that's debatable, but if you want to smoke, you have to do it in the lobby, 'cause once you leave the building, you can't get back in."

"Boooo...!"

Half an hour later, Taj Mahal walked out onto the stage alone and began a set of blues solos. The crowd responded with loud, rhythmic clapping.

"This number involves a banjo and a tuba.... Yeah," Taj crooned.

"He's fucking cool!"

Finally the band members at the stage's sides came out.

"Where's Jesse?" queried one tipsy student.

Taj joked with a trumpet player and then turned to the audience, sweat dripping from his forehead.

"People tell me, you play two slow songs in a row, you goin' to lose your audience. I say you keep 'em."

As the music picked up again, kids started jumping into the aisles. One stood up in his front section seat, hands gyrating towards the ceiling.

"You're my brother!" he screamed.

"You're my brother!"

Coming to a fast stop, the band said thanks and left the stage. The crowd leapt up clapping and stamping the floor, crying for more. After a long pause, Taj led them back on.

"Do you feel cool?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"I can't hear you."

"Yes!"

"I can't hear you."

"Yesss!"

That was enough to get them started again, for two songs, at least. We left Chapin finally at a quarter to twelve.

"Not bad for \$2.50, not bad at all."

"Wreck a car! 25 cents a hit, just 25 cents," the hawker called to us.

An old, white Rambler American stood its ground, surrounded by a small, late morning crowd in the middle of the Frosh Quad.

"Come on, man, it's just a quarter."

Curious eyes peered out entry windows. Frustrated students mercilessly wielded a sixteen-pound sledgehammer. With each loud crash, we saw the Rambler transformed: windows, headlights, doors, even the trunk rack, lost their pristine state.

"Hey, Mark, show your date what kind of man you are!"

"Not today, I'm too tired."

A small girl from Saratoga lifted the heavy hammer slowly and, employing her entire weight, brought it down on the hood with a weak thump.

We watched the action continue past noon, but students' interest lagged. Strolling couples perused the scene. Finally someone pulled up the metal poles supporting the restraining ropes, and several crazed students went into a maddened frenzy, reminiscent of the night murder in Easy Rider. No corner of the car went untouched.

Not long after, we came back to the scene. The Quad was deserted save for one official, who was shoveling broken glass back into the car. The wreck, soon to be towed away, was a pitiful sight, alone in the dull light of a late winter's afternoon.

We gathered with the crowd sometime before eight in anticipation of the 47th annual bike race around the Frosh Quad. The more fun-loving spectators, especially the drunken Maine skiers, amused themselves by barraging Sage Hall with iceballs. The tinkle of glass broke through the lull of the crowd.

"God damn, that's the tenth one broken in Sage B."

"Hey, one kid up there just got a piece of glass in his face, right under his eye."

"What a zoo."

Several hundred people mingled around us as Bob Muller stood up on the starting table and called out the contestants in the first heat. Five bikers lined up, most with helmets and padding, but one in a cotton shirt and shorts.

"They're goin' to get killed!"

"Four laps, and you switch riders after

the second one. The first two finishers qualify for the finals," Muller bellowed as high-arching snowballs landed in the crowd about him.

At the start, the Wood-Williams D team easily pulled away and won. The blood-thirsty crowd concentrated on pelting the riders with as much ice and snow as possible. At one corner, a drunken upperclassman stood in front of a bike and hit the rider with a huge chunk of a demolished snow sculpture. The rider picked himself out of the slush and smacked the kid in the face, before returning to his vehicle.

"Fuck it, they're aiming at the face with iceballs. Do something."

Muller got back up on the table and asked the crowd to cool it with face shots.

"That's not goin' to do anything," criticized one observer. "You've got to go over there."

Muller was, however, busy pointing out the finishers. As one rider crossed the line, Muller lightly tapped him, proclaiming him second. The bike turned over and the rider hit the pavement.

In the second heat a Bascom House man carried his bicycle over the finish line in front. Spencer, however, was declared the winner.

"Get over here, you bastards," bellowed the enraged Bascom cyclist, standing by his pedal-less bike. "I'll take you all on!"

After a discussion with the college police, the student officials posted volunteers at the corners to stop the iceballs.

Before the finals, a chugging contest was scheduled, and half an hour after the turbulent conclusion of the second heat, Muller got up to officiate it. The matches moved along with somebody named Weber as the crowd's favorite. In the semi's, he was pitted against a freshman. "Web's invincible. He can down 'em in less than two seconds every time," we heard a veteran chugger testify.

An official searched for the challenger. "Where's the guy who just won?"

"This is an amateur against a pro. No contest at all," the veteran continued.

Hearing the summons, the freshman made his way through the crowd and stepped onto the table. Taking one last toke, he handed the joint down to a friend and turned to face his opponent. It was, we quickly learned, no contest, as Weber went on to sweep the finals handily.

"How does he get it all down?"

"He must have a vacuum for a stomach."

We last saw Weber carried off by a cheering crowd.

Soon afterward, the four finalists in the eight-lap championship race were ready to go. After a mild collision at the first corner, the Wood-Williams D team again pulled out in front of the pack. Fights between the more sadistic kids and those trying to restrain them broke out. One frustrated Koufax walked up to a first story window and put a large chunk of ice through it.

As the Williams D man neared the end of the fifth lap, he commanded the lead. At this point, the alternate Hopkins rider rushed out behind the other's bike and pushed it down. Springing from the wreckage, the Williams man tackled his assailant and the two rolled around in the slush. Muller hurried over to part them and disqualified Hopkins from the race.

"You fucking shithead, why'd you tackle me?" the Hopkins contestant queried.

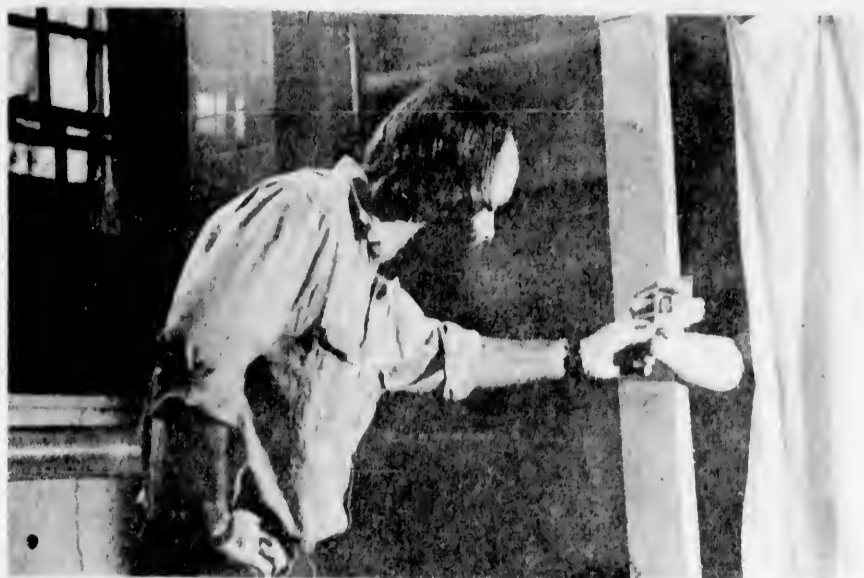
"I didn't do anything. Man, you just passed out."

"At least we made it to the finals."

In the confusion, Spencer House took the lead. One other contestant we saw running around the track madly with his bike on his shoulders. Another rider, resting in the snow before his final turn, was drenched from above with a pail of water.

On the last lap, Spencer lead by half a lap when its rider collided with the bike-bearing fanatic, a group of wandering spectators, and several airborne chunks of ice. Getting astride his machine again, the Spencer cyclist noted that, although his fender was still pointing straight ahead, his front wheel was at a 90-degree angle to it. He pushed the bike the rest of the way, broke through a mob at the finish line, and dived in ahead of the man with the bike on his shoulders. The Wood House man rode in third.

After careful thought, Muller decided that the Wood-Williams D team had ridden across first and thus were the winners.



Herman checks "Prime Time" pass of shower taker
Photo by Alex Carroll

MONEY PINCH (continued)

"I learned everything I know about economics from Professor William Gates, Jr.," Hermann told me modestly during the interview. "He taught me that the best way for the U. S. Government to tax people was to really get 'em when they're dead because everyone dies eventually. When thinking of ways to squeeze a little more money out of my freshmen, I tried to use his theory, but it just wouldn't work."

"Wouldn't work?" I asked.

"None of my freshmen have died - yet. And we only have three months to go."

"How inconvenient," I sympathized.

"These freshmen take too much for

granted. I was sure I could develop a tax structure which would decrease the use of water and give B and G a little added income at the same time. It worked so well that, uh... one thing led to another until the entry unified into one socialist unit, economizing every step of the way! We sold our clothes to needy friends out at the Fort and issued denim uniforms. We even turned off the heat and now wear cotton underwear all the time."

Mr. Welanetz and the entire Williams community owe a great deal to Bob Hermann. Hopefully the Administration will be wise enough to see the advantages of such economy programs.

LABYRINTH (continued)

comes to feel that he is in danger of losing his personal significance, i.e., his being. These strong feelings in turn generate a general condition of "ontological insecurity" and produce a state of anxiety, specifically, the apprehension of being by a threat to some value which the individual holds essential to his existence as a personality.

An analysis of the interpersonal dynamics of this process reveals that the anxiety of depersonalization is the result of a person's experience of his being experienced as an "it" by "the other." The person loses all sense of his own subjectivity and "requires constant confirmation from others of his own existence as a person." But if the person experiences the other as a free agent capable of providing this needed confirmation, the person is faced with the possibility that he may again be experienced as an object. The mere thought that such a situation might develop drains

the person of his own subjectivity, and saps the constructive potential of the encounter with the other of its vitality. Thus, the experiencing of the other as a person is seen to be not only a potential source of personal confirmation, but also a potential threat to ontological security. Sartre's analysis elucidates this point:

By the mere appearance of the Other, I am put in the position of passing judgment on myself as an object, for it is as an object that I appear to the Other. Yet this object which has appeared to the Other is not an empty image in the mind of another. Such an image in fact, would be imputable wholly to the Other and so could not "touch" me.

This condition of appearing as something more than an empty image to the other is the undeniable prerequisite for truly personal encounter.

Defensive strategy dictates that the other must be depersonalized and treated as an object as a hedge against the threat

At The Cinema: Jamie James

"TRASH": Sublime Pinnacle Of The Glorified Ordinary

In dealing with a new Warholian artifact like "Trash," currently at the College Cinema, one feels the temptation to lapse into drecky, bovine-excrement phraseology and to rave about Warhol's reductionist aesthetic, aquiver at such outrageous *ars vitae*. Yet to approach it as one would a movie is even more asinine, for any cinematic footage which is non-acted, non-directed, non-edited, and all but non-written ought at least to qualify as a non-movie. Warhol's camera is the ideal television viewer; it is utterly indifferent to what happens. Thus the standards we use to evaluate everything from Antonioni to Geritol ads on the tube, where the director exercises critical judgment, become completely useless (if they were not so beforehand). Throughout "Trash," one is constantly aware that he is watching the flickering of illuminated celluloid frames on a silver screen. We are inside Warhol's camera; we become a whirling egg in it as Andy bounces us along, letting us watch his freaky disciples screw around on the other side of the lens. Painters have known for over fifty years that they can do no more than attach colors to a two-dimensional plane, but Warhol is the first filmist I know who has finally caught on that he cannot create a two-hour subreality. That he is content letting the film expose itself without the usual moronic fuss of telling it what to do makes him infinitely more interesting and suspension-of-disbelief-worthy than Truffaut, Antonioni, Bergman, and the hordes of other film geniuses whose names any decent cinema aesthete can lovingly trip off his tongue,

who may have searing dramatic intuition, brilliant sense of design, and mind-dazzling mastery of their mechanical instrumentalities but lack the intelligence, perhaps the honesty, to accept that the camera creates the movie, not they.

Conceptual brilliance, however, even on the order of Warhol, cannot make it alone. "Trash" funnels the world of Joe Dallesandro, Holly Woodlawn, Jane Fonth, and the rest of Andy's cuddly playmates into the camera and projects it unblemished onto the screen; the film therefore, can never be more interesting than the people who walk through the frames. In this case, one could hardly be more fascinated. No matter who you are, you don't know anybody like these kinky human curios. Joe Dallesandro is incomparably flaccid as Joe. Holly Woodlawn is the most seductively icky little number in the history of the cinema, one of that handful of genuinely enchanting natural performers currently gracing the American decky-dance. The loathsome welfare worker, the Yonkers preppie, the deranged acid-freak chick-everyone in the movie is priceless.

"Trash" affected me so that I can conveniently divide my film-viewing experience into pre-"Trash" and post-"Trash." I want everyone at Williams to see "Trash" because it will make us better people. After ascending this sublime pinnacle of the glorified ordinary, we can return to middle-class mediocrity, ecstatically accepting its insanity.

CAT

On my mantle sits a green cat with purple eyes and a striped tail who, by a certain concatenation of movements, and a special juxtaposition of lineaments, causes me to disappear.

-Jon Crider

COLLEGE CINEMA

THIS WEEK:

Andy Warhol's
"Trash"

RATED X

Hours:
Sun. - Thurs.: 7:00 & 8:50
Fri. - Sat.: 7:00 & 8:50

THE HORSES

I was drunk for many years, many carriage travels, a love of opera garments, waltzes slipping glassily clear of the world.

See my ladies in waiting doorways of braided night streets in reins the geldings trip up stairways. How many hansom cabs rolling the weekends through the park know my misfits and bare feet? They identified me by my shoes. The host of white horses passes by.

The Prince's hand sparkles.

-Stephen Demoiest



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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume Two, Number Four

Thursday, March 4, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts

College Council Presidential Election

Four New Candidates Discuss Campaign Plans

Five new candidates have entered the College Council presidential race as a result of the rescheduling of elections. The number of new candidates may necessitate one or possibly two run-off elections after the general election, which will be held March.

According to College Council Representative Skip Vigorita, the student body should have a new leader by the end of Spring Vacation.

THE ADVOCATE was able to reach four of the five newly declared aspirants in an attempt to further enlighten the voting public on the men and the issues.

Phil Camp: Candidate Phil Camp explained his rationale for running; in a word, it's "the will to power." As for the C.C., he feels it should be directed towards "the problems that it's supposed to be directed to rather than spending all its time replicating its own bureaucracy." While absolutely sure that there are valid reasons for the continued existence of the C.C., and that its energy can be constructively channeled, he declined to cite any specific proposals for changing the Council.

Camp thinks the President should not do as much paper work as the Vice-President, Secretary, or Chairman of the Finance Committee; rather, he should occupy himself with answering telephone calls about what the C.C. is doing. As far as leadership is concerned, Camp believes "there is no substitute for creativity... or balls."

Camp says he is going to run an active campaign, with his slogan — "You can

trust me because I never lie and I'm always right" — to be plastered across campus. In the way of campaign promises, Phil pledges to "go to the voters." "I will go to Baxter Hall," he vows, echoing Marvin Kitman's stirring battle cry of '64. He will barnstorm with an eye of freshman especially Camp notes, "because they don't know anybody." Camp also promises to "root out corruption and support motherhood whenever I can." He hopes those who know him by his nickname, Thor, will recognize his surname on the ballot. Camp believes that enlarging the roster of candidates in the second election attempt will do much to bring out the voters.

On the issue of appropriations for the ACEC, a special interest of the candidate's, Camp observes that they made money this year and they may have much more money next year if the GUL decides not to publish. In any event, he maintains that the social activities tax should be spent on social activities and will promote better concerts if he is elected.

Bill Pinakiewicz: Bill Pinakiewicz, a two-letter man, shuffled into the Snack Bar swinging a lacrosse stick. He explained that the editorial in the RECORD, which listed various qualities needed for the job, inspired his "spontaneous" decision to run. As head of the Council, Pinakiewicz envisions himself as a "mediator with some directive force." Bill declined to elaborate upon policies which he might attempt to enact should his bid succeed. "I can't say — I don't want to say," he answered. He reasons that no one

knows what will happen. He did suggest though that he considers the major issues of the year to be housing, the traumas of freshman year, and the allocation of money. To arouse more intense interest in the Council, Bill intends to give greater publicity to the funding process. "Since no one knows what the CC does, students decide it doesn't do anything at all and that's simply not true; that's misinformation," said Pinakiewicz. He feels that the Council has a weak rapport with the rest of the College as evidenced by the 51 per cent of students who failed to vote in the first election. It has occurred to him that the non-voting majority may have attempted, by omission, to force the C.C. out of existence.

"The housing problem is a zoo and it's going to get worse," Bill noted. Mission Park, the question of a new Afro Cultural Center, and the dissemination of freshmen throughout the campus are the chief housing problems Bill hopes to solve.

In connection with housing, the Council should reexamine the freshman year in hope that those students could more easily unite with the rest of the student body.

Ron Durning: Ron Durning decided to run for College Council President after his dismay with the primary held last week. The law turnout was due in part to the decision of the College Council and the candidates to maintain low-keyed strategies, Durning states. He personally prefers the low-keyed approach, but feels it was carried to an extreme the past few weeks. He thinks the RECORD interviews were useful, but that the rest of the

campaign was poorly advertised. While not calling for the poster parade so common to many schools, Durning senses a need for better means of informing the student body of election activities. Turning to his own qualifications, he readily recognizes his political inexperience, but thinks his ability to work well with people easily offsets that handicap. The other candidates, he believes, generally are qualified but are not representative of the Williams community. He feels their common weakness to be their relative anonymity outside a small group of acquaintances. He attributes the low freshman turnout last week to that anonymity.

Clay Coyle: As an extremely active performer in the Adams Memorial Theater, Clay Coyle is hard to find. He discussed his campaign plans yesterday, between a photography session with the RECORD and a make-up job for his lead role in "Of Mice and Men." "A vote for Clay is a vote, by God!" Clay vowed. When asked to clarify that cryptic slogan, Clay replied that, simply, a vote is a vote and everything else is "bullshit." "All of the candidates' articles in the RECORD are bullshit because no one can tell exactly what his actions will be when he gets into office." Promising to do what he could with the CC, Clay said that it was "more honest" for him not to say anything than to make a lot of campaign promises. Asked what he'd do if the CC should prove unsympathetic to his leadership, Coyle replied without hesitation, "I'd disband it."

"Don Giovanni" Tonight

By Frank Smith

Editors' Note:

For those students who missed Professor Grout's lecture on Mozart's "Don Giovanni" or who saw it but have since forgotten its content, THE ADVOCATE presents this report on the event so that one is not completely lost during the performance this evening.

As I neared Currier Hall, I saw people coming from all directions to the building's main entrance. Once I got inside, the lecture hall filled quickly and people lined the walls. Some found chairs in the adjacent classroom and pulled them toward the open door of the lecture hall.

Donald J. Grout, emeritus professor of music at Cornell University, appeared as a tall, greyed, stolid, self-assured man. His voice and style, more reminiscent of Howard K. Smith than of David Brinkley, enhanced my enjoyment of the lecture.

Mr. Grout first spoke of the great success which Mozart's opera, "Don Giovanni," had had during its first performances in Venice in 1788. The widely acclaimed opera appeared fifteen times that year. In the years that followed, there were some 500 performances of "Don Giovanni" in Prague, 491 in Berlin, and 472 in Vienna.

In order to enjoy an opera, Mr. Grout said one has to have some idea of what is happening on the stage. The general theme of the opera dates back to the 14th century. In the original version, Don Giovanni is a ruthless, usually inebriated peasant, who meets a skull while walking down the street one evening. He picks it up and invites it to dine with him. The skull replies affirmatively. Well aware that this is not customary behavior in skulls, he drops it and flies home in utmost haste. Later, Don hears a knock at the door, and a skeleton walks into his house to dine with him. Seeing that Don had lost both his appetite and color, the skeleton asks him to come to his own castle to dine with him there. Giovanni agrees since he isn't quite sure of what comes of refusing an invitation to dine with a skeleton, and besides, people just don't get offers like that every day. The

skeleton informs Don that this ordeal was to punish him for insulting the dead. Giovanni returns home, repents, and lives a holy life forever more.

Invitations to dinner and the theme of repentance flourish in many of these old tales. But gradually, the religious undertones were dropped from the theme, and the story became more humorous. The Spanish counterpart of this story is Don Juan Tenorio, written in 1630. In this version, a statue takes the place of the skeleton, and Don Juan's social status is somewhat higher. For further enjoyment of both the protagonist and the audience, Don Juan delights in the seduction of as many women as possible. By Mozart's era, Don Giovanni was indeed a romantic hero.

Mr. Grout gave a brief outline of the plot of Mozart's opera. In the first scene, Leporello, Giovanni's servant, keeps watch outside the house of the Commendator. Don Giovanni is inside, doing his best to seduce Dona Anna with his abundant talents and years of experience. They run from the house, Anna screaming for help as she tries to unmask him. Her father, the Commendator, appears, struggles with Giovanni, and falls dead. Giovanni escapes with Leporello. Anna returns with her lover Ottavio and makes him swear to avenge the death of her father. At this point, Giovanni hears a woman sobbing; she seems to have been deserted by her faithless lover. He approaches Elvira to console her but stops short upon recognizing her—he had been the deserting lover himself.

Giovanni, in the next scene, comes upon a pre-marriage festival. He has Leporello take the bridegroom, Masetto, to his own house, and then tries to convince the bride Zerlina to marry him. Every girl, to be sure, is fair game for Don Giovanni. But then Elvira comes spouting various degradations and ruins his plans. Not knowing that Giovanni is the murderer being sought, Anna and Ottavio enter and ask for his help in obtaining vengeance. Then, just before he exits, Anna realizes from Giovanni's voice inflection that he is the murderer. She tells Ottavio, who can hardly believe it, and asks him to take vengeance.

Please turn to page 3



Photography Review:

Art 307 Exhibition

By David C. Johnson

An exhibition of student photography is currently on display on the second floor of Lawrence Hall. The sixty photographs in the show represent the semester's work of fourteen Williams students who joined with Art Professor Bill Pierson last fall in the debut of his Creative Photography Course, Art 307.

Although Professor Pierson designed the course for the student with a previous background in camera and darkroom fundamentals, the class started from scratch, reviewing the basic technical aspects of photography — optics and chemistry. The students were introduced to different cameras, lenses, and films, as well as to the darkroom equipment and procedures that would bring the latent film images to life. For a final project, each student had to prepare and present a portfolio, ranging from six to twelve photographs, of his best work. This show presents the best photographs from each student's portfolio.

Technically and artistically, the quality of these photographs is a bit disappointing, coming from a group of students

who supposedly have had some previous photographic experience. The show suffers from a lack of originality in subject matter. Too many photographers became trapped by stock treatments of nature themes, and as a result, their photographs fail to establish an expressive photographer-to-subject relationship. Only one student, Gail Hemphill, sought to capture the essence of a relationship with another human being. Her pictures of the little girl convey that sense of personal involvement on the part of the photographer that is so essential to the success of a photograph. This attitude is far more difficult to establish when the photographer deals only with inanimate objects.

The quality of the exhibition prints, viewed now only as the technical by-products of good (or bad) darkroom wizardry, similarly was not of a consistently high standard. A good photograph owes its success as much to

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THE ADVOCATE PAGE FOUR
LABYRINTH (continued)

Instead the ontologically insecure person becomes dependent on the other for his very sense of self and fears the other may overwhelm him. In an effort to avoid this negation of his identity, the person attempts to isolate himself from the influence of the other. This isolation is truly psychological in character, and in advanced forms the behaviour of the isolated individual may be virtually indistinguishable from that of a "normal" person. This isolation is accomplished through the development of what Laing calls a "false-self system" which amounts to the cultivation of a schism between the body together with its observable activities and the self. The body is felt to be the center of a false self which conforms to the expectations of others. The true self is experienced as a detached observer, not directly involved in the actions of the body. The true self is, therefore, invisible to the other, and the person is in some measure assured that his autonomy cannot be threatened by interaction with others.

But the true self, as a result of its isolation, loses its vitality and the individual begins to feel empty. The self longs to participate in the world, but such participation is felt to be impossible without entailing a loss of the protective barrier which the false-self system affords. The self depends on its remoteness in order to insure its existence, but

ironically it is by virtue of this remoteness that the self begins to experience itself as no-thing. The individual, however, usually prefers to experience himself as a vacuum rather than lose the feeling that he exists at all.

The true self does not feel itself to have any objective existence. The actions of the false self are experienced as totally alien from the true self. As stated, the false self tends to conform to the exigencies of society; i.e. it behaves the way it is expected to behave. The true self despises the characteristics of the false self; yet mixed with this hatred is fear. The assumption of a false identity is experienced as a threat to the true identity. The self must therefore isolate itself still further from the false-self system, and in effect assign it an ontological status no different from that of the already-depersonalized other. As a result of this further split, man begins to experience what are literally "his own" actions as unreal and thoroughly alien. They are no longer "his own" actions in any sense meaningful for him.

This dissociation of oneself from the reality of his own actions is illustrated by Camus' *The Stranger*. The protagonist attends his mother's funeral, makes love to a woman and even kills a man - all without a sense that he is really involved in his actions.

It is entirely likely that every man participates in some measure in a false-self system. In extreme cases, the true

We Define Our Position, vis-avis the Russians, on the Question of Capability

My rocket's bigger'n yer rocket
oh no it ain't
oh yes it is
says who
says me
yeah you'n who else
says me'n nobody else
prove it
()
So what I can get mine up
faster'n you can
no you can't
you bet I can
you ain't even got nothin ta shoot off
do too
do not
do so
just that ol measly little thing
good as yours
is not
is too
is not
is so
prove it
()

-Jon Crider

self feels itself to be imprisoned by the false self from which there is no escape. Anxiety reappears in a more intense form than before. The unreality of perceptions and the meaninglessness

of actions contribute to the feeling that the self is dead, infused with nothingness. Every interaction with reality appears as a supreme threat to this very vulnerable self and the only solution is a total retreat into the inner world which is commonly called madness.

Madness becomes intelligible when viewed as a means of escape from a socially untenable position. Given our contemporary societal conditions, where reality is ambiguous and filled with absurd contradictions, a retreat to a new level of reality (i.e., schizophrenia) may be the first step in recovering some semblance of sanity. Reality is seen as sane solely on the ground of popular approval; in actuality, what we call 'normal' is a product of repression, denial, splitting, projection, introjection, and other forms of destructive action on experience. This "normality" is radically estranged from the pure structure of being.

REFLECTIONS (continued)

"I've never seen so many zapped-out people before. Where did they all come from? They were nuts," our neighbor offered for his judgment.

"Jesus, I can't wait to see next year's race."

"What a zoo!"

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* Kickapoo it's "smooth"

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* As defined in Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, published by the Century Company in 1889.

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Editorial:

Music To Our Ears

Tonight live opera comes to Williamstown. A week ago the Williams Trio in conjunction with the Berkshire Symphony gave an excellent performance of Beethoven's Triple Concerto. A week from this coming Sunday the Williams and Mt. Holyoke choral groups will present Verdi's Four Sacred Pieces. Verdi has not been done in live performance at Williams for a decade.

The Music Department, although one of the College's smaller departments, seems to have exploded with activity recently. Along with the Music in the Round and Griffin Hall concert series, isolated Williamstown has fairly diverse cultural opportunities in music -- which is not to say the Theater and museums have neglected their cultural responsibilities. But at the moment Mozart has the spotlight.

THE ADVOCATE thanks the Music Department for its generously expended energy and the College for providing the funds to keep Williams out of a musical wasteland.

LETTER

Rauh Clarifies CES Controversy

To the Editors:

Over the past two weeks, if one has listened religiously to the college radio station, he has probably heard a new program on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at ten o'clock called the "Environmental Forum." Its first three installments concerned themselves with the future of the Center for Environmental Studies, which the Administration and the CES Advisory Committee, headed by Mr. Roger Bolton, are currently deciding. Through Mr. Bolton's appearance on the February 23rd show and a discussion of those negotiations, I hoped to clarify the future of the Center. The interview was unsuccessful, and I question whether the facts of the controversy have been candidly placed before the college community. With some reluctance, I take up the pen and abandon the microphone -- which doesn't speak well for the success of "Environmental Forum," but I am determined that these issues finally be clarified.

The negotiations are focused on two questions: autonomy and out-reach. The Center wants to be independent of departments so that its staff may have flexibility in course offerings, both within established disciplines and in interdisciplinary fields. If a professor must answer ultimately to a department, he feels the pressure to preserve the purity of his discipline and thus to shun an integrated approach. This is not the case at present. Professors in the Center have deemphasized their departmental affiliations to permit a full-time commitment to the Center. Their approach to courses has been innovative and interdisciplinary. The Administration and the CES Advisory Committee, however, apparently want to change this, so that environmental studies professors are responsible first to their departments and then to the Center. This, therefore, is the first issue: the autonomy of the Center. If present trends reach fruition, the independence of professors in the Center is in danger.

The new proposals are not an insidious plot to weaken the Center, as some

people, notably students in the coordinate major, are contending. Excellent arguments do exist in favor of this change. Closer ties with departments, for example, will insure that the program cannot be lopped off whole at some later date if student interest declines. But these arguments do not alter the basic change presently being contemplated in the philosophy of the Center and in its freedom to determine its own approach.

The second issue is that of out-reach. This phrase, although difficult to define clearly, describes those programs initiated by students or professors which study or influence the affairs of the community. I say "study or influence" because I believe this is where the disagreement lies. On "Environmental Forum," Mr. Bolton described a rich future for traditional out-reach programs like research. But the line between getting the facts and using them to influence policy -- even indirectly by publicizing them -- is fine indeed. Students have already expressed interest in doing Nader-style research to spur environmental reform. Faculty members, whose positions are considerably more fragile, might want to pursue projects which tend to upset certain community groups. Given these situations -- and they are far from imaginary -- what will the Administration do?

I asked Mr. Bolton about certain controversial programs which have already been squelched by the College. He denied that any such examples exist and tried to minimize their importance for the future. The College remains, however, extremely concerned about maintaining smooth relations with the community and will make every effort to protect that relationship. The Administration clearly is seeking a greater voice in out-reach programs in order to prevent the advent of indelicate situations. The Center does not want the heavy hand of the Administration influencing its out-reach programs. The College, however, may insist.

Sincerely,

Thomas R. Rauh

REFLECTIONS

COMPET MEETING

"Are you fed up with the ego-writing of Norman Mailer and William F. Buckley Sr.?" We decided to attend the Record compet meeting, even though we had never considered William F. Buckley Sr. an ogotist. As a matter of fact, we felt rather ignorant because we had never read anything by William F. Buckley Sr.

Once at the meeting, we were overwhelmed that there were fewer persons at this Record meeting, the second in two weeks, than there had been at the recent ADVOCATE meeting. We considered this a rather dubious distinction; nevertheless, it was quite an achievement, since, it seems that there were fewer persons at the meeting the previous week. We further learned that our humble presence doubled the attendance of the second meeting, which is to say that there were twice as many people interested in the Record this week than there were the preceding week. After careful mathematical computations we broke it down to two interested persons at the second meeting, and one interested person the preceding week. We were not quite sure, but it appeared that the person who came to the first compet meeting also came to the second compet meeting, and was counted twice.

Being confused by large numbers, we turned our attention to the man at the head table. "Bullwhip" Buck quickly impressed us with his authoritarian manner. He made it quite clear that the Record's journalistic standard, was no laughing matter. "We'll take just about anything," he barked at a prospective reporter (the one who messed up the intricate computations by going to both meetings). Bullwhip further informed us of the Record's infamous business practices--deficit spending. Rookies as we were, this impressed the hell out of us.

We were also taken in by the feeling of esprit de corps (if three is a "corps") generated by partaking in the advertised refreshments, vintage Spanada. With the taste of some obviously diseased foot still in our mouth, we agreed to join the Record; what else could we do?

FIGHT

Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier will sock it to 'em this week in the heavyweight championship of the world prize fight. We set out to measure campus interest in the noble sport and to judge the reaction to Clay's Nixon-like comeback.

In Stetson Hall our first subject, rummaging through the card catalogue in his black-and-red-checked, lumberman's jacket, said, "I don't know -- it was a pretty good fight, but then I only saw part of it."

Figuring that other library inhabitants might be equally well informed, we diverted our attention to the denizens of Baxter Hall. In the Snack Bar four freshmen sat at a table working on their ham (or was it corned beef?) sandwiches. We first posed our question to a guy with wire-rims and a purple Williams T-shirt. "Clay is going to win in the seventh," he vowed.

"No way. No way a Philadelphia boy loses a fight," his entrymate in black-framed glasses sitting across the table countered.

"What do you think about the Clay-Frazier fight?" we asked the other two.

"Frazier's got it in the bag."

"No, Clay's got it in the bag."

"I could say something about capitalism, but..."

"Yeah, five million dollars for a prize fight. My God!"

"Actually, what they're going to do is go out in the middle of the ring, shake hands, and say 'Fake out on you, Whitey,' and go collect their money."

"Did you see the commercial for Vitalis on the fight? It has Clay shouting at Frazier on the phone, saying something like 'And when I'm finished with you, you're going to need Vitalis!' or something equally ridiculous."

Some aristocratic looking students also in the Snack Bar had different opinions.

"It has no relevance on my life at all," one observed.

"I think it's a heathen, barbaric sport," another offered.

"I think Clay got really screwed with that draft thing. That shouldn't have anything to do with boxing. I think they ought to let athletes and famous people like me be exempt anyway. Let the poor fight."

We next wandered over to the Freshman Quad.

"It's unbelievable! They were both born on the same day and the same year, three hours apart. Clay at 6:30 and Frazier at 9:30, or maybe the other way around, I forget which." The knowledgeable fan was Tony Boskovitch of Sage Hall.

His roommate walked in. "What do you think about the Ali-Frazier fight?" we asked.

"Fraser Darling?"

"No, not Fraser Darling. Joe Frazier."

"Astrologers say Frazier will win,"

Tony went on. "Both are in Capricorn, with Leo ascending, but there is something that says Frazier will win. I say, however, that Clay will win."

"Why?" we asked.

"Because Clay has never lost a fight."

"Frazier hasn't either."

"Any fighter who can call his punch like Clay can is definitely the best."

Please turn to page 3



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GIOVANNI (continued)

In the garden in front of Giovanni's house, Zerlina appears with Masetto. When Don enters, Masetto suspiciously retreats into a nearby arbor to hide. Giovanni, his luck giving out on him, invites Zerlina into the same arbor. With the quick wit which every great lover needs, he hastens to invite them both to a party in his house. Later that evening, he also invites Ottavio, Anna, and Elvira, who are all masked. At the party, Zerlina screams while Giovanni tries to accuse Leporello of being the offender, but Ottavio unmasks himself and threatens Giovanni with a pistol. The audience thus is in suspense at the end of the first act.

The second act opens in front of Elvira's house. Giovanni, who has chosen Elvira's maid for his next conquest, exchanges cloaks with Leporello. He then calls Elvira asking her to come down, lets Leporello lure her away from the house, and thus is free to serenade the maid. With such bad luck, one cannot afford to be particular. But an armed group of people, searching for him, interrupts Don's amorous adventures. He passes for Leporello and sends everyone in different directions to search for Giovanni except Masetto, whom he promptly disarms and beats up.

Then Leporello himself appears, reveals his identity, confuses everyone, and escapes. In a gallant oration, Ottavio then declares that it is Giovanni who has murdered the Commendator, and instead of searching for the villain himself, swiftly runs off to tell the police.

In the next scene, Giovanni meets Leporello in a cemetery in front of the Commendator's grave, on which there is an equestrian statue of the dead man. Giovanni laughs about the story of his adventures with Elvira and trembles when the statue warns him of his imminent death. He tells Leporello to invite the statue to dinner and then repeats the invitation himself. The statue nods and says "Yes."

The final scene is Don Giovanni's house. At supper, Elvira asks him one last time to repent. The statue enters as Leporello hides under the table in fright and grabs Don Giovanni to carry him off to Hell. The others enter to hear Leporello tell what has happened and then make plans for their own future. The opera concludes with three lines of moral sung to the audience.

What Life Magazine has dubbed "the greatest opera ever written" will be performed tonight at 8:30 in Chapin Hall.

REFLECTIONS (continued)

"Call his punch?"

"In the fight against Chevalo, Clay wrote a little poem. I forget how it went, but something like 'On September 23, Chevalo will go down in Round Number Three.'"

"That has a certain ring to it," we observed.

"What he did was not touch him in the first two rounds, then in the third round, he knocked him cold."

As we walked into the American Legion front room, two young pool players and one onlooker fiddled with cues at the pool table. We said we'd like their opinions on the championship fight coming up soon.

While the others suspiciously eyed our long hair, the one leaning against the wall spoke up. "I think Clay will win. A TKO in the tenth round."

"No, Frazier's got it down," a crony disagreed.

TO a DARDAN WOMAN

When in time you wear me in your womb
It will not be from a change in style
Or a wish to try on someone new
In the fading of your wide eyed bloom

When one night you tuck me into you
I will not be as a sleepy child
Floating out into the dream dark sea
On a driftwood log with my salt crew

When at last you quench your thirst with me
A double draft drunk in the hot wild
Night fevered air of a rented room
Seared with neon is what it will be.

—Jon Crider

Half Turn

Whether the traveller effects
his return and one's pilgrimage to bleeding
rejoices these infants dismembered in holes
will not disclaim the absence of teeth
not the negro not
alligator motifs not the wheels
not coiling skin not
windows of ivory and no windows
will plague the puzzles his hands
rumored the lone horseman
at gates
has assumed the death howl of tourists.

—Jamie James



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At The Cinema: James Grubb

"There's A Girl In My Soup": Humble And Witty

In blessed opposition to the murkiness of Bronfman cinema offerings stands the valiant College Cinema, now in its second month of an epic porn-froth-porn cycle. "The Owl and the Pussycat," "Trash," and "There's a Girl in My Soup," the three latest, have appealed to numerous of our less than metaphysical instincts, but then again, a flick is a flick, not a film. (At Williams College the difference between a flick and a film is the presence of the holy troika of Samuels, Carlson, and Don Ron Ross.) Stars like Barbra Streisand, Holly Woodlawn, and Goldie Hawn make no demands on our brains, just our bodies and our instincts. A reviewer should never face them with standards accorded the likes of Liv Ullman or Guillelta Massima; our heroines of popcorn and release couldn't survive the second paragraph.

So technically "There's a Girl in My Soup" ranks with the greatest hits of Marlo Thomas and Annette Funicello. The plot combines the complexity of Lucille Ball with the pathos of "Old Yeller" (in which the dog gets killed. Here Goldie Hawn survives — sort of).

Who cares? Intellectually the work inspires only the sarcasm of tepid cynics, but the flick's humor and light beauty remove it from any claim to loftiness, down to the level of a fresh-tasting bit of fun. The clean kind, no less: occasional shots of pubescent fluff (Miss Hawn) mixing it with a randy bon vivant (Peter Sellers) barely eke out an "R" rating. The soup, in this case, is slightly chilled vichyssoise, and could hardly heat up Mae West.

First comes Peter Sellers, cast in Middle America's mold of the jet-setter whose life is incomplete. He is well-equipped for the role: professional gourmet, author, and TV personality, the kind you love to fawn over. He has a fab pad brimming over with innumerable switches operating a lush laboratory of seduction. Yet best of all, Sellers is suave and debonair, cool and arrogant. He picks off birds the way we pick off flies: with ease and boredom.

Luckily for the movie he is no Superman. Actually Our Man Flint had better gadgets (could anybody ever top 115 functions in one cigarette lighter?). James Bond's propositions, which were just as subtle,

were far less banal and grabbed much better girls.

Fine. The image is trite — we know too well the wolfish Dracula chuckle as the effete connoisseur contemplates another choice bit of flank steak. The movie gets good about the time when scriptwriter Terence Frisby abandons his heavy lampoons on the British jackass: lots of teeth and lots of Old School haw-haw. English coldness and reserve, mixed with secret lewd desires, are over abundant.

Instead, Sellers meets the frank American tramp, who strips him of his stereotypes. He then appears to be, emotionally horny at heart and unquestionably a human figure. For the first time in his last five years of horrible movies, Sellers reveals himself as more than a cliché.

One freed of the straightjacket of his typed roles, he is charming. Frisby develops him well, allowing him just enough aloofness so that the splendid satires develop naturally and often brilliantly.

His lack of affection is countered by a domestic version of Women's Lib — Goldie Hawn — whose brash American normalcy punctures Sellers' arrogance. Unfortunately, however, Miss Hawn never emerges as much more than a bouncy, mad, and shrewd mistress. Her decisions are often inexplicable and her priorities are beyond guessing. But as critic K. Robert Fisher notes, "She's got moxie."

Together they often rise to the level of unabashed fun. Light and unpretentious, the pair is free from inner meanings and deadly overtones. The dialogue generally supports them well, filled with good one-liners that skirt the bounds of naughtiness.

The insecurity of the Beautiful People, the boredom and coarseness of the freaks, and the loneliness of spirited girls are a few of the movie's themes, intruding only lightly into the quick pace. "There's a Girl in My Soup" tells us nothing we couldn't learn from Harold Robbins or Jacqueline Susann. But the consistently high level of the humor and the few really good scenes (such as the drunken Goldie in a Gothic, gloomy wine cave) raise it above the level of the hacks. This flick never tries to be great art or even mild art, just humble and witty. In that, it is very successful.

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Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume Two, Number Five

Friday, March 12, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Hammond '71 Sues Travel Chief Thom Wood

Investigation Finds Grievances Abundant Among Both Employees And Patrons

By John Ramsbottom

Gary Hammond, a senior in Fort Hoosac House, has brought suit against senior Thom Wood, director of the Williams Travel Bureau in connection with his passage on a charter flight booked for him by the Bureau. Wood commented, "Gary Hammond is dissatisfied with some travel arrangements we made for him last summer." Hammond declined to elaborate upon his difficulties, fearing that he might jeopardize his legal status in so doing. But he did reveal that the amount of money involved is \$120. His case will be heard on March 18 in District Court.

* * *

The Williams Travel Bureau is operated by a small, closely-knit, inconspicuous group of students. The freshman competitor attrition rate is high: of the original ten initiates this year only two remain. Although the Bureau advertises heavily, few students, except those who have used its services, seem to be familiar with its operation.

With the help of the Travel Bureau, students can go to Europe through student charter organizations such as the American Union of Students (AUS) and North American Student Incorporated (NASI). The Bureau is authorized to sell memberships to AUS; members then are eligible for group charter flights at reduced rates, provided they have met certain other federal regulations. (These rules stipulate that the prospective traveller must have been a member of a club whose stated raison d'être is other than cut-rate travel for a period of six months prior to application for a flight.) I contacted several Williams students who went to Europe last summer through AUS. Their responses to my questions were rather acrid.

One Junior said, "The problem with AUS? It's the most disorganized organization in the world. They seem to

have absolutely no sense of responsibility to their customers, nor any desire to give them a fair deal. Getting to Europe was one of the most frustrating experiences I've ever had. You've heard of flights being delayed several hours, right? Well, how about four days? First they made us stand in line on a New York City street while they got our papers in order, and then, finally, they announced that we weren't going anywhere. Sure, they put us up in a Grade B hotel, but I don't think they were paying for it. Rumor had it Swissair was. Swissair was. God knows what would have happened if Swissair hadn't been involved in the botchup. There were people from all over waiting for that flight. But you know, I was one of the lucky ones. My delay was only four days. There was one guy from Philadelphia who was supposed to go to Israel a week and a half before. They kept calling him up and saying, 'Your flight is leaving tomorrow. Get to New York right away.' So he'd scurry to New York. And then they'd tell him, 'No, no, there's been some mistake. You may as well go home.' So he'd go home. Then he'd get the same phone call and the whole thing would start again. This happened three times.

"The four days in New York weren't all that bad, except that everything was so uncertain. Nobody had any information other than that we'd probably be leaving on the such and such, but by this time we learned that you couldn't believe AUS. Most of their underlings were decent to us, but they were almost as uninformed as we were. Though there was one guy there who really got to people. I remember when we were waiting on line back at their store front office there was somebody who hadn't filed up against the wall as we were told to; he couldn't because there were suitcases in the way. So along comes this kid and ways 'I thought I told you to get back along the wall.' 'How can I,' the passenger answers. 'Look, don't talk back to me, just do what I tell you,' the kid said and hurled the passenger against the wall. That's not what I call aiming to please.

"Anyway, the worst part about it was the actual take-off. They finally got us out to the airport for a 1:00 A.M. flight. Well, 1:00 A.M. came, then 3:00 A.M., then 5:00 A.M. No flight, no word. Finally at 5:30, four New York City buses, the old kind, rolled up in front of the North Passenger Terminal. We were ushered in and told we were going to Hartford.

"It was the most uncomfortable ride I'd ever taken. Riding one of those things from 42nd Street to 86th Street is bad enough. But to Hartford? At Hartford, the plane was waiting. At least we had proof of its existence. We had expected

she was familiar with AUS. The next day I went down to their office again. This time AUS was in. And so were 150 livid travelers, pushing and elbowing their way to the front. Finally this cat-like girl, seemingly oblivious to everyone's frustration appeared at the door and said something like, 'Fuck all you people. Will you just shut up? You don't know what we've been going through for you. Now you're all going home sooner or later so will you just settle yourselves?'

"I was lucky. I was number five in line and was placed on a Finnair ('What's Finnair?') flight the next day -- from Amsterdam.

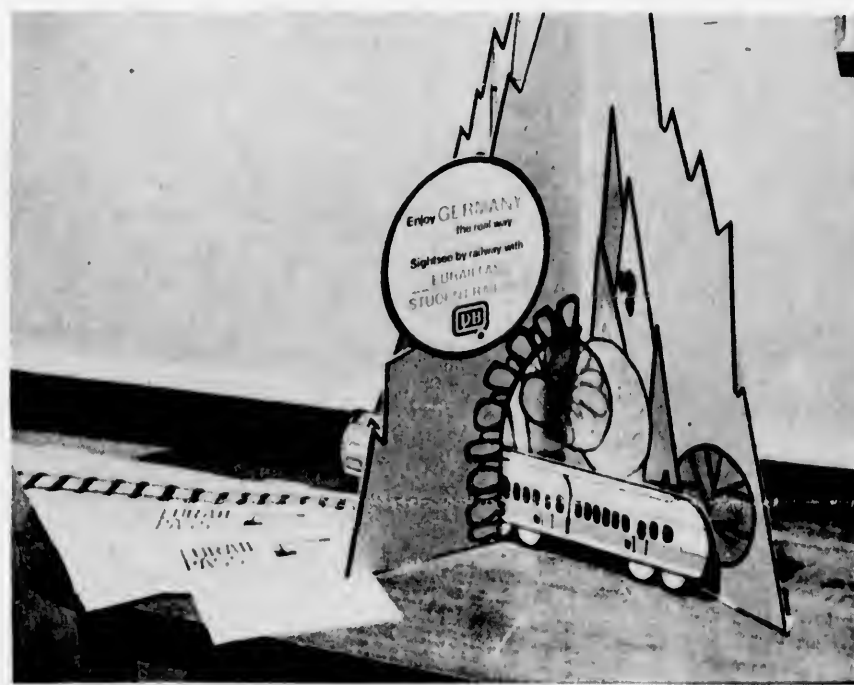


PHOTO BY JAY PRENDERGAST

the whole thing was a hoax. I'm not kidding. We really did. But we couldn't take off because the pilots needed sleep for one thing, and for another, one of the two buses had gotten lost or broken down along the way, and nobody knew where it was or when it was planning to arrive. Three hours later, it showed up. Oh yes, we weren't sure if we were going to Amsterdam, as originally planned, or to London. London was finally decided upon. But that's all right. They're only three countries apart.

My trip back was equally incredible. In New York they told me to phone AUS at any of four cities on a certain day. I was in Brussels on that day, so I went into the large cluttered office which ostensibly housed AUS. I asked one of the desk-clerks: 'AUS. Est-il ici?' He looked at me. 'AUS?' I repeated. 'L'union des étudiants américains?' 'Quoi?' he said. Finally he brought over someone who spoke English. He too had never heard of AUS. I left, convinced I'd never get back home, and went to Amsterdam.

"In Amsterdam I was informed that the flight would be delayed several days. Inasmuch as I had three courses to finish up, I became panicky. So I went to see the Amsterdam representative of AUS, who turned out to be Thom Wood. 'I have no say or influence,' he repeated to every one who asked his assistance. Finally I called London and they informed me that I'd have a reasonably good chance of leaving early if I went to London immediately. Fortunately, I had some money in reserve. A lot of people didn't. Anyway, in London, AUS was closed. There was a mob of people outside the door who wanted desperately to learn something of their status: just approximately when they'd be leaving. But the offices were closed. Nobody knew where anyone could be reached, or when they'd be coming back. There was one sixty-year-old lady with a strange accent who reverted back and forth between French and English. She was with some other organization and really tried to help. She knew our trouble;

"But I don't want to go to Amsterdam. I've just come from Amsterdam." "When were you born?" "November 5, 1950."

"You're leaving from Amsterdam." "I didn't question them. They were paying for the flight to Holland. So I just went along, quietly fuming.

"We arrived at the airport in plenty of time for the Finnair flight. But then it happened. Word got around that we weren't really on the flight after all, just on stand-by. At last, eleven of the forty-five of us were chosen for the flight. I was one of them, and I marched happily into the passage area. I finally made it. I don't know how many of us actually did get on that flight. I think most of us did. There has to be an ending to this story, though. When I arrived in New York, I was told that all my bags were left in Amsterdam, but not to worry, I'd get them soon."

* * *

Scott Cooper and Jock Howland, who were on the same flight, recounted much the same story. "The Williams Travel Bureau for me is forever tainted," said Cooper with controlled understatement. "Until two days before the flight, I didn't even have any tickets. I had called AUS from Philadelphia every day for two weeks." Cooper finally went to New York City and picked up his tickets but also had to wait four days. He had originally intended, fortunately, to go to London so when the destination of the flight was changed the second time, his plans were not completely disrupted. He and Jock were in Greece when they attempted to find out the departure date. "We walked into the AUS office in Athens and asked the old lady, 'What have you heard about our flight?' you know? 'Don't ask me,' she said, 'they don't tell me anything.'" So they returned to Amsterdam, where they encountered "the illustrious AUS representative," who was "a real asshole," about their arrangements. On the basis of whatever information they

Please turn to page 4

Saints And Sinners

BARBER SHOP HARMONY: A Story For Our Time

By Bob Kaus

Once upon a time, in a sleepy little hamlet in New England, there lived a barber named St. Pierre. His barbershop, appropriately enough, was called St. Pierre's. Now St. Pierre's, in the tradition of all the good barber-surgeon emporiums of the countryside, decided that it should have itself a symbol in front of its place of business - something which would attract people and bring it lots of hair and money. So without much fanfare, these happy-go-lucky fellows innocently affixed a rather small red and white pole to the side of their shop. (In fact, it wasn't even a whole pole, but just a part.) "Ha-ha," they thought, "now we have the mark of distinction." And the place proceeded to draw people by the headfuls.

But wait, more is yet to come!

It seems that in this sleepy little hamlet there are several little rules to keep people doing what is right and to prevent them from doing what is wrong. So one day, while the men at St. Pierre's tonorial parlor performed their functions, a messenger of the law came to tell them that they had done a Royal No-No. Apparently it was a bad thing in this town to have a pole stuck to the side of your building without permission. "If you want to do this, you must get a permit, which costs one dollar," said the messenger. Now, assuredly, this is not a hefty sum for a thriving business operation to contribute. St. Pierre's, however, was not to be put down so easily

as that. As one of the barbers said, "It's a question of whether I need a permit or not. . . I read the rule one way and they another. . . but I've said too much already. . . My lawyer told me to shut my mouth until next Friday." So they decided to shut their mouths and take it to court.

Now a lawyer, it seems, is someone whom you hire to convince someone else that you're right because, even though it's your pole, he knows more about it. And a court is a place where there are more people who know more than either you or your lawyer and are supposed to decide who is right and who is wrong and whether your pole should cost a dollar or not. These are the people whom the lawyer has to convince that your pole is fine the way it is. This is law.

So, wanting only to do what is right, St. Pierre's got itself a lawyer and went off to court. But, alas, still no decision appeared. It seems the evidence had to be filed, and after much debate, the results are still awaited.

So St. Pierre has taken down his pole -- the symbol of his profession -- for the time being leaving only a simple bare wooden board in its place. Despite it all, the loyal barber surgeons are continuing on while waiting and hoping.

MORAL: You'd better make sure you get a permit before you try to stick up your pole.

You Are What You Eat

By Paul Stekler

The Wednesday night meeting in Greylock's Make-Peace room was for those people interested in helping establish a natural foods co-op for the college community and the town. By a quarter to ten, there were almost forty students sitting around on the couches, chairs and floor. In this atmosphere of complete informality, a bearded John Seakwood rose with a large sack and began to throw its contents indiscriminately about. The "sewing" of these health food candy bars, some of crushed sesame seeds and honey and others of halvah, signalled a start.

Seakwood said that there was a large demand for natural foods in our area.

While Cold Mountain Foods of the last semester had never failed financially, Mother's Image had, so they had lost their location. It was impossible to operate on campus because of the college's tax status, so the plan was to rent the Dugout's entire basement. For this to come about, the founders, Bruce Brigham, John Appleyard and Seakwood, needed a lot of capital and some help in the operation of the co-op. Each co-op member would pay ten dollars. This entitled them to a slight discount in food prices. The member's money and time would be a gift for the community in order to get the foods the people want and need.

Several questions came up later. In the matter of finding kitchens to use, one must get in touch with Dean Frost. A probability exists that Seeley House's kitchen and some others would be made available. The idea of rebates for people planning to live on the natural foods was discussed and the people were again referred to Dean Frost.

Soon the meeting had broken up into small groups and private conversations. Walking out, I heard that there would be further meetings and that anyone interested in joining the co-op should just contact Seakwood, Brigham or Appleyard. It seemed like something worth getting into. Like they say, you are what you eat.

COLLEGE CINEMA

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PHOTOGRAPHY (continued)

the visual impact of its black and white surface as it does to its subject matter. In this show, a washed-out or overworked print too often nullified a good visual idea. Rick Beinecke's photographs exhibit the best overall print quality in the show. He has taken advantage of the tremendous range of black and white tones that today's enlarging papers are capable of producing, creating rich visual images. His range of tones stretches from pure white to deep black in subtle gradations and combinations.

The positive aspects of this exhibition, however, outweigh my criticism of the show on technical or artistic grounds. We are not dealing, after all, with professional photographers. What is most important, and to me, most satisfying

about this show is that distinct personalities begin to emerge from the photographs on the wall. Jim Tam expresses the sensuous tactile possibilities of surface textures. Barry Korobkin understands people in relation to their environments. Tom Jones strives to capture the rhythm and intensity of the dance. David Smith finds humor in his trip to the zoo.

These photographs are not just snapshots. They represent each photographer's attempt to identify with some facet of the world around him and to project these feelings (or lack of them) as a visual image. Photography can and does provide the opportunity for the personal statement. Like any valid art

form, it offers an expressive outlet. In this sense, I think the exhibition in Lawrence Hall has something to offer anyone who cares to devote fifteen or twenty minutes of his time to look at it.

If you are an experienced hand with a camera, and used to the inspirations of Steichen, Eliot Porter, or Cartier-Bresson, then this show will be a refreshing return to a group of photographers who are still groping for a technical mastery of their medium, as well as an understanding of their creative intuitions. If you are only a novice yourself, a snapshot artist, then these photographs should open your eyes to the possibilities available for personal expression through this medium.

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REFLECTIONS

CONSORT

Emerging from the somewhat violent Amherst hockey game Saturday, we decided to go to the Williamstown Baroque Consort performance in Griffin just for the contrast. As we came up to the heavy door of Room 3, we heard a few spindly notes submerged in a succession of cacophonous cat-like screeches: "Mrrreeaaow. Meeoowwrrrrrrh!"

We paused. "No," we said in disbelief, but went in anyway.

On the other side of the room under the plaques dedicated to Ephraim Williams and Woolbridge Little sat Victor Hill playing the harpsichord. Next to the instrument stood two smiling ladies in long black gowns holding cat-masks on sticks like lorgnettes. The audience laughed as the performers, parodying operatic style, brought out every imaginable variation of cat noises.

A woman in a green dress in the back row put down her knitting and glared at us. She waved her hand in an incomprehensible gesture and whispered, with appropriately irritated looks, "How did you get in here? No seats! Go over there." We waited for the intermission on the side of the room at the back, exchanging a few words with usher John Gould, who was spiffed up in a light blue jacket with white carnation.

"It's good you came in now," he said, "the audience is laughing. Before there was just dead silence." We asked about the lady in green. "That's Mrs. Hill. You

weren't supposed to come in during the performance. For the first half I had to block the door with my body to keep people out."

The cat piece went on for several minutes. The program explained that the piece, "Duetto buffo di due gatti," had its origin in the noises Rossini made to signal his mistress to let him into her house. We also learned that a "consort" is an ensemble of musicians who work with one another in personal as well as musical harmony. "In the five years of the Williamstown Baroque Consort ... there has never been a harsh word or a display of temperament," the program proudly stated.

When Rossini was over, the performers went out to the back room through the central aisle. Several seats were empty after the intermission; so we sat down in the back row to the left of Mrs. Hill.

Mr. Hill came back accompanied by his page-turner and Mr. and Mrs. Piper, the flutist and soprano. They began the next piece, the harpsichord sounding delicately behind the sharper flute and the voice of Mrs. Piper, who sang "Solitude, how welcome! I greet you sunny hilltops and shaded valleys," and so on.

We found ourselves unaccustomed to the style of the piece, unfortunately, and rediscovered the excruciating torment of trying not to laugh. We succumbed,

nevertheless, to the temptation of a quiet, shaking mirth and turned our sacrilegious faces away from Mrs. Hill, who again glared at us over her knitting needles. As the piece finally ended and Mr. Hill went out for a moment, we clapped very loudly and rose to go up to the balcony, where we could see the performers better and laugh if we needed to.

"No!" said Mrs. Hill and waved her hands around again. "Sit down!"

We sat down.

Then, as she seemed to think of something, she asked if there were seats up there. We replied affirmatively, and she let us go up.

Everything was clearer from the balcony as we looked around at the rest of the audience. About a fifth were students, the rest being older townspeople or faculty and wives. Five grade-school children were in attendance, four of whom obviously were asleep or close to it. Long-dead memories of "Young Peoples' Concerts" with Leonard Bernstein returned to us in full force.

Across from us on the other side of the balcony sat a student listening intently to the performance. His date, obviously far less interested, acquiesced to listen at his side. At the other end of the balcony, the fifth child finally bit the dust, laying his head on his hands while the soprano, contralto, and baritone sang about "Daphne's only failing." (Although Daphne has the hands, mouth, and eyes of beautiful Psyche, the form, divine face, and noble smile of the young Hebe, and, above all, "urbane manners," she apparently doesn't know how to love.)

The concert ended with a piece praising Woman's Beauty. We went out, the effect of the bloody hockey game completely erased. Replaced with what, we weren't sure.

DEWEY

Like most of the students at Williams, we had often wondered what Joe Dewey's ads were all about. What, for instance, "rhymes with 'sash,'" is unstructured, and shows the deplorable results of scag? After two days of muttering "cash," "M*A*S*H," "slash," "dash," and even "wash," we had lost a lot of sleep and were beginning to look dangerous.

At the kindly request of a friend we decided to revert to the faithful instincts of the journalist and discover the hidden answers to these conundrums. With high hopes we set off.

But President Sawyer was in France, evading the issue.

Dean Frost didn't know.

The College Council had postponed discussion of the question.

Even Professor Samuels had lost some of his self-confidence.

There was no other choice. We went to see Joe Dewey.

He seemed oblivious to the furor he had caused, calmly filing papers behind piles of books. We asked him the basis of the enigmatic epigrams he invariably puts in his ads. Thinking us from the business staff of the ADVOCATE, he apologized for getting them in so late, confessing that sometimes he had to invent a week's aphorism on the spur of the moment. But mostly, he said, they had been in his head for some time.

Why not, we wondered, simply announce prices and specials the way his rivals, the "boys across the street," do?

Mr. Dewey has in mind a much broader view of his emporium than does his competitor. An ad, he said, should "give an idea of what a bookstore is. Not just a place to buy books, not just a merchandizer." His low-key ads, he felt, have projected a relaxed image of the Williams Bookstore to the community. Such an analytical overview will be better in the long run than a mere list of prices.

His use of space, Mr. Dewey continued, reflects his drive to communicate the essence of his bookstore. It is as though he

were writing a column, creating an outlet for his themes. People already know, he said, what is available in a bookstore, and they know the essential purpose of his ad. He tries, therefore, to capture the pervading, higher reality of his establishment: "It's like feeding something into someone's mind so they really think about it."

Dewey's analysis of his art form left us without further questions or answers. We thanked him politely and left, boggled. Our brief interview well bore out Marshall McLuhan's complex examination of the advertising medium.

Still, we couldn't help wondering, what was the answer to the riddle?

KANGIS

On the heels of one of the most abortive elections we'd ever witnessed came what was undoubtedly the most fruitless political forum in New England's history. (The Pilgrims would have been scandalized.) A friend of ours who attended Wednesday's meeting told us that aside from a few C.C. reps and a cabal from Perry House, which trooped in to support its favorite son, Phil Camp, no more than five spectators showed up. Thoroughly distressed about the future of the democratic process, we decided to shoot one last ounce of adrenaline into the political bloodstream, and telephoned Harry Kangis, former Record staffer, member of the Choral Society, versatile athlete, president of Hopkins House, and the only candidate for Council presidency not previously covered by the campus press.

Kangis views himself as an activist, adhering to the Healy dictum: "I'm an inveterate bitcher and I think it's the duty of one who bitches to do something." This, he felt, is precisely what is wrong with the present council. "No cut on Greg. He had lots of problems, the Strike and all. But his administration was reactive. Greg just went along with the situation. The president's job is extremely important. And the most integral part of his job is to set up lines of communication. At the moment there just isn't any mutual respect between Hopkins Hall and the C.C. First you've got to build lines of communication, then you can get into the issues." Kangis feels that there is also a communication gap between the students and the C.C. "This college just doesn't care about the issues, it doesn't care about the C.C. A president has got to get students to care, he's got to dispel rumors, to be an ombudsman. That's why personality is so important in this election."

Kangis went on. "An important issue for the coming year is going to be the inclusion of 135 girls -- not women, girls, straight out of high school -- in a predominantly male environment. This is a serious matter and merits a lot of consideration." Another key issue, Kangis feels, will be the "housing thing," which he views as still unresolved. Under this rubric he includes the lack of facilities for married students and the tacit decision on the part of the Administration to mold the College's expansion along the lines of Greylock, rather than the row houses. "There seems to be a trend towards impersonality on this campus," Kangis noted. "The I.D. thing, for example. The credibility gap is another aspect of this."

Harry further stressed that the Council must improve its handling of funds, and that the committee system, which he views as "broken down," should be more closely tied to the parent body.

As for his opponents, Harry considers too many of them to be "special interest oriented" or "politically" aligned. "This is not a political game," he said. "It's a personality game. You've got to ask yourself, who's best able to do the job. That's the key question."



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PHOTO ESSAY by Ray Zarkos

EDITOR'S NOTE

The forty-some students in the Williams Choral Society traveled to South Hadley last weekend to perform with the Mt. Holyoke Glee Club. Ray Zarkos was there

to photograph the practices and performances, and THE ADVOCATE presents his visual documentary as a prelude to this Sunday's concert in Chapin Hall.



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It's conceivable - in an emergency - books could be used as bricks. The pages quickly glued together and the books then cemented one on top of another or even upright beside each other. You couldn't say that about microfiche.

THE WILLIAMS BOOK STORE
JOE DEWEY

FICTION:

Postlude

by Mark Siegel

Carole told me once that impotency was its own reward. She was right, after a fashion. This afternoon, for instance, I was standing on a street corner, completely lost. I've gotten lost quite a lot lately, generally due to lack of interest in the particulars of my wasted time. This morning I worked myself up into an absolute frenzy of apathy and promptly got lost somewhere I've been a hundred times before. I end up on this same corner quite a lot, but I can never remember how I arrived there or which direction to take home.

Today it was raining out and my nose was running. I generally carry an umbrella, but I had to throw it away yesterday to keep myself from poking my eyes out with a broken spoke. Today I got so wet that my feet turned black from the dye in my socks. I noticed this while I was balanced on the edge of the curb, contemplating a layer of fresh diarrhetic dog crap that had just transferred itself to the bottom of my boot. It occurred to me then that, as I was quite lost, I might ask directions of some passing person in hopes of finding a way out of this particular situation. Surveying my potential rescuers as they scuttled by I picked out a whiny looking bastard who might have been an unhorsed taxi driver. He must have felt insecure without his cab because when I accosted him he just blinked his eyes blindly and blew right past me, like I was a virgin or some other kind of second class citizen. He definitely was a bad sort and I got a certain perverse pleasure out of seeing him step in that same pile of dog shit that I'd just experienced.

Seeing the bastard get his just desserts didn't help me out any, though. As a matter of fact, I felt a little worse than before, when I'd at least been unique in my suffering. There's nothing like a little martyrdom to make a fellow feel good. Now I really had nothing left.

I figured that if I walked for a long enough time in one direction I'd eventually come to something recognizable, but I began to stagger after a couple of blocks. Suicide reared its Siren's head (blonde and big hipped, walking next to a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound policeman), taunting me, knowing full well that I couldn't take responsibility even for my own death. Fortunately I've got a gimmick for a time like this. When I don't think that I can take it any more I try to remember something even more painful and fall into a walking faint, a dream stupor. Then I can keep going indefinitely. It's a perversion of something that I picked up from a friend of mine who cultivates misery as if it were an exotic flower. (For years this man strove to overcome his well-intrenched sanity, and he finally became the most vitally impotent person I knew.)

Anyway, today being what it was, I started thinking about all the other miserable times I'd had, and rating them one to ten on a misery scale. (This should not be confused with the horror scale. You really have to work for horror days; causing your own misery and realizing it, that's horror. It's been so long since I caused anything to happen that now I don't even have H-5 days very often.) I

tried to think of a completely miserable day. There are very few experiences that have no redeeming qualities whatsoever, so I counted myself extremely fortunate to be able to recall a perfect one-hundred-per-cent miserable day. Of course this particular day didn't compare on the horror scale to some others, like the day I killed Carole for instance, but it sticks in my mind because it was also one of the shortest days of my life. It was only fifty-five minutes long.

Fifty-five minutes. It was fairly soon after the accident and I would invariably wake up covered with blood from the re-hemorrhaging caused by my tossing around in my sleep. Some mornings I'd wake up with my face looking like the salt map of a river delta, the dried blood running from my nose along the contours of my mouth and caked solid on my stubbled chin. It was hard to believe that just months earlier it would have done any mother in the world good to pinch my rosy cheeks.

Besides the bed—a double bed with a single person in it—there was a cheap dresser, a desk and a chair in the room, obviously valuable antiques from the days when this hotel had been a treehouse. Either there had never been a Bible in the desk or someone had used it for fuel. Not that it mattered. I couldn't read French anyway. There was an alcove with a sink and a bowl in it. I was never sure if I was supposed to wash my feet or defecate in that bowl; I tried to ask the desk clerk once, but he spoke only French and I couldn't even think as fast as he could talk. When I try to understand a foreign language I feel like a little boy trying to comprehend the bubble-incased sounds that a goldfish makes when it's cursing at its glass walls.

The first thing I remember feeling this particular morning was a total physical decimation and hopeless frustration at this weakness, like Cayote must feel after a "Roadrunner" double feature. I didn't want to open my eyes, but after five minutes of pondering the alternatives I decided to take the chance. It wasn't raining. That surprised me to no end, since I had to go out on an important mission. I stared out the window for several minutes in sullen defiance of all the regenerative forces of nature but nothing happened, so I got up. Then I fell down. I had distinctly felt someone kick me in the back of the head and, although I didn't see anyone else in the room, I couldn't see the point in taking any chances so I crawled on all fours to the alcove. My progress was necessarily slow, since I hurt like hell all over and I was limping noticeably on my injured left forepaw, but I reached the sink about seven minutes later and pulled myself up.

As usual I cut the hell out of my face shaving. A sepia trail appeared along my jaw line a few seconds behind my razor, like napalm exploding in the wake of a bomber. Once I'd watched a gasoline trail explode into fire like that, engulfing an entire car in one breathtaking flash. Unfortunately I was too close to get the full panoramic effect and two bare feet, kicking spasmodically in the back window, had distracted my attention.

I threw-up into the sink, which was most unfortunate since the drain was already clogged and I couldn't wash the stuff away. The entire room was soon filled with an aroma like that of a freshly aborted foetus.

I tossed my old hospital robe on the bed (I don't take souvenirs just from hotels) and dug around in the dresser with my good hand for some underwear. I didn't find any so I put on yesterday's pair. Over them went the only pair of pants I had with me, my "convalescent corduroys" as I called them, and a shirt that I'd been wearing for about three days. I whistled at my socks which were standing up in the corner and they trotted over to me.

I put on my coat and surveyed the room, hoping that there was something that I'd forgotten. I hadn't thought; if it hadn't been for my robe on the bed I'd have sworn that I'd never been in that room. I left and the door closed itself behind me. The echoes of my footsteps sounded like an army of secret agents following me down the hall.

I hesitated between taking the stairs or the elevator. I wasn't too sure of where I was going, but how I got there seemed important. Feeling around in my overcoat I brought out the letter I'd written to Carole's people, saying how sorry I was about the accident. I was hoping for inspiration but I just held it in my hand and stared down at it and I couldn't think. I carefully returned it to my pocket and turned down the staircase. Once I deftly smashed my bad hand against the railing. The chrome-like metal made the whole cast vibrate. Maybe I'd been doing myself a favor when I punched out my car windshield. I congratulated my body on its fine coordination and continued on down the stairs.

The air outside had the same flaccid texture as the hotel air, and the windowed walls of the street were overcast by a numb, grey roof. I turned left toward an unlit neon sign reading "Tabac" that overhung a shop a few blocks away. I smiled at all the people as they passed and cursed them under my breath. The street was swollen almost shut by parked cars packed tightly along both curbs. Angry vehicles tore up and down the narrowed pavement. I stopped at a clothing store to inspect a woman's footwear display. They were mostly the strapless kind that girls wear to proms and ladies wear to funerals. I walked past the grocery stand. The fruit was overripe and probably over-priced, but I couldn't read the prices because I didn't know if they were marked in old francs or new francs or centimes. And if I had known, it wouldn't have meant anything to me anyway because I never knew how much anything was really worth.

I turned through the glass door of the Tabac and headed for a counter cluttered with unrecognizable products. They had brand names like "Anadin" and "Exendrin," in parody of my real world. The wall behind the counter was quilted with these bottles and boxes. At a window table a man was grimacing at his cold coffee, steamless, its surface blotched with a scum of curdled cream. I was going to explain to the fellow that he was

the victim of planned obsolescence—coffee is made so that it is no good after forty-five minutes even if you haven't finished drinking it—when I noticed and advertised on the wall reading, "Voyez Carol LaRue! Dancer Exotique!" She had black hair and her feet were kicking up in the air like--

"Monsieur!" The man behind the counter was staring at me as if I were an ordinary person.

"Oh...aaa...Avez-vous les stamps pour la let--" The man snatched the airmail envelope out of my hand and weighed it on a scale behind the counter. "Stamps?" I repeated in confusion. This was beginning to wear on me a little. A direct confrontation with a superior stranger should be avoided at all costs, and in a foreign country all strangers are superior.

"Deux-vingt-cinq, Monsieur."

"What? How...Combien--" I heard an automobile horn sound for too long behind me, then a thud. I whipped around and caught a glimpse of something flesh colored disappearing behind a parked car. I slammed the shop door open and ran out into the clogged street. In front of me was a black cab, stopped dead. I didn't look at the driver...I can't imagine him. Twenty feet to my right lay a body, sprawled like a disjointed manikin held together only by clothing. She was dead. Her neck was bent double so that her open eyes stared at me from where only the middle of her back should be been. Blood poured from her mouth and dripped heavily from her nose onto the pavement. Her bare legs lay twisted and limp at right angles to her body. I took one step forward, retreated two, then walked back inside the shop.

"Call an ambulance.. l'ambulance.. hospital. Gendarmes." I waved at the street to make my point but the store keeper had seen the whole thing himself and was already speaking frantically into the telephone. A crowd had gathered outside. I couldn't have helped her. Really, I couldn't have done anything at all. Someone was bending over the lady, wanting to touch the still-warm flesh to confirm its reality, but he backed off, afraid or impotent. Slowly, another man reached down and felt the corpse's wrist. He straightened up and wiped his unclean hand on a grey trouser leg.

I remembered the letter, posted it and walked back toward the hotel. I could hear the ambulance arriving as I entered the little lobby. He was too late too, he wouldn't be able to help her either. I felt all screamed out, even though I hadn't said a word, so I shuffled across the room to the stairs without acknowledging any of the inquisitive eyes around me. The desk clerk approached me as if he wanted to ask something but I brushed by him and ran up the stairs, falling once and hurting my hand.

When I got to my room I took some pills and went back to bed. I slept through the rest of the day, but since I hadn't known before what day it was another twenty-four hours hardly mattered.

TRAVEL BUREAU (continued)

had picked up, they crossed over to London again, at their own expense. "So we got theater tickets for that night. But later the AUS guy told us we were supposed to leave from Amsterdam after all. We told him to get us out of London. Those

people don't seem to think you can have any plans of your own." They were transferred to a commercial agent, "the only decent guy I met," who finally got them on a flight with two other charter groups. "We met people throughout Europe who were ready to kill... Anybody we talked to who got screwed was with AUS." Looking up momentarily from his cribbage game, Scott reflected, "If I had the money to spend, I can't think of anybody I'd rather sue than them."

* * *

I received another account from an exchange student at Wellesley. "Everyone on my flight was supposed to return September 12, but when we got to London, the departure point, AUS had switched to two flights on the 11th and 13th. This meant that students who arrived in London on the 11th for a flight

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TRAVEL BUREAU (continued)

on the 12th, but who had been rescheduled for the September 11 flight, would miss their flight altogether. Which meant that a lot of people were out of luck. I spent the day at the AUS office filling out forms that made me a member of the Trafalgar Social Club, the club that supposedly sponsors AUS charter flights and gets them special charter rates, except that Trafalgar Social doesn't exist, so what AUS was doing was illegal. Anyway, three or four times students came in to complain about the flight they missed, and what would AUS do. All these people I saw were knapsack people too, and they couldn't afford another plane ticket, much less two meals a day. But the AUS people were real understanding. There was this girl behind the desk, really pretty, and it was her last day on the job, so she wasn't knocking herself out for anything. She just looked these flightless people straight in the eye, squeezed out a little smile, and told them it was their own problem."

* * *

The number of upperclassmen in the Travel Bureau dwindled markedly at the end of last year. Sophomores Mike Shapiro and Lou Groden both declined to return this year. Junior Bruce McColm worked through last summer with the Bureau but quit in the fall. Foreign students Borna Bebek and Nick Durich remain on the staff with Chairman Thom Wood.

I went to see former treasurer Bruce McColm just to get an idea of how the Bureau actually operates. "It would stagger people to know how much business the Travel Bureau actually does," he said, knitting his eyebrows and glaring at the floor. He estimated the amount of business done last year by the Bureau at about \$100,000.

"How much of this is profit for the Williams Travel Bureau?"

"The commission from AUS and NASI is about 8 per cent. The profit the Bureau made on programs such as Williams-in-India was greater."

"Where does this profit go?"

McColm reported that phone bills and mailing expenses absorbed some of it. The final profit distribution was a "how-much-do-you-deserve" type thing. Wood asked each staff member how much he thought he ought to be paid for his work. "Then Thom would decide."

McColm also had "qualms" about the extent to which the Travel Bureau (which was initially founded to service simply the Williams community) is fulfilling its service function. The organization spreads itself far beyond the bounds of the campus. Attempts to establish community services such as a roadtripping ride board have failed, though largely from student apathy. He said the Bureau's attitude toward charter flights could be summarized: "If you can go on June 30, you can go on July 17." The conduct of business was also predicated on the philosophy of never taking a loss on anything. Thus when a flight was can-

AT THE CINEMA: DICK BERG

"BREWSTER McCloud": For Perverts, Scatologists, And Birds

The film currently featured at the College Cinema is "Brewster McCloud," directed by Robert Altman, the director of M A S H. The general reaction of the audience last evening was, "It's weird." This was, perhaps, the most generous criticism appropriate to the film. The overbearing motif of "Brewster McCloud" is the comparison between man and birds, that the earth (symbolized by sex) is an abyss from which man wants to soar (symbolized by the flight of birds); what traps man to the earth is his pretentious but unalterable nature to destroy his environment and reproduce his own kind.

The setting is Houston (especially the Astrodome), a city of rapid urbanization and high crime rate. We are introduced to a series of freaks and block characters: a professor of ornithology, who introduces the relationship between Aves and man, punctuates the slow progress of the film with unsavory metaphors for the Ripley's-Believe-It-Or-Not characters who follow, and exhibits a mixed animal behavior himself; a neat cop with a John Wayne straightness and a ultra-Bullitt spiffiness; an old-fashioned cop who is right; a mess of dumb cops; a millionaire invalid who dives around to bleed money from his creditors; a miserable narc who beats his wife and ugly kid into sub-

mission and tries to steal a camera; the ultimate opportunistic politician complete with lackey and chauffeur; a prima donna. The main characters are Brewster McCloud (Bud Cort), a cherub faced innocent, who just wants to fly and be free; Suzanne (Shelley Duvall), the nemesis of young Icarus; and Sally Kellerman, Brewster's inspiration.

A synopsis of the plot is difficult since what little there is, is hard to follow. It is an episodic progress of Brewster in his struggle to fly. As people try to hinder him, they are strangled and left covered with the defecatory evidence of a bird. "Bird shit" (as it is referred to throughout the movie) is the leitmotif of this picture. During the car chase scenes, Sally Kellerman, as Brewster's guardian protector, drives with a BRD SHT license. In the end, Brewster exhibits his humanity once and, therefore, dies after flying like a trapped bird in the Astrodome. Understand?

The troubles with this picture are multifarious. Technically, things shift from scene to scene erratically, making the action hard to follow. Although the acting is not good, this is not a serious problem since there are no memorable roles anyhow. There is no real form to the way things happen in the picture. The content of the film is sparing. "Brewster

McCloud" is another parody picture to tell us what a sick aviary the world really is. The novelty of the presentation consists in the high rate of onomatopoeia and the challenge of following the stream of muddled continuity and bad taste. Why does a dumb cop have to have a penchant for reading Captain America? Why must all the victims of the Houston strangler be victims of bird droppings? Why must bird shit symbolize the free birds' contempt for man? Why do all cops, politicians, businessmen, lovers, and people in general have to be presented as monochromatically degenerate?

The worst basic failing of this film is that it tries too hard to be original and pithy. The pithiness falls apart because it is very difficult to convince anyone these days that the idea that the world is a hole is your idea. Altman tries to base the film on the comic and pathetic bird-man relationship; that is original. Originality is not wonderful, however, just because it is originality. This swansong of an ornithorhynchus is too often boring and insulting, and probably not worth the effort.

Ornithologists, acrophobes, and aesthetes-do not go to this film. Perverts, scatologists, and birds-this is your day on the silver screen. Everybody else, beware the Ides of March.

AT THE THEATER: MARK SIEGEL

"THE VISIT": Entertaining Despite Rough Spots

Friedrich Durrenmatt's "The Visit" is a play which offers a director limited possibilities and limitless problems. It can be a funny play, a dramatic and moving one, but it can also be a moralizing, melodramatic, and intellectually unexciting two-and-a-half hours at the theater. Ed Baran's production, playing this Thursday, Friday, and Saturday on the main stage at the AMT, is a combination of all of these.

The play revolves around an enchantingly grotesque millionairess (Karlene Counsman as Madame Zachanassian), who makes the prodigal return to her native village bearing an unfilled coffin for her former lover (Will Weiss as Alfred Ill). She offers the people of the town a badly needed bundle of

money if they will revenge her unjust banishment from her home forty-five years previously.

Baran has chosen an extremely demanding play for his directing debut and, for all his problems, has done a professional job. Unfortunately, the play requires a large, consistently sound cast (a rarity in a school the size of Williams), precise special effects, and a complex staging (both mediocre in this production). Nothing is bad, except for an occasional gap in the acting and the choice of mood music, but every flaw is painfully noticeable because of the supposed bizarre realism of most of the scenes in the play. And so the AMT production seesaws back and forth between being humorous and dramatic on one hand, and ludicrous and melodramatic on the other.

Will Weiss is consistently the best thing in the play; Karlene Counsman is very convincing and, although her interpretation of the role gives the play a heavy-handedness it needn't have in the first act, she brings off some of the best lines in the production. Chris Cassel, Professor Michael Rinehart, Caren Pert, Bob Bourdon, Tony Allen, Jon Kravetz, James Fraser Darling, and Bob Kaus head a host of lesser characters too numerous to mention who contribute handsomely to the production.

"The Visit," despite its shortcomings, is entertaining throughout its three acts. Baran keeps the play moving quickly, a crucial factor, especially in a production of this length. He has gone in big for comic effect and succeeds most of the time. I could not help being entertained anymore than I could help noticing the rough spots.

called it was the would-be customer, and not the Travel Bureau, who paid the reservation fee to the larger organization.

Bruce crushed out his second cigarette, looked out from under his wrinkled brow, and offered, "I have the books from last year."

* * *

I began to get a much better idea of the nature of routine business at the Travel

Bureau from Mike Shapiro and Lou Groden. In addition to European flights through AUS and NASI, the Travel Bureau last year handled Eurail Pass and bookings for Student Overseas Flights for Americans (SOFA). The scale of business was such that of those who took flights through the Travel Bureau, "not a quarter were Williams students."

"Were people on other campuses paid a commission for soliciting business for the

Travel Bureau?"

"Definitely," replied Shapiro.

"We feel the Travel Bureau should be a service organization," said Groden, speaking for both of them. He went on to comment that, in their opinion, the profits last year were excessive.

"What were the profits exactly?"

"We know that Thom (Wood) got more than \$1000," said Shapiro. Furthermore,

Please turn to page 6

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* As defined in Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, published by the Century Company in 1889.

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume Two, Number Six

Thursday, April 8, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Maryanne, Tony And Villanova

By William Finn

In order to be admitted to the Antoinette Perry Awards one must be invited. Quite aware of this catch, Maryanne, an untalented but nonetheless spirited girl, wrote to Hal Prince, the producer-director of Company (which we have seen 4½ times) and asked him if he could accommodate her. Few days had passed when Maryanne received a kind letter from King Hal himself referring her to Alexander Cohen, the Producer-at-Large of the Tonys; Cohen eventually sent Maryanne a silver-glossed (for the 25th Anniversary of the award) chunky invitation telling us the price of the seats and to hurry up because they're going fast. On Sunday, March 28, we went.

Myself tuxedoed, she in a black crepe gown, we proceeded to the lobby of her dorm where heads turned and I tried to look very bored and why does she always drag me to these things. I nonchalantly hailed one of New York's smelliest yellow taxis, my index finger high above my bow tie, her cape flitting in the breeze. It was that moment for which I had been waiting. Every taxi driver knows that there is no theatre on Sunday, there is never theatre on Sunday, yet ours was either culturally deficient or dumb. In my mind many times before, I had told the cab driver where we were going, my voice low, very blase:

"To the Palace, please."

"To the where?"

"The Palace."

"On Sunday? Buddy, I don't think you want the Palace. Check the address."

"Forget the Palace. Just take us to the corner of 47th and 6th Avenue."

"Will do, buddy. Will do."

A New York cab is an apartment for broken dreams.

Maryanne, the Maniac, had suggested that by getting off at 47th and 6th we could walk to the Palace and anyone who saw us would think we were walking from our beautiful little apartment on 5th Avenue. The only obstacle we had to face,

however, was unavoidable; as we moved quickly from our cab so did two young couples behind us. To those already waiting by the lobby the six of us looked like we were part of the commune down the street.

I hadn't really expected gawking, uncontrollable crowds at the theatre but my expectations didn't stop them from attending; masses of applauding faces met Maryanne, myself, and our friends on entering the Palace. They screamed and clapped as Estelle Parsons and I moved to the door while Maryanne accompanied Helen Gallagher to a different entrance. Miss Parsons, white-faced and very groggy as though she were wary of the results, has two daughters who Maryanne said were too young for me, and although they weren't enamored to accompany their mother - who stood immediately in front of me, and with whom I rubbed shoulders many times - I smiled at them once or twice. Their reciprocation was enough to get me through the evening.

We found our seats after climbing four flights of stairs. Just then, I believe, we realized our faces would never be shown on television despite our rather rabid preparation. We brooded, but found some solace in the 192-page Playbill, silver glossed and flooded with information any theatre jock would adore. The kid next to me did, indeed, adore it, caress it, revere and in fact succumb to it later in the evening. Yet more is to come from this kid from Villanova.

At 8:30, one half hour before the presentation began on television, Alexander Cohen hushed the applause of his more glittering audience ("Come on, come on, stop your talking. We've got a lot of work to do and so little time to do it.") and began shifting seats of the nominees so that their faces, and not some nobody's from Westchester, would be shown. The first award, off-camera, went to Peter Brook, who overturned *Midsummer's Night Dream*.

Dean Closes Travel Bureau

By John Ramsbottom

The Williams Travel Bureau has lost its permission to operate on the Williams campus and must vacate its office in Baxter Hall by the end of the week of April 5. Dean Neil Grabois made the decision at the conclusion of the Discipline Committee's inquiry into the Bureau's operation. The Dean commented: "If anyone is planning a trip through them, he'd better make other plans."

Although reluctant at first, Dean Grabois eventually enumerated the reasons for which the Administration felt the action necessary. First, an alarmingly large proportion of the Bureau's business was conducted off-campus. Beyond that, there were numerous complaints about the service received. Grabois said that whether or not the Travel Bureau was directly at fault is essentially irrelevant. As representative of student charter organizations on this campus, the Bureau had the responsibility to provide efficient service. Then, too, the Dean was concerned that the College was providing the Bureau's tax-free office space. "The College should not be in the business of subsidizing a money-making proposition."

"Suppose the *Record* ever gets back in the black? It pays salaries to its editors," I argued.

"Yes," replied Grabois, "but it receives funds from the College Council and is required to turn in a financial statement, whereas the Travel Bureau was not."

Finally, the Dean noted the question of the conduct of business within the Bureau. Grabois only offered that "considering the size of the operation, I felt that the business practices were inadequate to

deal with the amount of business."

Professor Ganse Little, Chairman of the Discipline Committee, elaborated somewhat. He said the Committee received "an impression of dissembling or malpractice" in the workings of the Bureau and thus the organization could "no longer receive the imprimatur of the College." The absence of adequate audits was due, said Little, to "somnolent Williams convention. There will have to be some tightening up here, and perhaps in other organizations later on." Ambiguous distinctions such as those made by the Financial Aid Office between campus "agencies," such as birthday cake sales, and other profit-making ventures "can no longer be sustained." Professor Little stressed, however, that the proceedings of the Committee must remain in confidence and that the only reliable explanation for the move would be the Dean's.

The future of a campus-based travel bureau is uncertain. Dean Grabois has made it clear that all such operations on campus will cease for the balance of the semester. One freshman presently on the Bureau's staff hinted that a "reorganization" is in the offing for next year. He asserted that then "we will be able to do anything we want."

"But it will be under much stricter control, don't you think?" I asked.

"I don't want to say anything about it," he replied.

Dean Grabois has definitely not ruled out such a resurrection. Whatever arrangement is made, however, will involve much closer scrutiny of financial affairs, somewhat like that which campus agencies now receiving College Council funds undergo.



Carol Channing was there.

The lights went down. The audience hushed. "Get that television off the stage," Cohen yelled from the back of the orchestra. It was done, and at that moment on the other side of the stage Lauren Bacall, in black, and indeed beautiful, burst through a silver-glossed emblem bearing the tragic-comic masks and with arms apart: "Welcome to the Theatre." Wild, surprised applause, and the show on both sides of me was on.

The singing and orchestration in most of the age numbers was taped, yet in order to simulate life in the theatre (i.e., everything is live), the conductor stood in the pit, baton raised and swinging, while the trumpets and bows lay in motionless laps. The whole thing resembled a poorly planned puppet show.

In Cohen's opening remarks before the televising, he stressed that the award recipients must go off stage left and "please remember that, because it's very important." Aronson (*Company*) began off stage right, Du Bois (*No, No, Nanette*) descended back into the audience, and H.R. Poindexter (*Story Theatre*) began off right then circled the acceptance ramp leading to the audience and finally ended off stage left. I thought that perhaps an indication of where theatre is going.

The boy next to me, the one from Villanova, where he majors in theatre idolatry, rarely took his hands or his feet out of his mouth. He hated *Company* (which I truly adore) and loved *Follies* (which I passionately hate). When Harold Prince, the director of *Company*, received his award for best director of a musical, I expected a well-deserved silence from the boy next door, but oddly enough, he whistled and yelled and bravoed. When questioned, he only responded that making one's presence felt at these affairs was of utmost importance, that in sitting in the audience each person has a responsibility he would not normally have at home.

As Rae Allen accepted her award for Best Actress (*Miss Reardon*), Maryanne, in her inimitable way, commented that "Rae teaches at the NYU School of Fine Arts, and looks it." Paul Sand (*Story Theatre*) has "trouble with reality."

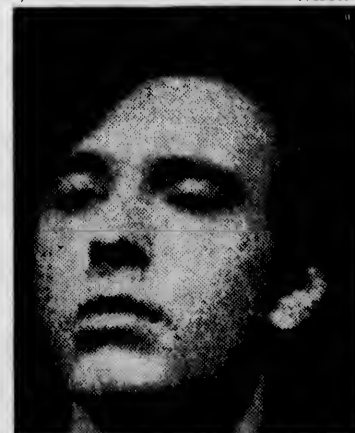
Off camera, Zero Mostel decided to be the star of the show. He would cross the stage in character, bent over, then the stage manager would gently grasp his elbow and help him to the other side of the stage. Once, Mostel-old, ugly, and terribly funny-trying to attack Angela Lansbury. The kid from Villanova got such a kick out of it I thought (possibly hoped) he'd keel over onto the men and women of the dress circle.

What I have yet to mention is what dominated the remainder of the evening, and that is Maryanne's illness and her burning desire to go to the bathroom. (A. Cohen before the show: "And women, if you've got to go, hold it!") During the opening chords of Carol Channing's "Before the Parade Passes By," Maryanne made notice of her active stomach, her weak legs, and her paralyzed kidney. The kid next to me was enjoying Miss Channing so much he had developed an asthma attack and his date whacked his back again and again. His sole remorse lay in missing the number.

Since *Man of La Mancha* was the Tony recipient for Best Musical in 1966, Richard Kiley had been slated to sing "The Impossible Dream" as a silver anniversary reminder of those vintage theatre days. Nobody dared expect this particular song to be taped (as I said before, many others were); he walked on stage in costume, the audience breathed in anticipation of the sound, and the brassy recording from the Original Cast Album, a bit too loud, emerged from the loudspeakers, quite forced and unreal. The conductor waved and lowered his baton, hushed his inert trumpets and violins at various places in the piece. At the end, as was the reaction to every taped song, a meager, perfunctory applause whimpered from a usually vocal and appreciative group. At this point my appetite for the Tony Awards became less of a drool and more of a burp. I was ready to go home in 1966.

After standing behind Estelle Parsons in the lobby, Maryanne and I both felt obligated to pull for her (best known as Blanche in "Bonnie and Clyde") over Maureen Stapleton (*The Gingerbread Lady*), merely because Miss Parsons had transmitted her fear of rejection, her extreme nervousness, her weariness with the kissing and the goodluckmissparsons routine to us standing behind her. Yet when Big Mo rambled onto the stage to accept her award, we could not help but be impressed by her modesty, her humor, and the esteem in which she was held by members of the industry (those sitting below us).

At 11:00 (when the television was to switch to the Late News), 1776 rolled onto the stage. Lauren Bacall was giving pained looks at long speeches, and Hal Linden (*The Rothschilds*) (who never should have beat Larry Kert for Best Actor in a musical) even stopped his speech to ask Miss Bacall if he could continue, when she started clapping in the middle of his breath. The friction on stage was reciprocated in the balcony. The Villanova kid thought *The Rothschilds* to be the best play of this season or any other season. I felt as if I were in a football game with *THE ROTHCHILDS* on that side, and *COMPANY* on ours. When Hal



Noted Williams College theatre savant Steve Lawson said about the Tony Awards: "Let them eat cake."

Linden accepted his award, the kid had time enough to take his hands from his mouth and flash us a haughty, toothless, sinister smile. We, on our side, were to get our revenge in about two minutes.

Please turn to page 4

TRAVEL BUREAU (continued)

the sole copy of the Travel Bureau constitution, which stipulated that the president receive only "20-25 per cent" of the profits, "disappeared rather rapidly" after Shapiro suddenly discovered it.

Complaints were lodged last spring about the quality of accommodations on the Nassau trip. Shapiro said that the charter group, composed of Williams students and customers of the Skidmore Suitcase Service, found that "an economy hotel is one with no shower."

There is also financial confusion within the Bureau itself. In recognition of their work last year, Mike and Lou were paid \$35 and \$25 respectively. This January, furthermore, they were offered either a free trip during spring vacation or enough cash to bring their total earnings to \$100 each. Both opted for the latter. Mike, at the time of our talk two weeks ago, was still awaiting his \$65, Lou, his \$75.

Perhaps all this undermined Lou's confidence. He made arrangements for his trip to Colorado last spring through Pierce World Travel on Spring Street.

* * *

"It would be all right if everyone in the Travel Bureau got their fair cut, but I don't believe that happened last year."

I was talking with Bruce McColeman again, trying to clarify a few points. I was also perusing the books of the Bureau from last year.

"For instance, towards the end of last spring, I was working a 40-hour week in the Travel Bureau.... I may not have even gotten a dollar an hour." Bruce figures that he is still owed about \$400.

He enlarged upon the extent of the Travel Bureau's business: "We had one kid from as far away as MacAlister Coll. in Minnesota." Campus and area representatives (Conn. College, Smith, and the Hartford area) were paid "usually half of what we got" per ticket. According to the few records I saw, the Hartford "rep" received a single check for \$298.00. This check could easily have been a customer's refund, but the representative was definitely receiving a commission. This was unfortunate, indicated Bruce, because there was evidence that he had been removing what he considered his fair share before sending the ticket money to Williamstown.

He also commented on the delay in sending in reservations. In one instance, twenty students signed up for a flight. Thom Wood made a trip to the Philadelphia office of AUS to secure seats, but could reserve only twelve. Alternative arrangements, somewhat less convenient for those involved, had to be made for the others. "This could have been avoided if they the reservations had been sent down immediately."

Shapiro and Groden had raised the issue of the succession to the presidency of the Bureau. I asked Bruce what he recalled of that.

"Oh, yes, I'd forgotten that. Last year I asked Thom, 'Well, how about if people decide they don't want you as head of the Travel Bureau?' And he said something like, 'Well, that's just tough, then they'll have to quit.' He didn't leave any doubt about who was running the show."

The books I was able to examine showed only the debit side of the ledger. The income figures and their disposition remain entirely obscure. There was, however, one bank account, for which Thom was the only signatory, about which he was "always very defensive."

"The whole thing," commented Bruce, "was really tight on the books, but it really wasn't that tight.... There was a certain credibility gap."

* * *

I was standing outside Morgan East 01. On the door was tacked a simple white card announcing:

Williams Travel Bureau
Thomas R. Wood, Chairman
Baxter Hall
Williams College
Williamstown, Mass.

On knocking I was greeted by Borna Bebek, Thom's roommate, who was in the process of reinstalling his right arm in a sling. Thom was in, but had time to give me only a succinct definition of his organization. Looking at Bebek, who was sitting about three times as far from him as I, he recited, "The Williams Travel Bureau is the official student travel service providing services for Williams faculty, faculty families, and students."

"I'm not sure I got that down correctly."

You said that the Williams Travel Bureau is 'the official student travel service providing services for Williams faculty, faculty families, and students only.'?"

"I don't recall saying 'only'," replied Thom, with mild reproach.

"But you did say 'period!'"

He nodded solemnly. Then he left for an appointment.

Luckily, Bebek also works for the Travel Bureau. He described his role as "basically an advisor capacity." "I know nothing of the internal structure of the Travel Bureau. I spend about ten minutes a month in the office." Since he is a Yugoslav student, he has useful information to give prospective travellers. He also recruits campus representatives for the Williams Travel Bureau. For these services, he insisted, "I haven't been paid whatsoever."

I mentioned the doubts I had heard voiced about the service-orientation of the Williams Travel Bureau. "The number of services has increased by several hundred per cent in the past two years," he responded. He described plans whereby a traveller can now join two or three European travel clubs whereas he could enroll in only one before. He also attributed the failure of the ride-board project to student apathy.

"Bruce (McColeman) is a political person. He would like to make it appear that the conflict is over services." Bebek suggested that the real reason was simply a personality clash between Bruce and Thom Wood.

Borna flew back to Europe on a flight arranged through the Williams Travel Bureau. The departure was delayed six hours and the return flight (although Bebek was notified beforehand) was a day late.

* * *

That evening Thom found time to talk. I stopped by the Travel Bureau in Baxter Hall and noticed him on the phone. I took a seat and waited for him to finish. The office is about twelve by twelve, painted Op Art yellow and orange, papered with travel posters. Brochures were underfoot, piled on every article of furniture, overflowing from boxes everywhere. In one corner stood a sturdy product of the Cary Safe Co., Buffalo, N.Y., looking tarnished and creaky on its casters.

Thom Wood looks a great deal like William F. Buckley. His appearance is neat, but verging on mild disarray. His voice is modulated, reined-in, soft unemotional though hinting a violent undercurrent. He also has a habit of interlocking his fingers, leaning forward, and smiling: directly but briefly.

"You said this afternoon that the Travel Bureau is 'the official student travel service providing services for Williams faculty, families, and students.'"

"That is its primary function, yes. It is in no way a travel 'agency.'"

I wondered out loud what else the Travel Bureau does. Does it, for instance, solicit business for organizations such as AUS and NASI and receive a commission for doing so?"

Yes, indicated Thom, it can do so and for such work it "can get occasional commissions."

This information having changed hands, we were again interrupted by the phone. At the conclusion of the phone conversation, Thom suggested that we break for dinner and meet again in the office a half an hour later. We did so. More phone calls. Finally Thom left the office in the care of a freshman, and we adjourned to the snack bar.

Thom sat down across from me and smiled his smile. "I'm sorry about all the disruptions, John. Now let's be honest with each other. Just ask me specific questions and I'll answer them to the best of my understanding. O.K.?"

I paused momentarily, trying to collect my thoughts.

"Let me propose a question," Thom took up again. "Wouldn't you really like to ask, for instance, if you were being honest. 'Thom, could you produce the books of the Williams Travel Bureau from last year, and secondly, if you could, would you?'"

"I haven't mentioned anything about the books," I replied.

"John, John, remember what I said about honesty?"

I reverted back to my previous question. "Did the Travel Bureau solicit business for AUS and receive commissions for it?"

"The Williams Travel Bureau acted as an information service for AUS members last spring."

"Was it paid for giving out information?"

"You mean, did the Williams Travel Bureau ever receive a commission check (from AUS) for recommending Gary Hammond to them?" Thom's veneer of calm had momentarily cracked, "No -- and get that down!" Later he qualified, "We did a little bit for AUS in the middle of last year and they may have paid some sort of direct 'whatever' (we still hadn't decided on an appropriate term) to the Williams Travel Bureau. That is, to the best of my knowledge." At this point he plopped his hands down flat on the table, smiled once again, and said, "O.K.?"

Thom hastened to add that he had stopped this practice later in the year, upon reflecting that the Travel Bureau was operating out of a tax-exempt institution.

"When was that exactly?"

"Look, I did it, how's that?" he replied concisely.

Just before leaving, Thom said that he would like to supply me with a list of satisfied Bureau customers and employees. I agreed to consider it, but I have had no further word.

* * *

"The travel Bureau never had to report to this office... It has been considered as a student extracurricular activity," replied Mr. Flynt, in response to my question concerning the Travel Bureau's status vis-a-vis the Financial Aid Office. According to Williams regulations, college "agencies" must file with this office financial statements and proposed officers for the next year at the close of every year. He showed me a list of the agencies for this school year; they handled everything from linen rental to birthday cakes -- but no travel bureau.

Mr. Flynt pointed out that these student operations had small expenses and that their profits went directly into their operators' pockets. This appeared to qualify them as "agencies," requiring annual surveillance by the College. I suggested that the Travel Bureau qualified as part of this category, too: the profits are divided among a few students, and the expenses are not on the scale of those of the Record. How then, I wondered could the Williams Travel Bureau be given rent-free space in Baxter Hall in a tax-free institution along with such student extracurricular activities as the Record and WMS-WCFM?

At the time Baxter Hall was built the College looked upon the Williams Travel Bureau as performing a vital service in arranging transportation, usually by train, in and out of Williamstown. "This is one way the College can justify housing the Travel Bureau in Baxter." Until Pierce World Travel was established about four years ago, Mr. Flynt indicated, only the Travel Bureau could provide such information and arrangements.

"Shouldn't the status of the Williams Travel Bureau be re-examined now that much travel is by air, and in view of the fact, that the Travel Bureau does a great deal of business off-campus?" I asked.

"It could be, as you look back on this that the Travel Bureau, when it was started should have been treated as a student agency... It hasn't been questioned by anyone up until now, to my knowledge... It would seem to be appropriate to look at it in the context of changing times."

I asked Mr. Flynt if he had heard any other complaints concerning the Travel Bureau. He did seem to recall two freshmen or sophomores coming in last year and questioning the process of succession at the Travel Bureau. Tom Wood has been president for two years.

"This wouldn't be the first time that an official ran an organization for two years in a row," he responded. His attitude at the time was laissez-faire, that the members of the organization "would have to thrash that out for themselves."

As I prepared to leave his oval office, Mr. Flynt isolated a crucial question: "If the Travel Bureau were an 'agency,' one must wonder if the kind of problem Hammond had would be any better or worse."

* * *

Finally, I talked to Dean Neil Grabois. He emphasized that the College in no way endorses the Travel Bureau simply by granting it permission to operate. On the other hand, he conceded that the Travel Bureau does not play the crucial role it once did in the transportation of Williams students. But one must ask the question: Why should an action such as Gary Hammond's be necessary to jolt the administration into ascertaining the present function of the Bureau?

As things now stand, the case will be heard on March 18th. The "satisfied" customers of the WTB have not been identified, and the credit side of its books has not turned up. THE ADVOCATE will continue its inquiry in succeeding issues.

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REFLECTIONS

WATERBEDS

We decided to puzzle out the slogan: "Waterbeds are better for two things -- sleep is one" which we found plastered across the campus. We wondered what the other one was. To find out we visited Joseph Maleson, who has just set up a student agency selling the mysterious waterbeds.

Maleson, a short, bearded artist, whose paintings are interspersed with his girlfriend's cats around the room, immediately invited us to try his demonstration waterbed. With fears of forty-two cubic feet of puddle, we settled down on the half-filled plastic bag.

The ripple patterns bobbed us around for a few minutes and gradually died away, leaving us suspended on a surface subject to undulations with every movement. The waterbed "conforms to each individual's body shape," said the blurb which Maleson offered by way of introduction, "giving firm support to more of the body's surface area than any other type of bed. . . The rhythm and flowing of water literally follows the sleeper, relaxing him each time he lies down or changes position, gradually reaching perfect stillness."

Slowly we sank into the warm flow of the waterbed. But journalistic fervor triumphed over our sudden urge to sleep, and we asked Maleson about the waterbeds and his role in their distribution here.

The English have enjoyed waterbeds for fourteen years, but only in the course of orthopedic therapy or lingering illness. Only now have waterbeds begun to catch on in America, as the safety factor has gone up while the price has gone down. Once the mod discovery of the fashionable, waterbeds are reaching all layers of society as people discover they are cheaper and more portable than conventional mattresses. A 6' x 7' bed with heater costs about \$85 from Maleson and folds up to the size of a Rudnick's box.

We soon picked up his enthusiasm for the beds, especially when he convinced us of their safety. The five-year guarantee assured us of the bed's durability. Leaks due to punctures are slow and can be easily fixed, and Maleson claims that his bed survived the combined acrobatics of five students and Tank Shewan. Citing impressive bursting statistics, he asserted, "You could put trucks on it."

We rose to go, making mental calculations on various ways of raising the money for our own waterbed. At the door our original purpose hit us in a blinding flash of intimidation. What else besides sleep was really better on a waterbed?

Maleson smiled and chuckled at our naivete.

"Oh," we said. Of course. We should have known. But is it actually better on a huge water balloon?

"Much," he said. "It's like making love to the sea."

GREEN BERETS

We went to the Great North Adams Airport Airborne Invasion, arriving a few minutes before the scheduled landing of Green Beret paratroopers. A group of protesters from several colleges was standing on the left end of the crowd next to one of the airport buildings. A rope and rail fence kept the crowd from the field; on the other side were a police car, yellow light flashing, an army helicopter, a man with a TV camera, and a group of people in various uniforms. Other men stood out across the fields near the base of the double crest of hills where the Berets were supposed to land. The crowd's carnival atmosphere had infused the protesters, and the mood was of jokes and good humor. The coffins and red-splotched manikins were held up for a while but gradually dropped down as the show proceeded.

"Hey, let's see some shooting! Why don't you kill? Kill, kill!" One of the few signs read "Support President Nixon's North Adamsization Policy." The students smiled, shivered in the cold, joked about what they supposed was the pro-war, anti-student attitude of the crowd (a surmise that was never tested), and waited for the planes. From the other side of the building, the group of "activist" students gained the field, running in a group across to where machine-gun blanks and smoke bombs were beginning to go off. The rest of the students back at the fence started cheering.

"You want to start a chant?"

"Yeah! Why don't we?" After a few minutes of indecision, the crowd started up with "1,2,3,4, we don't want your fucking war," which soon died out, something else replacing it soon after.

The plane flew directly overhead, dropping its load of parachuters, who came tumbling down, tiny green specks dangling by shreds from onion skins. The first group came lower and lower, heading straight for the crowd. The students started chanting "Stop the War, Feed the Poor!" as the Berets, pulling on the strings desperately, came closer to the ground. The first two blew over the building, the two following them coming in so close they should have hit the roof of the building. The next guy headed straight for the crowd, which watched him, almost stupefied, as he struggled to avoid hitting someone. No one moved until he was extremely close; he swept in over the fence, causing several in the front to duck, and slammed into one of the poles holding up the porch of the building. He slid around it, flipping around so that he hit the next one on his back, which was covered with equipment of all kinds, including snowshoes. Several men ran up and grabbed the lines of the chute, which dragged him along the ground. The rest of the Berets apparently came down in the backyards, streets, and trees to the north of the airport.

The activist group, out on the other side of the field, began running back and forth, waving at the crowd. A guy with a TV camera chased them. An ambulance went by, and after a few minutes the crowd jumped the rope fence and swarmed out on the field.

The ambulance was just leaving as the crowd got around to the other side of the building; apparently one of the Berets who had landed on the roof had clipped his ankle on the edge of the roof and fallen 40 feet, breaking both legs.

"The guy blew right off and fell on his back...The parachute dragged him along the gravel a ways...He kept saying 'Stay away' when people went over to him...He really was in pain." Those who had seen the accident eagerly recounted it to the others. The crowd stood around, wondering what was supposed to happen now. Various Berets ran back and forth, occasionally firing blanks. Their intent seemed to be "occupying" Mohawk Electric.

Several Berets stood next to a few Army trucks. We went over and talked to one, a Kentuckian.

"What's supposed to be going on now?" we asked.

"Assault on an airport."

"Is it over? Was the operation a success?"

"Yes, it accomplished what it was supposed to do, which wasn't much." Obviously he wasn't going to volunteer anything, especially to long-haired college students.

"Could you tell us what happened coming down--we understand they weren't supposed to come down here, but over in the fields."

"Well, when you're coming down in a group, you're maneuverability is cut, because of problems with the airspace." We weren't sure what he meant, but before we could ask again, someone else came up and asked him about how long he had been in the Berets. He replied about eight months; when asked his reasons for joining, he said it was "something to do."

"Is it true," we asked, "that the Green Berets are no longer functioning in Vietnam?"

"Yes."

"Then why are you training?"

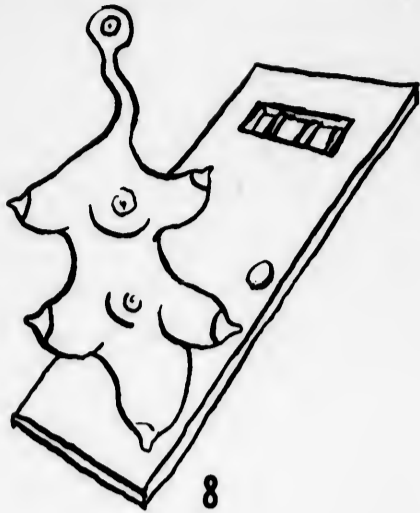
"For anything that might come up."

CALLEY

Since the announcement of Calley's fate at Fort Benning last week, the Washington Western Union offices have been deluged with telegrams to the President, Congressmen, and anyone else with the faintest inkling of power in our cumbersome governmental bureaucracy protesting that verdict. Public opinion polls, apparently including those of the White House, show the national mood to be about one hundred to one against the lieutenant's conviction. The mass demonstrations throughout the nation, furthermore, rival, if not surpass, those of a year ago in response to the Cambodian invasion. The first time (at least in our collective memory) that a government has judged its own military and found it guilty of the grievous crime of genocide

FENDER BENDER

By Donald Mender



8



1



2

Commentary On Self's Workings

BY PONCHO PICASSO

I tell you I am of course to be willing explain pictures I worked on Miss Gertrude Stein. Picture No. 1, she is "Girl with Fist" from Lautrec of my phases. Here comes out malaise from fist. Picture No. 2 has been "Blue Nude in Bath with Lautrec Print Hanged." Depth effect to tub puts hidden her bathing bottom. Picture No. 3 out through Mannerist of my phases puts body "Longwise in Repository." Picture No. 4 reducts Miss Stein toward Iberian "Saltimbocca Flat-Face." Picture No. 5 makes from African mask more classical pose of "Simple Stein Even I Can Paint." Picture No. 6 I never seen before. Picture No. 7 synthesizes them cubes of her carcass for "Gertrude Stein at City Desk." Picture No. 8 to show Miss Stein as "Chandelier in Paris Drawing Room." Is my expression of sympathy for Gertrude Stein, who is dead.



3



7



6



5



4

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As defined in Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, published by the Century Company in 1889.

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume Two, Number Seven

Thursday, April 15, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts

REFLECTIONS

COMMON BLOOD

Bronfman library was crowded Saturday night; all the grinds had been flushed from their carrels in Stetson at 5:00 when it closed. Fleeing from the adverse elements of the late-winter afternoon, the book worms had flocked to the Science Center to renew their bouts with the mysteries of the moon's craters for Astronomy 102 and with Piero della Francesca for Art 102. As we arrived at the Dana-Towne Library, we saw a mimeographed sheet pasted to the glass of the door. "Live with Common Blood," it said and advertised the performances of sundry folk at the Rathskeller that night. Only a few of the names on the sheet, however, had any ring in our memory. Several splotches of blood, most likely from the animal colony down the hall, had found their way to the top of the poster. After about thirty pages of Mikhail Sholokov, we decided to see if indeed we'd find "people you'd rather be with" underneath the Snack Bar.

Upon walking down the stairs to the east entrance of the Rathskeller, we anticipated a drone of voices, but heard only the crack of a cue ball breaking a rack from the pool room and smelled the aroma of some cooking food uncommon to Baxter. At the opened doors to the right from the staircase rested a chair, on which sat a bowl and a sign asking for donations. Inside, numerous white sheets hung from the low ceiling as partitions between the main performance and sitting area and the food concessionary. Several folding tables huddled along the wall with diverse organic foods on them: sesame butter and honey in jars, sacks of bean crackers, paper plates displaying thin slices of a coarse, light brown bread, and various other curiosities.

A bare-foot student in a plaid shirt (whose prominent facial features and squat solid build at once recalled to mind a farmer we had seen in the summer in Wisconsin's dairylands; even his fairly long, thin, and fine hair combed plainly back fit the image) walked by, offering a mimeographed menu.

"May I help you? Do you want something to eat?" he asked.

Glancing over the sheet, most of whose items were not immediately familiar, we arrived at one which usually proves reliable.

"What kind of bread do you have?"

"Buckwheat, at five cents a slice."

We munched the dryish fare and found our way into the main room, which candles and a few colored light bulbs illuminated. The slender candles were stuck to tin plates, which sat on large, wooden spoons serving as tables. Pillows, cushions, and bare thin mattresses were strewn over the floor for seats around the low tables. A black dog rummaged for food among the slouching clientele, sniffing at feet and plates while Scott Miller sang: "That time in the evenin' when the sun goes down—Think about the woman who ain't aroun'."

Miller, a white student from Brooklyn, has bushy black hair cut in quasi-Afro fashion. His bulky white sweater-shirt and tight, flaired blue jeans hid the physique of the football-playing, private-school jock turned live-and-be-real, with-it folk singer. He finished crooning "Mr. Bo-jangles" and introduced his next song. "All my songs are depressing. This is the first one I ever wrote. It should've been the last."

After a few sparse chuckles died down, he sang, "Who's that standing over there? — Does anybody care? ... Though I greet her with a smile — I can't help thinkin' all the places I should go — And all the people I should know."

We went back to the food table and again met the student with the menus. We discovered him to be Rory Nugent, one of the eight freshman founders of Cold Blood. Curious as to how they remain financially floating despite rummage-sale food prices, we asked him to explain where they got the money.

"The College Council gave us a grant of \$150 and a loan of \$100. We've had to spend most of that on the initial expenses of

getting started -- food mostly, and \$75 Friday night for Janet Johnson and Shep, who usually charge around \$600 for three and a half hours of work. We sell the food at prices lower than cost, probably with a loss of ten to fifteen per cent."

Seeing that the contributions in the bowls at the doors would not make up the difference, we asked if he planned to go back to the CC for more money.

"Definitely. We've no choice. Another four or five hundred dollars would do for the rest of the semester."

Rory glanced at a cluster of about ten students at the doorway, who eyed the surroundings quizzically. We asked one last question -- why he and his friends were going to all this trouble without pay.

"For something to do on the weekends besides sitting in our rooms."

As Rory turned toward the group at the door, a junior faculty member in flaired jeans and sports shirt asked a girl behind the table for some tea with his zucchini and rice.

"What kind of you want?" she asked.

"What do you have?"

She pointed to a sign on the wall:

Tea

- 1.) Comfrey
- 2.) Peppermint
- 3.) Camomile Flower
- 4.) Bancher Twig
- 5.) The Good Ol' Stuff

"How about some plain tea?" the customer asked.

The girl turned to her colleague at the table. "Where's the plain tea?"

"I don't know," was the response.

Some time later we came across that faculty member in the performance area and asked his opinion of the food.

"Excellent. It's very simple -- rice and zucchini and other vegetables, and not over-cooked. It's so much nicer than a greasy hamburger -- the only alternative here, I guess."

"And the tea?"

"I'm no connoisseur. I don't know anything about the exotic types. Mine is just tea-bag tea."

By this time Tom Lyon had ambled up front -- a shaggy, soft-spoken singer with a surprisingly resounding volume -- telling us something about "Them Deep River Blues." The crowd had swollen considerably by 11:00; the theatre-goers and movie-goers and even a few intellectuals chased out of Bronfman loitered and lay on the mattresses. A girl affectionately stroked her boyfriend's face and hair. Behind the couple, a second boy stroked a black dog at his side. Closer to the stage a student set his paper bowl of organic food on the floor next to a floppy white hat of some synthetic rubber and a nylon parka. An unwieldy, yellow, paperback volume of *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* lay slung against a supporting pillar.

As we left Common Blood, Rory Nugent was serving some frozen fresh fruit from a plastic bag.

"Good vibes!" he called after us.

DAY IN COURT

"Court rise," droned the bored, overweight policeman. There was a shuffling as the spectators and litigants rose. The judge walked in from a small door at the left of the bench. The clerk emerged after him.

"The court is now in criminal session. Is Mr." (he intoned some word which sounded like "Jelly") "present?"

No response. The few of us in attendance glanced around the narrow, Spartan courtroom. A young working man clad in a yellow windbreaker identifying him as "Butch J." and bearing the words "Bombadier East" stood up in the last row of benches.

"I'm his brother."

Mr. Agastini, the clerk, looked intently over the top of his glasses and said with a paternal air, "Your brother was supposed to appear on a speeding charge some time ago, but he said he was in the hospital. We had a warrant for him which we then held up. But it will have to be issued if he

UP AGAINST THE WALL, EPH WILLIAMS

By Jim Grubb: The Ken Kopp Kase

Nobody knows what really happened to get Ken Kopp busted. The Williams rumor mill, an easy match for Bell Telephone in the complexity of its communications system, has blown up and twisted the story of the Fort Hoosac House drug bust into a hundred conflicting versions.

It would be impossible to judge the truth of any one, since only arresting officer Edward J. Morin knows the full story--and Morin's testimony at Kopp's trial in the Williamstown District Court, Kopp and several witnesses allege, is suspect, an explanation of the truth the way Morin wants it. Accordingly Kopp, who will probably be judged tomorrow, has raised a number of major legal issues which could seriously redefine relations between the College and the town police.

Whatever the truth is, one thing is clear: the truce between the College and the town has been broken. Students are no longer entirely safe from police action simply because they live in College dorms. Once it was true that students were free in their rooms as long as they respected property and didn't blatantly break the law or disturb the peace. It was a good, working system, based on a loose honor code, and it may still survive. But these days the town police have taken a legalistic stand, and are apt to use "probable cause" warrants to enforce laws which a historically insulated College has treated in its own way for years.

Patrolman Morin's account of the events leading up to the bust roughly parallels that of Kopp, but in detail the stories diverge sharply. Morin testified in court Monday that he had come to Kopp's room in the Fort early one morning in the beginning of March, to ask Kopp to move his car so that Spring St. could be cleared of snow. Kopp was then at Lawrence Hall working on an art project.

Morin entered the front door, found no one downstairs, and went upstairs to find someone awake. In his testimony, as reported by the *North Adams Transcript*, he said he "knocked on a wall" to get someone's attention.

(Members of the second floor of the Fort, including Kopp's roommates, remembered no knocking.)

Morin then "faced a door that was wide open", a door later identified as Kopp's. (The geography of the Fort does not entirely support this statement. Kopp's room does not face directly the top of the stairway. Entrance to his suite is gained through a side door with a 9" threshold, and is not the door closest to the stairway.)

Morin said he went directly to Room 1, Kopp's room.

(He further testified that he had found Kopp's address from the student directory. But in the directory a misprint lists Kopp's room as No. 4, not No. 1. The occupant of Room 4 cannot recall Morin coming to see if Kopp were there.)

Morin, coming to Room 1, found the door wide open and the lights on.

(Kopp and his roommates claim that the door was closed fully until late at night, and probably would have been shut when Morin arrived.)

Standing in the door, Morin saw a water pipe and a clay pipe with tin foil over the bowl. He also testified to having seen a drawer open in a table, revealing bits of tin foil with what he claimed was a resin residue on them.

(Admitting that the pipes were in plain sight, Kopp holds that the table drawer was closed. It was closed when he left the room at 9:00 the previous evening, and closed when he came back in the morning. In his absence a desk light had been turned on.)

doesn't come in today. Do you know where he is?"

Butch, shifting his stance replied, "Well, I've been trying to call him." Which he had; we had seen him doing so

From all this Kopp concludes that Morin, finding no one awake, had decided to search the Fort. Kopp alleges that the police have been watching Fort Hoosac lately, thinking it a center of campus drug activity. With this in mind he believes Morin to have searched his room for additional evidence.)

Kopp was formally arrested at 9:00 the next morning. Morin and another policeman entered, said they had a warrant and advised him of his rights. After some discussion Kopp voluntarily surrendered a small cache of marijuana.

(On this both parties agree. But the entire sequence of events differs with the accounts offered by the principals. According to Kopp, he was not informed on his rights until the policemen were in the room and in possession of the pipes.

Morin, claims Kopp, then said that he would only be charged with a misdemeanor if he cooperated with the police. It was then that he gave the police his supply of marijuana.)

At the station Kopp was charged with a felony. There he was told he would be released on personal recognition, questioned further, and allowed to go.

(He was questioned by Police Chief Joseph Zoito Jr. The questions, it seems, had little to do with the bust itself: Zoito wanted specific information on the extent of drug use on campus, and the source of drugs. When Kopp in turn questioned the validity of such inquiries, his bail was suddenly announced at \$100. Only after he vehemently complained was he released free.)

If Kopp's story is true, then the police were devious and hostile to him. In charging him with a felony and announcing \$100 bail they would be guilty of breaking their promises outright. In opening his door and searching inside they would be guilty of the simplest laws against unlawful search.

Ken Kopp is guilty of possessing marijuana. He admits that. Yet according to his account of incidents the police are guilty of trespass and searching without a warrant, and as such their case is entirely founded on illegal evidence. And if the police action is upheld by the court tomorrow, he feels that several dangerous precedents will be set.

A citizen's rights against unwarranted searches is assured by the Fourth Amendment. But claim the police, Morin was on a friendly call to Kopp and cannot be said to be illegally entering. Although Morin entered the building simply to make a courtesy call, "what he saw cannot be overlooked," Chief Zoito said.

Kopp argues that Morin never had the right to make that call. Insofar as the Fort is private property, he claims that a policeman cannot legally enter the building unless admitted by a resident or in possession of a warrant. If Morin's action is condoned by the court now, Kopp feels that the police will gain the powers to arbitrarily search wherever they please.

To what extent Morin really searched Kopp's room, and to what extent the police railroaded Kopp into cooperating by promising him a lesser charge, may never be known and, in fact matters little.

The legal issues are getting increasingly subtle. The court on Saturday will decide not so much whether Ken Kopp possessed a quantity of marijuana as whether Edward Morin had the right to visit his room at all.

Williams has long been protected from the full execution of the law. But now the special relationship between the town police and the College is seriously threatened, and its chances of survival will be determined by the decision on a legal technicality. Whatever comes of the case, the status of Williams students as organic members of the Williamstown community will be seriously redefined; the repercussions could well change the tenor of life of the students.

This article is legalistic reportage. No emotion. But you all know what it means.

Please turn to page 2

TONY (continued)

Elaine Stritch (Company) was elected Woman of the Year by Sage C, or by some members of Sage C, or by one member of Sage C (which was later to become the Russell Sage Society at Williams), and when she was informed of this honor after a performance of Company, she agreed to accept the award at a Sunday night dinner in Baxter Hall as our guest of honor. Her first reaction to having won our award was one of great delight and "Please come in, I don't get many awards." The entry set the date, or some members of the entry set the date, and when we later spoke to her, she kept putting off her decision and putting it off, and finally the entry could speak only to the Stage Manager: "She's in the hair-dressers now. Call back in twenty minutes." And in twenty minutes: "She's practicing with her understudy. Call back tomorrow night." Thus, I found it somewhat satisfying to see Helen Gallagher be the Best Actress in a Musical, and in my own perverted way, I wanted to send Bitch Stritch a telegram: "One turns down the Russel Sage Award and his little world begins to fall. Beware!" At least she was right in saying she doesn't win many awards.

Company wiped up in the show's closing moments. Stephen Sondheim (whom one would call a successful Williams graduate) rightfully received two Tonys for both the Best Music and Best Lyrics in a Musical (Company); George Furth accepted his Tony for best book in a musical (Company); and Harold Prince,

this time as producer, accepted his Tony for best Musical (Company) of the 1971 season. The kid from Villanova blanched a bit, but clapped and bravoed, although his mechanical hands faltered in the show's waning moments.

I was really quite delighted the show was over. During the rousing finale of "There's no Business like Show Business," that kid next to me couldn't believe that "all those people are on the stage at the same time." His date asked him to accept the fact that actors are real people, and he knew that, but just couldn't believe he was there. He just couldn't believe. When he stood to leave, I thought the weight of the evening would knock him back into his chair, but surprisingly he lifted his legs up the stairs and out of my sight.

Maryanne had trouble getting out of her seat. Her kidney was enlarged, and it was then impossible to push up the aisles. We hummed show tunes until we were at the top of the stairs, and then she ran. Outside the theatre, with the crowds and photographers, Maryanne mumbled: "I don't feel well at all." As we ambled over to 5th Avenue to catch a taxi, she yelled "Grab my hair!" She held back the black crepe flowing in the wind, leaned over a green plant lodged in a white concrete vase, and very theatrically erupted the evening's meal - indeed, a fitting epitaph to our earlier amusement. I now bid my farewell to that starless night with but a lump in my breast and a chuckle in my throat: Goodnight Villanova, Goodnight Tony, Goodbye Maryanne, Goodbye.

Common Blood At Williams

By Jim Gasperini

"Common Blood," a non-profit coffee shop featuring a variety of foods and beverages at low prices and free entertainment, begins operation in the Baxter Rathskeller this weekend. The shop will be open from 8:00 to 2:00 a.m. Friday and Saturday nights, serving rice, zucchini squash, organic foods, cider, coffee, different kinds of tea, and other specialties, all cooked on the premises. Everything will be go at purchase price. Entertainment Friday will feature Ward Marston playing jazz piano, Joe Mulholland and Steve Bishop playing jazz on piano and clarinet, piped-in music from WCFM during breaks, and possibly local celebrity Janet Johnson.

Common Blood is the product of several weeks' work by a group of some fifteen freshmen, loosely organized under originator Rory Nugent. The group's

work has been very "open-ended," meaning that no one is really "in charge." Various small groups of people have added what they could—some working on lighting, others on food, publicity, entertainment, and so on. The group hopes to continue their work in fixing up the Rathskeller, trying to make it as pleasant a place as possible. The plans are flexible; hopefully the shop will be open Fridays and Saturdays at least for the rest of the term. The group wants to see a good crowd Friday, but warns that things may still be a little rough. Anyone who has paintings, pictures, woodcuts, or graphics to exhibit, or talent to display, or anything else to contribute should contact Rory.

The idea, as Rory presently sees it, is to provide a relaxed social atmosphere for conversation, a meeting place for everyone. 8 to 2 this weekend, no cover charge, everyone welcome.

The Great Ascension

days keep disappearing
a train goes by the window
so we lie flat like the dawn.
cages of celestial bodies
are brought down
to influence the unrepentent.
hours pass before the trumpet escort
begins the great ascension
from which our guests were deterred.

later on we went
back to the veranda
to sip drinks and wait
for the violinist to elicit tears.

—Craig Walker

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AT THE CINEMA:

One Hundred And Forty Minutes Later...

"Husbands," at the College Cinema, is "A comedy about Life, Death, and Freedom." I know this, but only because it was billed as such in the credits. Life and freedom are "talked about," in the most banal sense of that phrase, and there was a death involved (nearly several—from boredom). There is some interesting camera work (and overwork), and the actors, John Cassavetes (who also directed the film), Ben Gazzara, and Peter Falk, are all excellent. But except for about one, maybe one-and-a-half yuks near the end, "Husbands" is one of the most incredibly boring, pretentious, and empty films I have ever seen.

Art is not reality, because reality is usually boring, especially unedited reality. "Trash" was not reality. "Husbands" is worse than reality. Cassavetes has apparently decided that to make us see the awfulness and trauma and materialistic orientation of upper-middle-class married men, he should make an awful film in which nervous people spend a lot of money, and then don't enjoy themselves. Even reality isn't as boring as Cassavetes' conception of it.

"Husbands" uses every pseudo-intellectual ploy in the cinematic stock book. After pegging his movie for you in the credits as obviously intellectual (but amusing!) he opens with a barrage of lines like, "Lies'll kill ya, Harry." "Gus, ya've gotta believe the truth. Believe it. It's the only way," and "Funerals seem phony." An hour later someone in the audience got a titter out of a ten-minute vomiting sequence. I didn't because I was too busy gagging over "Archie, I'm

feeling something, but I don't know what it is." Cassavetes has the line repeated and holds the scene for a couple more seconds so we get the import of that over the guys vomiting in the background. I don't know what he's feeling, you don't know what he's feeling, and he doesn't know either, outside of maybe sick. He can only hold up his hands (meaningfully!!!). In other words, Cassavetes doesn't know what he's feeling either, but the pregnant pause is supposed to convey to us Thoughts Too Heavy For Words. Like Gus, he "had something to say, but forgot it."

John Cassavetes is, himself, a very funny actor. His movie is rarely funny. It would have been bearable if it had been one-and-a-half instead of two hours long (and it could have been if Cassavetes didn't have the slowest camera in the West). He handles the opening scene rather well, except for the outrageous dialogue, but loses control ten minutes into the film. It seems he didn't realize, after this point, that movies have been made before about three upper-middle-class husbands whose best friend has died, who go out on a drinking binge, after which one of them has a fight with his wife; who go to London to get away from it all and pick up some girls (which they would like to screw, maybe, and which they do, to varying degrees, maybe); and who, in the end (finally!) go back to their wives because they've got kids and cars and garages and homes.

At the end of which one can only say So What and try to get one's circulation going again.

REFLECTIONS (continued)

has produced considerable controversy even in Williamstown.

We asked a long-haired sophomore we found munching some nondescript delicacy in the Snack Bar how he judged the affair.

"The entire Army should go on trial. Christ, the man was brainwashed, trained to do what he did. It's not as though he's some Great Being thumbing his nose at the Army."

A freshman sitting in another booth thought the Army had ruined "its own publicity campaign."

"What campaign?" we queried.

"Well, they were obviously trying to look good in front of the peaceniks. And now look what a hole they've put themselves in!"

"I have no sympathy for the man," a freshman on the hockey team added. "Yet, he shouldn't be convicted in that way. After all, where does something like this stop? Friends of mine have been there, and they flew helicopters on operations where they would flush people out of villages and shoot them regardless. If a stopping place isn't found soon, it'll go on forever. The indictments should go all the way back to Johnson."

We next went down Spring Street to see what the townspeople's reactions were. As we questioned the man behind the counter at the Williams News Room, a

loitering customer piped up his opinion. "People are interesting when under tremendous pressure. Here is Calley - arrogant, cocksure. Then the trial. All of a sudden he's anti-war. He's just not the same confident officer after reinterpreting his actions in far more liberal terms. I mean that now he sees himself as the product of a self-contradictory war machine."

At the B & L Gulf, one of the attendants turned out to be fairly loquacious.

"Now wait a minute. The Army didn't care what they were doing to civilians when they dropped that bomb on Hiroshima. They knew that women and children were going to be killed - by the thousands, not just twenty-two - but that's war. Yeah, that's right, the B-52s with their napalm - same thing."

A car drove up, and he had to go out and pump some gas.

"What do you think of the President's response to public opinion?" we asked when he returned.

"The result of Nixon's action will probably be good, but the way he went about it was unfortunate. He was buying time. If everyone went around with 'Imprison Calley' stickers on their cars, Nixon wouldn't have done a thing."

At that, a customer milling around the station put in his two-cents' worth.

"President Nixon should mind his own business. He's Commander-in-Chief in name only."

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume Two, Number Eight

Thursday, April 22, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Inside Out

By J.R.M. Fraser Darling

The confusion of May 1970 on this campus and the consequent era of apathy in the Fall raised doubts as to whether the Williams Student had any idea what one is supposed to do in college. In the spring, everyone appeared to take his role in the university so lightly that he thought little of finishing his work and demanded that his professor postpone exams until October. Evidently the shouting of meaningless slogans in the capital was considered the highest form of moral expression open to the intellect. The Fall saw so little evidence of students actually doing anything at the college, that one had to consider the academic scene in eschatological terms.

The Spring semester of 1971 seems to have been chiefly characterized by a successful search for the Lowest Common Denominator. Any form of human behaviour has been regarded as valid in itself for research. In explaining to this writer why baseball was as valuable an art form as were the endeavors of Dante, a junior claimed self-involvement and self-expression, not creativity resulting from a search after truth, as the primary criteria of critical judgement. Obviously self-involvement and self-expression contribute to the mental health of an animal, but so does self-delusion. The Williams Student, it seems, chews the cud of his own nervous system. Self-transcendence through creativity is regarded as a symptom of a self-confidence which, in such uncertain times, must be sinful. The only valid form of art nowadays is the unrestricted meanderings of the suffering soul in pursuit of its tail.

But since nobody takes much notice of our self-involving expressions of ourselves, each student being too busy thinking up incomprehensible criteria for expressing his own being, life becomes a little lonely. So we come to college to play, not to think seriously. The academic disciplines are merely the walls of a maze, the arbitrary rules of a game almost as intriguing as baseball. Since there is no certainty beyond the self — an organism which evolved from an accidental amalgam of nerves — there can

be no such thing as mediocrity, but it is fun to set oneself a standard of conduct occasionally. Socrates was ingenious — he constructed a very complicated set of rules for himself, but, of course, if I find picking my nose a more effective mode of achieving self-knowledge than dialectics, then this must be for me the supreme art-form and I should continue my researches at college.

Some students at Williams, I am sure, have been successful in setting up for themselves obstacles, which by their own admission are totally invalid, arbitrary, and of no significance outside of themselves. The trouble is there are no means of knowing what others are doing. I assume we are all doing something. People spend the semester working on a paper and then no one reads it but the professors. One would have thought that a knowledge of what one's acquaintances are doing would encourage one to join in the game with more vigor. It is a pity that one follows in college so complicated a set of academic rules and yet one's skill in dealing with them goes unnoticed.

There is, nevertheless, something indecorous about an interchange of ideas. When each individual is caught in his own peculiar flux of being one must surely be wasting his time in having the audacity to suppose that he can learn anything from another. Since all is opinion, nothing is communicable. If my professor gives me an E minus for a paper, he is being peculiarly unsporting and obnoxious. He is trying to impose his own subjective set of rules on mine. With the avarice of an imperialist, he is trying to conquer my ego with his.

Although the above harangue is absurd for a university publication, seeming little more than an exercise in puerility, it is an inevitable result of the incredible questioning of the validity and, indeed, the maintenance of academic and intellectual standards on this campus. This questioning of a whole tradition must lead to the destruction of the university itself and is antithetical to the freedom of thought and the enjoyment of a creative consciousness.



Williams Club

By Jim Gasperini

The man emerges from the office-building elevator, briefcase in hand, and makes for the revolving door. He buttons his overcoat against the chill spring New York air and thrusts himself out onto the Park Avenue sidewalk. Neatly trimmed hair unbothered by the wind, he strides southbound along Park his heart in his knees: today has not been terribly good. From the morning's first moment, when he had read that Lipshitz, Doofunkle Harblot and Schlom had folded, he had known it would not be of the best. The man has just finished working out his forms for the 15th, and now must start work on his quarterly estimate for the IRS deadline in June. Peabody had failed to call today. There had also been those problems with the new associate. And that damned rented Xerox machine had broken down again. The market had been mixed, with glimmers taking a real beating. What the hell is he going to do with all that Memorex? A multitude of drab colors assault his eye. He takes in the splotchy gray of the sidewalk, the metallic brown of Westvaco, the grimy tan of the Sanitation Department building, the hideous yellow of the evening sky dimly visible down 43rd street. Oh, for some lively color! Oh, to be back in the carefree days of the ivory tower, to have fun working on things that didn't matter so much! Oh, to be back at dear old Williams!

But look! What is that behind the wrought-iron fence, jutting out from the gray-stone facade of the 24-East-39th brownstone? Look at the purple of that awning. What does it say? He enters, and the cozy, open college atmosphere returns again.

It is night. The weary student, hair-blowing in his face, knapsack on his back, trudges along the novel concrete. In one pocket is an airlines ticket folder reading "TWA-Des Moines-New York, JFK." A ticket stub for a boat ride around the Statue of Liberty, an advertisement for The Dead at the Fillmore East (Sold Out), a Playbill for No, No, Nanette, and a winelist from some restaurant, and a near-empty wallet bulges the second pocket. The student walks the blocks because he can't quite bring himself to get into one of those yellow monstrosities that say "60 cents every ten feet" on the door. As he trudges, his expression changes from a wondering to a rueful smile. The smile gradually disappears. Oh, to be back, nice and safe in the ivory tower! Ah, for a bit of green-or purple! Oh, to be back working on something ridiculous like Philosophy 101 and free from the unchangeable hardness of these lousy streets! But soft - What light through yonder 39th-street window breaks? The student steps briskly, his smile returning, and enters the wilderness outpost of his life, his love and his homeland, dear old W. C.

Inside, both temporary Manhattanites receive greetings from the desk attendant—Don, Bill or Jerry (depending on the day)—and enter one of the pleasant privileges of going to Williams College—the Williams Club of New York. Each

takes one of the 27 air-conditioned bedrooms, the student happy at the incredible \$8 undergraduate rate, and both settle down inside to the various available services of the roomy Club.

The distinguished alum decides to have dinner in the Grill, choosing from several well-prepared and amply palatable dishes. While waiting with his cocktail, he goes out to the desk to make arrangements for a theatre party (one of the Club's services), to schedule an appointment for a haircut with Peter, the barber on the third floor, sometime in the coming week, and to sign up for a squash court at the Columbia Club, which is available as part of the exchange privileges the Club has with several others in New York. After finishing dinner with a classmate he chanced upon in the Grill, the alum goes up to the Garfield room, where a meeting is in progress. After the meeting, he goes to bed, setting out his laundry and suit to be pressed for him in the morning.

The student decides to look around, since he has never been to the Club before. He chats with colorful, friendly Don at the desk, finding out that he has worked there for twenty years and likes it "very much." Next the student takes a look at the bulletin board, which is covered with Jack Maitland write-ups, notices, requests for summer jobs from undergraduates, and the list of members delinquent in paying Club bills. He then climbs the carpeted staircase, which leads him past drawings and paintings of West College, Thompson Chapel, and maps of the Williams campus. The hall at the top of the stairs exhibits portraits of several past Williams Presidents, elaborately carved wood railings, and an old upright piano. The meeting rooms, mostly named for famous alumni, present a simple elegance with their high ceilings, chandeliers, and full-length curtains. In the Colonel Whittlesey room he finds a portrait of Whittlesey in uniform and wire-rims in front of a cloudy gray background; on each side hang framed carrier-pigeon messages which Whittlesey, in command of the famous "Lost Battalion" of the First World War, sent back to headquarters. He and his battalion became detached from the main Allied army and completely surrounded by Germans. The two framed messages, one of which a truly loyal bird carried even after one leg had been shot off, manifest the problem Whittlesey had in reestablishing communications with headquarters: "Post 10 has been broken by German MG," the student reads in wonder, "it is impossible for us to maintain liaison over a long stretch to the rear....request that line of communications be maintained by unit from the rear, that we may advance." (Whittlesey got out of the situation only to commit suicide several years after returning to the States.)

The student checks out the rest of the meeting rooms, except the one in which the distinguished alum's meeting is in progress, and wanders into the Beldivere

FICTION

Days On Women I've Dined With

by William Finn

Two nights ago, it was, when the tiny lady, barefooted and simple souled, remembering an incident that happened a long time ago, began to cry tears of happiness for the days past; and it was that same night at a later hour when the whimpering signs of a television's goodnight brought her to a withdrawn, almost incommunicable state where even her parents, now gone, would have watched helplessly in the morning's silence, for coddling has no effect on her at times like these. And it was times like these when few lights in the surrounding apartments remained and the flickering of the bar across the street had been mellowed by early dew, times like these when she would remove the white shift with the wickedly thin pin stripes and sleep naked on the crimson velvet sofa that was once new. Few males would recognize her in this state because although she rarely ventured outside the apartment, her story was often told and repeated cautiously by mothers who feared that their overripe daughters would befall the same fate. The woman is Norma, tired, and unrecognizable save for large women she met on streetcorners at this hour when she was younger.

The winter leaving had bitten harshly, cold were the days and many of them, and on retiring she would hold in her hand the picture of her lover who so many years before had gone straight and moved to a fashionable part of the city; each night

before removing the dress she would wander the snow-brimmed windows in search of this lady, hoping for a glance before the wake so that one final oath could be consummated between the two, an act understood, she said, by only these two, needed by the two equally and for more than the body's yearning. It was those days, when the coupled women, cheeks high, would recognize each other as they moved in shadows to their bed. To her I owe all that I dream of now, Norma once told a woman deigned to a similar fate as she, motioning to the more fashionable section of town where children are raised healthy and strong. To those nights I owe all my smiles.

On rising, Norma, older now and growing older as the days slowly pass, would take breakfast near the bungalow stove, and it was only a few weeks back when she burnt herself on the gas where the gas and the stove meet in circles, and save for the man down the hall who she once met on the stairs, both descending, there was no one in the apartment she could call. His wife was very nervous that day, he said, and if there was anything else he could do he would certainly do it. So there was only Norma and the television among the two to find an answer, and her hand remains scarred to this day with nothing but the sunshine from the couple across the hall to soothe it. Her days were painful, lonelier now

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The Williams Advocate

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REFLECTIONS (continued)

in the little glass cubicle to the right of the front door several minutes before.

At this point the judge interceded. We then discovered that he was not Samuel E. Levine, Esq., at all, as the notice outside proclaimed, but some other justice, perhaps substituting temporarily. He directed Mr. Agastini to "execute the order." Mr. Agastini disappeared, presumably to issue the warrant.

"The court is now in civil session. Small claims. Are Garretson Hammond and Thomas R. Wood present?"

Garry Hammond, the plaintiff in the Williams Travel Bureau case, and Thom Wood, the defendant, both started toward the bar. The judge, who apparently had some previous knowledge of the case, stopped them with, "Let's put this case last on the docket." Both students, slightly disgruntled, returned to their places.

Mr. Agastini turned to the bench to outline the next case to the judge; apparently a gas station owner was suing for payment of a bill. The clerk called the defendant, a stout woman arrayed in purple, up to the front. The representative for the plaintiff turned out to be Butch J., the Bombadier. He viewed the scene with mild disdain, evidently bewildered by the vehemence with which his dissatisfied customer was protesting.

"My whole complaint here is his attitude," asserted the lady in purple, quaking with fury. "When I called up to say there was oil all over our garage floor, he said it was just my imagination."

The facts of the incident eventually came out among recriminations. Butch had installed a new oil filter in the defendant's car. Mrs. Purple had driven it home. One day, she was astonished to find a flood of oil on her garage floor, some of which was promptly tracked indoors. Arnold, "that's my husband," poured more oil into the engine so the car could be driven. She not only refused to pay the bill but demanded reparations for the extra oil and the cost of towing the vehicle to Dinelli's, a rival gas vendor. Butch asserted that the oil filter was defective and produced the actual part.

The judge decided for the plaintiff, that is, Butch's boss, but did reduce the bill by the cost of the filter and labor for that particular operation. Other work had been done, but the lady in purple had not yet paid for that either.

"What about the time I spent on my hands and knees scrubbing that oil?" At this complaint the policeman suppressed a laugh and turned toward the audience. He imagined, as we, the difficulty that the lady in purple must have encountered in getting off her hands and knees.

"I'm sorry, I can't do anything about that. If you could set some value on your time and effort, I might be able to." As for the extra oil, the judge asserted that the defendant had not fulfilled her "obligation to mitigate damages" by pouring four or five more quarts of oil into the car.

The defendant was too exhausted to go further. All she wanted was the offending part as a souvenir. She asked Butch for the filter, but he refused. The lady relented, and those litigants left the courtroom.

After this, the Wood-Hammond Case was almost anti-climactic. Thom and Garry sat down at a table in front of the bench, along with Kim Hobbs, a witness for the plaintiff. Garry presented his case first, stating simply that the voucher issued him for a return flight ticket last September had not been honored in London. As a result, he had to pay \$120 out of his own pocket to get home. He was suing for an extra \$15 as well to cover phone calls "trying to track all this down." He held Thom Wood responsible since he acted as an agent for AUS, the organization which Garry had had to join to fly to Europe.

The judge then gave Thom the opportunity to question Garry in an effort to

illucidate any points of the testimony he felt were unclear. Thom concentrated on three points: the nature of the form which Garry had first signed to join AUS, the efforts he made to obtain his return ticket, and his attempts to contact the airport before his departure to ensure that everything was running smoothly. (The first indication, according to Garry, that things were not going smoothly was his flight being set back from June 9th to the 16th.)

"What were the terms of the contract you signed?" asked Thom. "Were they similar to these?" At this Thom pushed forward a copy of an application "similar" to the one Garry signed. The original, said Wood, was unobtainable since it is in the hands of AUS, which is presently not speaking to Thom.

Garry wasn't sure of the exact nature of the stipulations on the application. He only remembered that he had signed.

"So you don't know what you signed," concluded Thom. Turning to the judge, he asked, "Doesn't the court perceive some tension here?"

"No," replied the judge, "the court does not. And the court does not care to be interrogated by the defendant."

Thom passed to his next point. He had Garry retrace his actions at London as he attempted to claim his ticket. To begin with, he had a worthless voucher signed by a "Troy Jordan."

"I assumed he was with AUS," Garry argued.

"Doesn't it say Planned Travel on the cover of the voucher?" Thom questioned.

"Yes, it does." "So you trusted a complete stranger, never calling AUS to find out if there really is a Tray Jordan?"

Pause. Garry was bewildered.

Thom resumed. "You've suggested that I should be responsible for whom you deal with, too?"

"You, for instance?" asked Garry, with arched eyebrows.

After being told his voucher was worthless, Hammond went to the Lange International counter at London to make arrangements to get home.

Thom asked, "How did you know the man you talked to was with Lange International?"

"He said he was." "So you took his word and paid him \$120."

This prompted the judge to observe, "If you think TV lawyers are technical when laymen try cases, they're even more technical than lawyers."

Thom, tracing a rectangle on the desk with his index finger, returned to his questions.

"Didn't I tell you to call me collect if any serious difficulties arose in your plans?"

"No, I don't remember that you did."

"Well," said Thom, smiling, "I did."

The judge called a five minute recess.

After the recess, Thom introduced three pieces of evidence for his presentation, which he termed "documents 1, 2, and 3." The first was the booking form "similar" to the one which Garry signed. The judge read the terms of the contract allowed. What they essentially provided for was the exemption of AUS from any liability past, present, or future. Then Thom presented a list of the passengers booked on the June 16th flight, showing that the bureau had paid \$244 in full for Garry Hammond's seat on that flight. Finally "document number three" appeared: a copy of THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE, the issue with the Travel Bureau lead article. In conjunction with this piece of evidence, Thom Wood called a witness, the author of the article. The ostensible intention of all this was to show that "Garry Hammond wants more from this suit than just his \$120. He wants to malign the reputation of myself and of the Travel Bureau."

"In other words," summarized the judge, "you want to show that there is malevolence behind this suit, and that therefore the legal complaint is somehow invalid."

"Well..." answered Thom. "The court isn't buying it."

Finally Thom and Garry summed up their cases. The judge, allowing them two weeks to present legal briefs on the case, is taking the case under advisement, because he wants to research certain points of the law, especially concerning the definition of an "agent."

"Mr. Agastini." The ubiquitous clerk appeared.

"Court dismissed."

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REFLECTIONS

MY LAI

"Professional soldiers sometimes become this way."

"As soon as we landed, we started shooting."

"They were there, and whoever was there was the bad guys."

"We didn't encounter any resistance whatsoever."

"It just didn't phase me; I don't know why, but it didn't."

"The Vietnamese are funny people..."

"We didn't think this would be such a publicity stunt."

Bill Fleming, a freshman, had been organizing the showing of "Interviews with My Lai Veterans" for some weeks. It was finally presented in the First Congregational Church on Tuesday night. We had half-expected to hear comments such as these, but they had a greater impact on us than we had thought possible. Whether they similarly affected the attitudes of all the members of the audience is doubtful.

Filmore Baker, along with a friend, was sitting in the back of the room right behind us. Filmore was a pink-jacketed, self-appointed representative of the local VFW. (The president had declined his invitation.) His companion, dressed in a maroon windbreaker, sat on the back of his chair, a coke on the seat between his ankles, peering over the crowd as at a baseball game. Another VFW member, still dressed in his blue gas station uniform, leaned against the back wall, several feet from the other two.

At the conclusion of the film, Professor R.R.R. Brooks introduced the four panelists who were to kindle a discussion through four short presentations of their views. "I'm not going to identify the organizations which these gentlemen represent," said Brooks. "They are here tonight as individuals."

"Sure they are," chuckled Filmore or his friend audibly. This comment was succeeded by a spate of wheezy laughter, which terminated in violent coughing. Filmore took another puff on his cigar.

Tim Emerson, a freshman standing at the back of the room, asked the two, "Why don't we give them a chance?"

Eyeing Tim's hair, Mr. Baker replied, "OK, Curly."

The panelist's remarks embraced every conceivable approach to the Vietnam predicament, short of escalation and bombing Hanoi. Professor Mack Brown of the Williams Political Science department described Calley as "an officer of shallow capabilities, pliable in Medina's hands," and tended to shift the blame to the shoulders of the higher-ups. Beyond that, he emphasized his belief that the "situation" itself, that is, the fact of the war, is responsible, and that therefore the only solution is to terminate it as fast as possible.

Jim Morris, a Vietnam veteran and Williams student, stressed the confusion on the part of the infantrymen and simple misconduct on the part of Calley. "I went through about the same training at Fort Benning that Lt. Calley did, and we were not taught to kill.... Sure we were taught to use the tools of the trade, but we were also taught that there are definite times not to use them.... Calley wasn't 'doing his duty' when he shot civilians."

The blue-jacketed service station attendant muttered to himself, "Well, we've got a war hero here."

Morris concluded by insisting that incidents such as My Lai are not commonplace in Vietnam.

One of the few tirades of the evening was delivered by John Fisher, the next speaker, who spoke with a noticeable German accent. He declared that the Calley case can only be examined in the context of the "greater evil" of the war itself. His 45-minute address, which he tried to compress into five, was punctuated by observations from the American Legion contingent. At the height of his frenzy, he likened the future of America to the present of Germany. "When your children ask you, as German youth asks their parents now, 'Did you support Hitler?', what will you answer, when they ask you, 'Did you support L.B.J. or Nixon?'"

"I did," came the chorus from the rear of the room.

By way of concluding, Fisher read a statement by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. It was a bitter denunciation of the United States for everything from political bungling to genocide. When Fisher finally made an end, Filmore rose

and intoned gratefully "Thank you, Mr. Krushchev."

Next, Lawrence Urbano, a Williams-town lawyer, made a very reasoned and low-key speech which contained one thought which overshadowed many of the others by virtue of its simple, logical poignancy. "Then ending of ROTC on college campuses has ended the civilian army. Now the ranks of officers must be filled by either professional soldiers or by men whose qualifications are not adequate."

The audience thinned at the end of these presentations; those who left missed Filmore's reply. Untangling the rather complex jumble of adverbial phrases and prepositional clauses which Mr. Baker created as he spoke, we finally distilled the essence of his objection. He thought the film had been a "propagandized program." It qualified as such because it presented the recollections of only five veterans, all of whom remembered killing "women, children, et cetera, and so forth." Therefore, he sensed "underlying tones of prejudice." "Can anyone in this hall tonight," queried Mr. Baker, "tell me under what conditions you can refuse to kill somebody?" Presumably, we were to assume that "you" are a soldier confronted with a direct order to commit an immoral act.

No one ever attempted to answer the question. Mr. Fisher spoke again, again in a heated manner. Filmore was offered the floor again, and he took it, in order to advise Mr. Fisher to "drop back into Germany." He then walked out, accompanied by his companion. The meeting, deprived of its soul, broke up shortly afterwards.

ADMISSIONS

The advanced billing in the Adviser and the orange posters read like the title for a new Vance Packard expose: "Everything you always wanted to know about admissions. (And aren't afraid to ask.)" The stylistics proclaimed this to be an administration initiated idea. In spite of the comic book classified approach, we dutifully walked over to Fitch-Prospect expecting a dull long evening.

Three cafeteria style tables were placed end to end against the curving backdrop of the Fitch-Prospect architecture. White table-cloths were sloppily draped across their surfaces. Ten chairs were arranged behind the tables facing four rows of assembled couches and chairs provided for the audience. Due to the unique lighting fixtures of the lounge, the panel basked in near stage light while the audience remained obscured in darkness. Just before the proceedings began someone ambled in with a pitcher of water and glasses, placing it on one table. The glasses were never distributed, probably to the regret of the panelists two-and-a-half dry hours later. The turnout was about 3.5 students for each of the eleven members of the Admissions Policy Committee.

Mr. Labaree, assuming the style of a Meet the Press moderator, started things by briefly describing the bureaucracy involved with admissions. The Admissions Policy Committee, seated before us, formulates general guidelines for admissions procedure. Actual acceptance and rejection of applications comes under the heading of Admissions Staff. Another committee of five students and seven faculty members plays some obscure role in influencing policy.

The proclaimed intention of the meeting, to answer students' questions, quickly proved to be an inaccurate description of what actually occurred. From the recesses to the right and in back of us came the first question. "Will women married to Williams men be favored in acceptance over other equally qualified women?" No definite answer was given. Several members of the panel offered opinions. Apparently policy had not yet been formulated for this or for most other problems which students brought up during the meeting.

A general run of what might be called "expected questions" arose dealing with class distribution among various areas, types of schools, offspring of alumni and athletes. Connected with much of the discussion were references to "the Williams Image." One co-ed felt obligated to deny the existence of such an image whereupon her point was generally accepted and discussion resumed with the tacit assumption that there was a Williams Image.

Please turn to page 3

ADMISSIONS (continued)

After ninety minutes of patient waiting we finally had an opportunity to ask our prepared question. What would admissions policy be if the II-S deferment were eliminated? Again the panel offered no definite answer, but preferred instead to ask the audience what they thought should be done. By this time we were thinking of possible revisions in the meetings' title. "Everything the Admissions Policy Committee always wanted to ask the students about what they thought admissions policy was or should be" seemed too long for the orange posters. But then again so did the meeting for the amount of information being disseminated.

Through sheer perseverance -- some of the students began to trickle off after a mere two hours -- we had a turn to ask a second question. Sensing this to be our last chance we combined two inquiries. "On what basis does a supposedly academic institution like Williams justify special recruiting of athletes?" And "Does special recruitment for sports determine the projected 2-1 male to female enrollment?" The second question was dealt with first, and the first question was ignored. Supposedly two factors determined the male to female ratio. Available class room space and optimal maximum use of library facilities imposed an upper limit of 1800 students. Alumni groups, supposedly those with much donatable money, opposed reduction of the male element. The only economically feasible solution, therefore, was a male to female ratio of 2-1. Members of the panel asserted that an effective athletic program could be run with 900 men. Witness Amherst and Hamilton. Apparently some alumni were not convinced. For our part, it seemed to us that supporting the present level of athletic success with 300 fewer men would mean a substantial increase in the "jock proportion" of each class. Some on campus would prefer parity in sex ratios and be willing to forego an athletic establishment. To what extent these sentiments exist is, of course, unknown. The only factor which the admissions committee has data on is alumni contributions. These would diminish considerably should sports be sacrificed for co-eds.

One student raised the "moral issue" of "discrimination against women" and likened it to Williams' policy on Afro-American admissions. Mr. Bevis fielded the question for the panel. Black admissions policy, he contended, was influenced by societal discrimination and limited opportunities for blacks to enroll in colleges. The women entering Williams, on the other hand, face no lack of college options. He felt, therefore, that the "moral issue" was subsidiary to the economic one.

With the meeting approaching its third hour, Mr. Labaree had the compassion for panelist and student alike to ask for a last question. The meeting then broke into small groups with most people leaving. We departed doubting that anything more would be resolved in the smaller conversations than had been in the formal discussion.

MARAT/SADE

It was an elegant evening. We overdressed carefully, adding a huge hat of gaudy silks and a subdued tweed jacket to an otherwise dull costume. A bag of popcorn had to be consumed quickly lest it disturb our dignity and air of solemnity.

Our mission was urbane and serious: we were in search of an essence, the core experience of a rehearsal at the AMT. For it is in rehearsal that the quintessential drama of a theatrical production is projected; here personal strengths of actors and director are revealed, stripped of the false demands of actual performance. Naturally the reviewer must be far more discerning in his evaluations and correlations between interpersonal relationships and the exigencies of dramatic role-playing.

It was also, we decided, an arrogant evening. (We had come, after all, not to imitate Steve Lawson but to watch him.) Hastily we dropped the pompous jargon of the critics and entered Marat-Sade's asylum of Charenton to watch the best of Williams theater on a single stage.

The asylum's patients were demonstrating every conceivable type of programmed hysteria as they drooled, hopped, grunted, howled, fiddled and gaped emptily. One of the main characters would speak, and the full lunacy of the cast would burst out like a sneeze.

The strain of constant insanity for daily rehearsals of three or four hours had begun to wear on the inmates, who retreated into carefully planned-out sequences of postures and movements. Still, the effect of twenty adult bodies totally out of control was pretty terrifying, and we were relieved when Director Steve Travis called a break.

Hysteria left the patients slowly, each continuing to fidget spasmodically. Travis wandered around the stage making small adjustments to a complex machine which had obviously been precisely choreographed in order to avoid utter confusion. His cast was grouped on different levels around the half-built set, each in his own nook.

Seated in front of and to the sides of the general mob, Will Weiss, Bill Finn and Lawson were calm, self-contained, and aloof. They seemed oblivious to the chaos on stage, to the rough set, or to the lowered lighting rig looming overhead, a mass of spaghetti wires with meatball lights.

While Travis finished a few rounds of suggestions and alterations and the lunatics mugged and showed off, we played a word game listing some of the key qualities of a successful extrovert madman: grimace, fanatic, contort, grotesque, macabre, bizarre, fury, cower. Reality or not, it was chilling even from the rear of the theater.

The action resumed to a sort of fragmented Greek chorus, with episodes and vignettes given support and continuity by the moods and energies of the volatile maniacs. Each member of the

inmate chorus provided a fiercely individual counterpoint to a series of speeches from the main characters.

Even when de Sade came down from his platform to walk along the floor of the asylum, he was apart from the crowd. There was a polyphony of slurs, mutters, pants, and vacant stares, overridden by one aristocratic, bitter, noble speech.

Travis announced another rest and relaxation break. The asylum, whipped up into savage fury by de Sade's platitudes, began a Coca-Cola chant which rose to a howling climax and died slowly. Gradually the patients drifted off the stage, assuming a professional barrier between stage life and reality as they immediately became the people we had known before. Joe Mulholland broke into thumping jazz on the rehearsal piano. P.J. Morello and his Medusa hair bounced up and down the aisles, ever cheerful.

We chatted with Steve Schulman, a veteran bit-part player and a first-string howler. Off the stage he was detached, approaching his role from a completely intellectual viewpoint. Sadly we watched the simple screams of frenzied torture explained as expressions of cosmic disorders, the twisted lives at Charenton become "small roles of thematic impact". We nodded soberly and put on our scholarly facade again, donned our Cyrano hat, and sailed out into the night.

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WILLIAMS CLUB (continued)

Brooks room, browsing over various periodicals and old cals. He then goes back down the elevator to the desk, where he cashes the check he had futilely tried to cash all over the City. While there he meets Mrs. Humphry, the competent, personable manager, and talks with her about Williams and the Club. She takes pride in Williams' having a "very good image" but goes on to lament that in New York they don't hear much about what is going on in Williamstown. The Club members were well aware, however, of last year's Strike, especially when a group of faculty and students came down and held a meeting with interested alumni--quite a crowd came, she says, including many whom she had never seen at the Club before. That type of personal interaction is very much in keeping with the Club's purposes, she notes, which are generally to promote "intellectual and social relations" between a group of widely diverse individuals who usually have in common only the one factor of association with the College. After thus being assured of undergraduates being very welcome at the Club, the student settles down for the night, safe in his refuge, his oasis of hospitality in Manhattan's very center.



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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume Two, Number Nine

Friday, April 30, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Springtime At The Capitol

By Paul Stekler, Bill Fleming, Jim Gasperini, Rich Thornburg

Since the "March" meeting the week before, a group of freshmen had worked full-time finding rides for all who asked for them. The second stage began Friday morning as the first people started south from Williamstown.

At first a single van moved along Route 22 like a lonely blood corpuscle down in a small capillary. The roadside population of hitchhikers grew as the trip progressed down the Thruway, the Parkway and the Jersey Turnpike to the Delaware River. By that time, the road was full of loaded trucks, buses, vans and cars. Each toll booth provided passengers with the chance to discover the colors of license plates from across the country. Clenched fists and waving peace signs spiritually connected each link of the long caravan. As Friday became Saturday outside of Washington D.C., the heavy traffic still moved smoothly, a deceptive prelude to the massive jams that were to exist several hours later.

It was one-o'clock a.m. in a strange city. The scenes at George Washington, Georgetown, American and other universities were similar as dorm desks and switchboards were mobbed by weary travellers, carrying packs and sleeping bags. Curious students looked on.

"Can you ring room 233 please?"

Hi...Joan, you don't know me, but I'm from Illinois too and I thought you might have some room for..."

"Hey, if any of you boys need places to stay tonight, go over to Waydon!"

There's plenty of floor space right now."

"God, I wonder how the people here who still support the war, feel?"

Two tiny, red, on-and-off flashing eyes surveyed the "not very many yet" crowd from atop the monument. Below the people danced before the flood lights casting eerie shadows around the base of

the obelisk. Freaks, huddled in blankets and old green-brown sleeping bags, sat together in circles passing cigar roaches and bottles of Boone's Farm. The crowd moved about the monument, from event to event, like a carousel, celebrating themselves and the time.

"Smoke to share or sell?"

"Sure, man, best you ever had."

The ground was cold. The rain chant, orgiastic in the distance, pounded on. Flutes, recorders, congas, guitars and their players minstrelled around.

"Sit down and have a hit."

"Sure."

"Where from?"

"Texas."

"Out-fucking-rageous!"

"Yeah. 35 hours on the goddamn bus. I'm tired as hell."

"Catch some rest...get strong for tomorrow."

"Jesus, yes."

"Ever seen the Martha Washington monument?"

"Shit, no."

"That tremendous hole in the ground over there..."

"Oh Christ."

Despite advance warnings of rain, the morning sun of April 24th rose into a clear, blue sky.

Sleepers awoke at the churches, colleges, private homes and in the fields as the traffic continued to plow into the city. Before noon, everyone was heading in the general direction of the Monument, aided by smiling policemen, who seemed to be stationed every ten feet.

In one little square, under trees covered with a light sprinkle of pale green, the grotesque puppeteers were forming. The group had a variety of well-made huge puppets designed to be worn over people's heads and torsos—grotesque grey soldiers with mutilated features, decrepit Bloodrock low-flying airplanes looking

distinctly like pterodactyls, weeping masks, cringing politicians and more.

"Are the Ladies in White here? The Ladies in White?" A string of girls with grey masks and white robes tied together by long strips of cloth attached to the hands came weaving out from behind a group of onlookers. One of the people putting the show together turned to the crowd and asked for volunteers.

"Okay, we need thirteen of you for the Army of Death. Here...the Army of Death. You get to wear these groovy masks..."

Somehow, people were moving again. The march wasn't scheduled to begin for another hour, but someone was saying "let's go!" and the body was moving. The people crowded down around the Ellipse, where several people, including one nude girl, were thrashing around in the water, doing handstands and inviting the others to come in.

"Let's get moving."

"Which way?"

"This way," someone said, pointing to the Lincoln Memorial. He and a group started down along the reflecting pool. People began moving that way. Suddenly things had changed and everyone was going the other way. The crowd pushed on, picking up isolated groups of stagnant people, sloshing back and forth to pick them up like a raindrop blowing down the side window of a car, gradually picking up more speed and more people, absorbing hundreds who had been sitting on the grass, leaving an empty field in its wake.

The Army of Death moved slowly in single file towards the Commerce Building. Few people there seemed to know the march route and most were content to amble along amidst trapped cars, fences and trees. Even the tree branches were crowded.

"Anyone down there from Ohio?"

"Anyone from Idaho...Indiana...Iowa?"

Each call was met by a different chorus of "Yes's" from different areas of the surrounding park.

There seemed to be a bottleneck of some sort, as the thousands-abreast in the

field had to be squeezed into hundreds into the street. Groups with banners were supposed to be going first, as parade marshals with megaphones kept reminding the crowd:

"Please wait, people...stand back...this is the United Women's Coalition. Please move forward only...if you are a woman."

Moving out quickly from the side street, a small group of marchers took a place between a local church congregation and a section of federal workers. There they had their first view of Pennsylvania Avenue; the huge white dome of the Capitol in the distance, with a solid line of people filling the street up to the large gathering on and around the steps. It was the first conscious experience of being part of a united and organized cause.

Local 259 Demands Stop the War Now, Businessmen for Peace-St. Louis; Gay Liberation; Zionists for Peace; Indiana U.; consumer boycotts, welfare rights groups; Publishers for Peace; Cincinnati Republicans for Immediate Withdrawal; Husband Liberation...

Various stationary individuals accosted the crowds streaming past.

"Stay for May, stay for May," one guy was urging through a megaphone. If the Government won't stop the war, we'll stop the government. ...Stay for May."

"All our sons are POWs."

"Donate to the People's Free Health Clinic... Donate to the NPCJ...Free Angela." On the side of the road were a number of concessionaires, selling parade food. "Ice cream, cold dreenks. Yes, babies. Ry-tohn. Cold dreenks!"

Very often an over-30 demonstrator could be discerned—some of those wearing "Vet for Peace" hats would have had to have been veterans of the First World War, if not the Spanish-American War.

As the familiar "1,2,3,4" chant died down, a plump college-age girl moved up through the ranks singing a version of her own.

Please turn to page 4

Students Refuse To Be Excluded From Faculty Meeting

By Jim Gasperini

Eight students concerned with their "right" as students to attend Faculty meetings came to the monthly faculty meeting this Wednesday in 3 Griffin. After hearing President Sawyer ask them to leave, making a number of speeches explaining their position, debating the legitimacy of their presence with the faculty, and hearing the faculty ask them to leave, most of the students left. Their action provoked intense debate before, during and after the meeting, since faculty meetings are normally closed to students unless they obtain prior permission from the Steering Committee, which makes up the agenda before each meeting. The students declined the Steering Committee's invitation to come before it with "their proposal" because, as Steve Parker explained, their attendance was their proposal, and they believe that they do not need permission to exercise an "undeniable right." Dean of Faculty Dudley Bahlman and other faculty members had had communication with the students before the meeting, much of which was concerned with trying to find out exactly what the students wanted to do. The deans maintained that the students should go through the proper channels to make their presence legal, which the students countered with the idea that their attendance was morally legitimate and needed no approval by the committee.

On the day of the meeting the student group distributed a mimeographed statement to each faculty member reading as follows: "To the Faculty of Williams College:

"As one step toward a better educative community, we will be present at this afternoon's faculty meeting to illustrate our right as students to observe the proceedings of such meetings. We, as

individuals and as a group, hold student presence to be an undeniable right.

"We will have no proposal for discussion or faculty vote.

"It is not a question of whether any committee, document or single person has or has not given us permission to attend: we will simply be enacting our right of observing events bearing on our academic lives." The statement was signed by Timothy Emerson '74, H. Randolph Perry '73, Joseph Lee Evans '72, Bradford D. Kennedy '71, David Henry King '73, Henry T. Ireys '74, Thomas C. Barron '73, C. Brewster Rhoads '73, Gary John Chun '72, and Stephen M. Parker '72.

Eight of the ten signers—minus Kennedy and Rhoads, who did not come because of "tactical" considerations—arrived about 3:45 Wednesday, shortly before most of the faculty, and sat down in the folding-chair junior faculty section, to the left of the tables and captain's chairs of the deans and senior faculty. Dean Grabis, asked at this time if the students were going to be allowed to remain, replied that at present they were sitting in Griffin 3, that there was no meeting in progress yet. Each student was handed a statement reading:

JOINT STATEMENT ADOPTED BY THE FACULTY AND STUDENT DISCIPLINE COMMITTEES

The College has the obligation to maintain orderly and equitable conduct of its affairs, free of intimidation and harassment. While peaceful and orderly protest and dissent are the right of all members of the College community, any action from any quarter which obstructs or interferes with the fulfillment of this basic obligation cannot be permitted.

Please turn to page 3

Black Cultural Events In Retrospect

By Charles Waigi

"I have an hour test in a couple of days, I am two assignments behind in History, I really have to get going on my two term papers...and there are all these great lectures and what-have-you going on in the evenings all week. I wish they would space them out a little better!" Sounds familiar?

Well, last week was another one of those loaded weeks...for my friend, anyway. Among the many superb events appearing on the College calendar were six sponsored either by the Afro-American Society or the Afro-American Studies Program. The latter group ranged from three lectures by Lionel Monagras, Professor Harold Cruse of the University of Michigan and Leroy Jones, (otherwise known as Imamu Amiri Baraka), to a basketball game between black students of Williams and Amherst, plays by black students of Williams College and a concert by Donny Hathaway and the Fourth Unit. The last two events, unfortunately, had to be cancelled. Morris Moose, a member of the five-man Afro-American Society Executive Committee and the one in charge of those activities sponsored by the Society, explained that the plays had to be cancelled due to lack of enough actors and rehearsal time and the concert because enough tickets could not be sold to cover the minimum cost.

The Afro-American Society, Morris said, does not receive sufficient funds from the College Council to pay fully for the college wide activities it sponsors. Such activities, therefore, are planned in consultation with the Lecture Committee which defrays most of the costs.

The lectures by Mr. Monagras and

Professor Harold Cruse were sponsored by the Afro-American Studies Program headed by History Professor Joseph Harris. Mr. Monagras, who is the Director of Minority Affairs for the National Association of Education Broadcasters, addressed himself to the "Treatment and Portrayal of Blacks in Broadcasting" on Wednesday afternoon. He has been writer-producer of black programs on television for many years and Professor Harris thought he was an appropriate speaker particularly for that reason. "He spoke on definite cut-and-dry issues," said Harris, "...and elicited a lot of response" during the question-and-answer period.

Professor Cruse had a slightly different emphasis, dealing more with black movements and culture in the 1920's and trying to connect them with those of the 1960's. Morris Moose was "slightly disappointed" with the attendance at Professor Cruse's lecture, especially because Cruse "is an outstanding black intellectual". But Professor Harris, who considers Cruse's book, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*, "a landmark in the literature of Afro-American Studies" was pleased with attendance at both lectures. He felt that "a great deal was said in the two lectures...there was a lot of involvement" and, he adds, "maybe people were not familiar with this kind of presentation, but in itself that was educational."

Delivered on Thursday night to a near-capacity crowd in Chapin Hall, Baraka (Leroy Jones) integrated very eloquently the substance of the two previous lec-

Please turn to page 3

WOMEN (continued)

because in times of pain one needs only love, and the man down the hall has children who are not healthy. And on that night when she approached the bar, this time in a more fashionable red dress to find someone of her kin to help, for the pain was now viscous and throbbing with no end, she found only stares and pitiful looks — the eyes would glisten and turn down to their drinks — looks of worry as though this woman were to be themselves in later years when the trend was not as chic.

The television was failing yet not as old as the rest of the apartment and had weathered many programs, one can be sure, by the pallid look of the announcer on the Late News. Her eyes could be found at any hour of the day carefully polishing each moment to be cherished by that television, and on that television men and women troubled by the wear of living would be welcomed into her home for tea or coffee and they could often be found there. The lines of the television, little lines resembling the stripes of the white dress, would become more pronounced as the lights in the apartment around this woman called Norma softened to the end of a day.

II

It was the hair which made her so refined. The eyes were harsh and brown but only the hair distinguished her from the others. From the little room where she once painted pictures of men dressed in nothing but their smiles, from that room where only the chosen were permitted to enter, in that strangely wicked room the predominant sound was a toneless stroking of brushes on canvas and an occasional command to move or sit up or please sit still. Those days were wrapped in her hair falling over the naked breast, and the eye of the male was known to wander only to be put off abruptly, silently, as if force were merely a state of mind. And in those hours when each chosen man would stand silent, save for a look of defeat following the attack, and with those moments in mind, only the hair, long and flowing, can be remembered.

The day of her marriage, wilting and absorbing in an abnormal way, can be described only in colors; the scene like hazy impressions was green and blue, and although I often see the ceremony lit in candles of my mind, only the restless waves of green and blue waters remain there always to be seen. And beyond the green, despite the mist, one could see and feel the fragrant hair in the wind tumbling further than the waters, hair spun and magnificently rolled in flowers of the sea, and by the sea where the congregation stared at this vision in light blue, where each chosen man lined the aisle of shells to glimpse, morally for the first time, the willowing suggestion of a woman waiting to be caressed and mishandled, on this day there was merely the breath of recognizing something lost. The wind rising off the sea chilled the outline, and at times her hair would become undone by the wind only to be reprimanded by lacy fingers and led back again to the top of her head.

It was after she was married, later than two months perhaps, that I saw her again sitting at the theatre alone, a vacant seat to her side, flourishing in her freedom. In her hand was the program of the night, twisted and slowly becoming a cylinder's shape, and on her head where I once found

the elegance of a goddess, now stood but the mist of a gracious queen. To her the only words I deemed appropriate were ones of indifference, and isn't the play wonderful as if the play were truly the thing at this time, and there, down below where I once was raised, looking from afar and dreaming drops of a chosen man, stood the audience gazing at her and wondering if beneath the hat, under the soft black veil where the hair flowing once swept the sea, lives a woman in sorrow or fashionable distress. Her eyes had replaced the softness of her hair. There was no pain in her cheeks this day, the veil reprehensibly covering them with gray; the precise fit of her dress was flattering on her breast although she had grown larger around the waist and the pink slip underneath the black could be detected only when she rose quickly. To those admirers circling this woman I wished only to tell them of her by the sea, or in the room where the strokes of a brush became her canvas; but to be sure, no one would listen, for her beauty lay in her silence and that which was not said was better left inside me.

It was after the night at the theatre where the crowns reigned in black, after the night where in my dreams and nightmares I could see only this face and the hair green near the sea. It was after these hours with her, that I saw her again many years later. The eyes were once again harsh, but smiling, and the cheeks rolling on the face brought me closer to the photograph I see in my mind. She was wearing something of a frantic nature, living and rising as she spoke in soft and louder tones of the years between, and her final words were words of hazed eyes and hair languishing in the light blue of my memory; her whisper was free and easy but the callousness was not unexpected: "Now," she said, "I am free." Her eyes in the night were not the eyes of a great beauty but the hair, silky brown and elegant, whistled in the corridors of even the most refined.

Libraries at night are places for homosexuals, Sally said, each person trying to be more and the most eccentric of them all, each vying for the attention of the center light under which I had first met her. After the invitation and the tea, during the first smiles when our conversation turned to Hemingway's passive style, during that first hour I could not help but realize the power of her convictions and the fragility of her convictions and her yearnings. She leaned against the bed with one hand over the bedspread, the other glazing the carpet. Her legs were crossed on the blueness of the carpet, her shoes the shoes of a delicate dancer, and there beneath the shoes on the feet that once danced the floors of many a studio cried the blisters and the pain of diligence. White socks covering the pain were placed intricately around the toes, and upon the ankle where the bow embraced the flesh, there lay a rash, red and moving upward, which merely emphasized her vulnerability. She told me then as the wine replaced the tea, that no one, but no one she had ever known was a full human being, that only her hands stretch for unreach, exotic dreams, there by the room which overlooks her library at night.

Other days I saw Sally: Sally running toward me across the campus, her arms flung open, her fingers reaching for something between the dust; Sally in the library wheezing and pushing her fingers through her hair, not fully understanding the reading but enjoying the role of the intellectual struggling with the world's

AT THE CINEMA: Steve Demorest

GIMME SHELTER

Stars That Go Bump In The Night

Most everyone has heard about the Altamont Freeway frenzy, the free Rolling Stones concert with four births, four deaths, and countless Hell's Angels swooping around. It makes for a good screenplay. Gimme Shelter is the best documentary on Rock & Roll yet, intellectually outstriking such old favorites as Woodstock, Let It Be, and Gropies. There's no suspense about the plot, but the Maysles have structured the genuine drama of the Stones' tour, progressively building toward the imminent violence.

The Romanticism of the Rolling Stones, kings materializing to greet their army and whip them up, is balanced by the hard-assed actuality of producing such an event. Generally, the mounting imposition of reality on the ego, energy, and power of the rock fantasy, and on Mick Jagger in particular, is the thematic process of the film in the vernacular, the onset of a bummer.

Altamont. The Stones descend from the sky (by helicopter) and Mick is anarchically punched in the face before he even gets to his dressing room. The Airplane is playing beautifully and suddenly police brutality (Angels-style) flares in front of the stage. The Angels look very bad, but you've heard Sonny Barger's explanation.

Concern for the myth, the maintenance of that Woodstock ingenueness, is everywhere, from the kids in the big party atmosphere during the Burritos' set, right up to Jagger Himself ("The concert is just an excuse for people to come together"). The problem is that all that ego energy is concentrated on Jagger and too many want to latch onto it. Mick knows this and, of course, loves it. Result: mobbing the stage. Unfortunately, Hell's Angels don't give a shit about Woodstock ingenueness. They do their job which is to prevent that mobbing. So you get this conflict of Cosmic Proportions, and who

do you blame? The Angels knife someone, but the guy is gunning for Jagger, but Jagger is whipping the crowd up, but that's just the Rock & Roll business. (What about this business?)

So far, so heavy, but credit the Maysles for not stopping there. The detached spectator engages in a cognitive observance such that an innocence of limitations is denied. This is pretty rough on Romanticism. The Maysles show us the Stones watching the Altamont films with us, and these scenes in the quiet studio are vital to a study of the film's theme. Tight-lipped Charlie Watts is immensely thoughtful and sympathetic (watch his facial expressions). They all laugh at Jagger's captivating saucy hot-shit performing, but when he behaves like an ass at a filmed interview, Mick in the studio mutters "Rubbish". So the Stones do care about the reality of their responsibility for the mess around the stage (despite what Life's critic says); they ask for a rerun of the murder, recognize their inability to control the crowd, but don't really know what to do about it. Contrasting Jagger the unrestrained performer, Mick Jagger leaving the studio is a very worried young man.

Stylistically, the film exhibits competent artistry and occasional brilliance. It's a great sound track (despite the College Cinema's conspicuously weak sound system) complete with two relatively new songs, Brown Sugar and the slow and gorgeous Wild Horses. The story is in the visuals, though. Not only is the photography often pretty, but it is also rich with complexities. Study the faces (laughing male-crying female in the same frame) and the backgrounds (Mick writhing in the foreground, overshadowed by a blurry Hell's Angel glaring at him stonily, leaning on a speaker). Gimme Shelter has the richest personality in rock.

more profound pieces. And then on days when the snow by windows falling covered the ground, she would sit in the middle of a field, her knees crossed on the dungarees belled at the bottom, her elbows close to the body, her hands parallel to the ground on a plane level to the shoulders, and would realize the sensation of having something but for a moment and losing it as quickly; when talking she would often refer to the "sensation of snow" just as one speaks of anger or hate, but as was her prediction, few people would understand exactly what she was talking about.

In the middle of the night telephone calls from this Sally at Wellesley would interrupt pleasant sleeps whereby only her most unintelligible moments were retained to be processed later when I awoke:

"There was this dream," her words were slow and carefully enunciated.

She waited, breathing, and I asked, "A dream of what?"

A rainy day and there were guards outside my door and when I spoke to them to go, for then I was resting and wouldn't need them, they said only: Miss Sally, we have orders to kill you. To kill me, I said, emphasizing the me because I didn't see why they would want to kill me. I didn't cause the rain, you know. I didn't want the rain. Her words were slow and

disassociated from the rest of the sentence. These words were frantic words welled inside her, pushing their way up to the world only in the most extraordinary dreams.

There was rain, I said.

Yes, there was rain and as they were about to rape me I woke up and you are the first person I called. Do you hear me? You are the first person I called.

ed.

Can I see you tomorrow, I would ask.

And she would answer yes, wouldn't you please do that.

And in the morning, tired and waking, I would see her running toward me, her arms caressing red books, her hair limply settling on the back of her neck. And when we spoke it was of the work due that day, and of the funny habits of people who die around us every day, and of the world as a circus this very day. Those nights in the library where she would attack the brilliance and passion of writers before either she or myself, where I would sit under center light admiring the cages, the walls, and the animals doing tricks to a tune of horses galloping were my happiest days, sitting with friends and lovers, reading of a time never been. Those days are the days most remembered now, dining alone in halls shone bright by yellowing sunsets.

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Editorial: THE UNKINDNESS CUT

THE ADVOCATE prides itself on both its impartial observance of events and its highly personal reflections on the details of life. It is unfortunate that these two aspects of our publication occasionally conflict, resulting in the worst possible abuse of journalism, a personally prejudiced article which goes beyond "opinion."

I am afraid that the REFLECTION appearing in our last issue under the title of "My Lai" is a dangerous example of the case in point; "dangerous" in particular because the nature of the prejudices involved tend to co-incide with prejudices held by many of our readers. I refer here to the personal attack on Mr. Filmore Baker of Williamstown, which was unfortunately a part of that article. Whatever our opinion of Mr. Baker's behavior or political convictions—these are valid points for a REFLECTION—these opinions should not have been substantiated by condescendingly referring to Mr. Baker as "Filmore" or referring to his speech as a "complex jumble of adverbial phrases and prepositional clauses." Such remarks are characteristic of all cultural assassinations, closely paralleling such themes from racial prejudices as calling a man "boy" and mocking his dialect.

As an Editor of THE ADVOCATE I must personally take the blame for this article, and as such I must also offer my humblest apologies to Mr. Baker. I am perhaps doubly guilty in this instance because if my own personal prejudices had not closely paralleled those of the author of the "My Lai" article, I might not have allowed it to go to press in the form it did.

Respectfully, Mark Siegel

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REFLECTIONS

FANTASY AND FEELING

The posters read "A New Frontier in Educational Practice - Richard M. Jones - 'Fantasy and Feeling in Education!'" With a title like this and being in the state we were ("Do you know what I have to do in the next four weeks?!"), we decided to make our way to Jesup Hall on Monday, where the lecture was being held. We were just about ready for a new frontier in education, not to mention some good feeling and fantasy on the side. So we were there, along with a sizable crowd of students, professors, and other friends.

Richard M. Jones was once a psychology professor at Brandeis and a professor of Education at Harvard, impressive enough credentials for anyone. However, he recently gave this all up to become a pioneer of a yet-to-be-opened "progressive" school in the state of Washington. (The school, called Evergreen State College, is located in Olympia and should open next fall.) He has published, among other items, a book with the same title as the lecture.

Jones spoke mainly of the need for a combination of emotion and thought in teaching and learning in schools. Basing his work in part on that of Piaget and Bruner, he said that a crucial point which must be made is that for teaching efforts to be effective, they must be both honest and interesting. (If you want to teach kids about baboons, you don't take them to the zoo.) Game playing is a great technique, according to Jones, to stimulate interest in students. Beyond this, he feels that in too many cases, children aren't taught things when they're ready for them only because someone else has decided arbitrarily that they couldn't be ready at that time. Jones feels that you can, within limits, teach anyone anything at anytime if you know how. And we need teachers that know how.

An important thrust of Prof. Jones' theory is its emphasis on the emotional aspect of learning. As he states, curiosity needs satisfaction, so kids must be encouraged to be curious. Too often the highly subjective, idiosyncratic aspects of learning are ignored for the rigid, "correct," response.

Professor Jones continued on this point by outlining a series of principles (not techniques) for teachers to use. First, mental confusion and emotional discomfort are opportunities for learning experiences, not conditions to be suppressed. Secondly, lesson plans should pay attention to and be flexible to include the interesting as well as the "right" response from the student. He gave the

example of the child who, when asked to describe "infinity," compared it to a "Cream of Wheat" box. The teacher said that that was silly. Look at an old "Cream of Wheat" box sometime - there is Uncle Ben holding a box with a picture of Uncle Ben on it who is also holding a box. . . and so forth. In addition, knowledge is not an introverted process. As Piaget states, intelligence begins with the knowledge of interaction.

During a question and answer period at the end of the talk, Jones commented on the lack today of graduate programs expounding his and other "new" theories of education (making reference to Eselin Institute and U. California at Santa Barbara as having the seeds of such concepts). He also emphasized the keeping of a personal journal by a student as a powerful pedagogical technique. Finally, he asked that creative teachers "keep their eye on the ball."

At one point early in the lecture, Prof. Jones read a poem entitled "On Education" as an illustrative example of what he feels the educational institutions today can do to children. It is well worth repeating here --

He always wanted to explain things. But no one cared. So he drew. Sometimes he would draw and it wasn't anything. He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky and it would be only him, and the sky and the things inside that needed saying. It was after he drew the picture. He kept it under his pillow and would let no one see it. He would look at it every night and think about it. When he started school he brought it with him not to show anyone just to have along like a friend. It was funny about school. He sat at a square, brown desk like all the other square, brown desks. He thought it should be red. And his room was a square, brown room like all the other square, brown rooms. It was tight and close and stiff. He hated to hold the pencil and chalk his arms stiff, his feet flat on the floor. Stiff. The teacher watching and watching. The teacher came and spoke to him. She told him to wear a tie like all the other boys. He said he didn't like them. She said it didn't matter. After that, they drew. He drew all yellow. It was the way he felt about morning, and it was beautiful. The teacher came and smiled at him. "What's this?" she said. "Why don't you draw something like Ken's drawing? Isn't that beautiful?" After that, his mother bought him a tie and he always drew airplanes and rocket ships like everyone else. And he threw the old picture away. And when he lay alone looking at the sky it was big

Please turn to page 3

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At The AMT: - Mark Siegel

"Marat/Sade" - Good Enough to be True!

Warped men and women crawl like maggots onto the raised white core of the stage, trickling down and around the platforms. Others scurry about like pursued roaches, flooding the arena into a creaking pond of inhumanity, a jungle of sounds and flesh. The inmates of the asylum burst on the audience with a force rarely experienced in life or art.

Director Steve Travis sets his stage in a fashion which removes the play-within-a-play so very far back from the spectator's sense of reality that it is very, very surprising when he takes one more backward step without looking and falls, almost without realizing it, into the bottomless pit of "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade."



The four Singers (Tom Allingham, Sue Trovis, Stephen Hicks, and P. J. Morello) taunt Marat (Steve Lowson) as Simonne (Ruth Courtwright) looks on. The joint AMT-Cop & Bells production of "Marat/Sade" opens tomorrow night at 8:30 p.m.

"Marat-Sade" is a play which makes its point in half-a-dozen different ways; through allegory, through the opposition of the actors and their actions, through absurdism and alienation, and finally, as I have already suggested, by drawing the audience right into its horribly possible unreality. When this happens quite literally and physically to the "first

FACULTY MEETING (continued)

Such obstruction or interference will be subject to disciplinary action, which may include dismissal from the College.

Quoted from College Regulations, page 10

Shortly after four, before commencing the meeting, President Sawyer read a brief statement on the question of the students' presence, asking them "as a point of courtesy to read any brief statement they want to and then withdraw." They were asked to recognize and respect the fact that the faculty "is a professional body in its own right" which values its procedures and should be allowed to decide in its own way when and under what circumstances students should be allowed to attend its meetings. Steve Parker replied in the negative,

audience"—the director of the asylum and his friends—at the end of the play, when they are actually beaten into the pulp of the swarming mass of inmates, savagely consumed by their entertainment, we, the "second audience", find ourselves suddenly slipping into our own nightmares.

The physical stress on both the actors and the audience is kept at a tremendously high pitch throughout the play and it is impossible not to feel completely exhausted after the two-and-a-half performance. In fact, the biggest problem the play poses to the audience is bearing the constant pressure of this frantic noise and activity.

Travis's "Marat-Sade" is without a doubt the best production of magnitude which I have ever seen on the AMT stage. He has overcome all the difficulties of this very complex play, most noticeably the problem of staging (the AMT platform is not especially conducive to audience-assimilation) and of drawing together a consistently strong cast of over thirty actors and actresses. Travis's direction of this lowing herd of humanity is so exact and thorough, the timing he has drilled into them so perfect, that there is not an awkward moment in the play.

Rarely can it be said that a college cast has no weak links, but in this Cap and Bells production the only range in the acting is between good and excellent. Steve Lawson as Marat, Bill Finn as de Sade, Alison Mills as Corday, Ruth Courtwright, Gordy Clapp, Bob Cronin—every one of the lead actors and actresses (you can read the rest of the cast list yourselves) is brilliant. The singers are near perfect in their raunchy regalia, and the patients are magnificent, females in particular. David Ferguson's set is perfect (as usual) and Jerry Bidlack's background is melodic, emotive and yet unobtrusive.

I stop far short in my praise here because I find it impossible to go any further without sounding like a fool. Fortunately, "Marat-Sade" is playing at the AMT this weekend and all of next weekend, so I do not fear for verification.

mentioning "barriers to communication" and the moral argument. Sawyer then opened the meeting, and called on Professor Carr, head of the Steering Committee, to make a statement. Carr said that he regretted that there should be any barriers to communication between students and faculty, that he was glad that the members of the Committee had been able to talk with the students at lunch that afternoon, and stated that it would be glad to meet with any group of students to discuss any issues. Sawyer then asked for a faculty vote on whether the students should leave or not. The Ayes overwhelmingly overpowered the few Nos. There was a brief period of confusion in which the students did not move; this surprised many Faculty members. President Sawyer then suggested that the meeting be suspended for ten minutes to allow the students to decide what they wished to do and the faculty to discuss the matter. Most of the students went across the hall to Griffin 4 to decide, where they were joined by Deans Graboys, Manns and Frost. The faculty discussed the matter in small groups, some moving out into the hall. One commented that most of the faculty was probably in sympathy with the students but that some would be "pissed off" by the approach taken. As a practical matter, he suggested they would get further other ways. Another commented that although he thought this a very serious matter, the students would probably find the meetings very boring. The presence of a lot of students, he felt, would bring out the hammy side of the professors.

After about a quarter of an hour the students filed back across the hall to Room 3. Dean Frost, standing in the doorway, asked the lead student if he wanted to go in.

AT THE CINEMA: Henry Dinger

Little Man At The Big Horn

One might imagine that the 121 year old sole white survivor of the Battle of Little Big Horn might have a few interesting recollections. And Dustin Hoffman as Jack Crabb has about three hours worth as the entire mythology of the American West complete with demigods and archangels is captured and allegorized in his one life; which is what "Little Big Man", now at the College is about.

Little Big Man is Jack's Indian name. The Cheyenne adopt him after the Pawnee massacre his whole family

"Uh...Yes...to make a statement." Inside the meeting, Steve Parker spoke in a soft voice about what he thought was the predominant attitude of "paternalism" on the part of the faculty and said he thought it evident in the size of the vote against them that the student group was not getting its point across. The student group would leave "For political reasons only." Sawyer said that he was pleased with the decision, hoping that they were leaving with the sense that the Steering Committee would be glad to meet with them to discuss anything they wished. At this point, Tom Barron stood up and announced that he personally would not leave. The group had come, he said, as a collection of individuals and he was taking an individual action.

The other students became exited, some expressing doubt about the wisdom of learning. In explanation of why they left, Parker mentioned that although Graboys had told them they could be subject to disciplinary action if they stayed, this had not been the final factor in their decision. Rather, it had been the sense that communication would not have been improved by staying. The faculty had not understood their reason for being there, and staying further would not help matters. While they discussed the matter, a number of faculty members came out of the meeting, picked up their coats and other clothing and left. One asked Parker why they had left, noting as he went out the door that he didn't think they should have. At this, the members of the group started arguing about whether it would be a good idea to go back in.

"In solidarity with Tom...we've got to go back in..."

"No, from the beginning we said we weren't going to disrupt the meeting. If we went in now, we would be disrupting."

"If anyone goes back in, we all have to." The group finally decided against going back. They discussed their ideas in the hall and on the way to the snack bar. The term "paternalism" was explained to refer to the relationship of covert disrespect between faculty and students, not because of particular personalities or groups of people but because of the existing structural system, in which the faculty is set off as having much to give and little to gain through association with students. The group feels it has a moral right to "see what is happening to our lives," and that the barrier of the closed meeting sets the student at a disadvantage. "You can't argue about what you don't know." At the snack bar it was noted that the group felt itself in a "position of strength," and that the faculty had been very shocked at the mention of paternalism.

The group went back to Griffin at 6:00 for the end of the meeting and engaged in discussion in the halls with the deans and interested faculty members. The students continued to say that it was their presence in the meeting that they were interested in, not their position on any other issue. The students seemed to feel that the faculty will see their point of view differently because of their presence in the meeting. In the matter of Tom Barron, Dean Graboys noted that he had "publically disassociated himself from the group," had said that he was acting as an individual, had "acted differently and said he was acting differently."

(except for his Calamity Jane-like sister). During his life Jack finds himself playing the part at one time or another of an Indian brave, travelling salesman, a gunslinger named the "Sodapop Kid", a hermit, a muleskinner, a drunkard and the scout for the last march of General George Custer. Jack never quite stops playing a role, however, because he simply can't make it in any occupation. He is an observer caught between the red world and the white world, witnessing the tragedy and frequently the absurdity of the Indian-White Man conflict, watching it with the simultaneous innocence and irony, the latter learned from Chief Lodge Skins his adopted Cheyenne grandfather. (The part is played brilliantly by Chief Dan George.) At every turn Little Big Man somehow winds up among the Human Beings (as the Indians call themselves as opposed to the white man), in his grandfather's tent, passing the peace pipe around (much to the amusement of the audience), and contemplating the passage of time, the craziness of the white man, and the aesthetics of copulation.

Little Big Man is not a Western; it is The Western. Every archetype from the Late Show (with the possible exception of John Wayne) is to be found somewhere: even the "Fallen Woman", and the Mountain Man. Director Arthur Penn makes little attempt to veil his allegory with Martin Balsam as the crippled embodiment of American Commercialism, nor Richard Mulligan's portrayal of Custer as the violent epitome of lunatic power. But Penn skillfully avoids the boredom of stereotypes by making the majority of his characters round and thoroughly human. His Indians include, for example, a homosexual and three horny widows in addition to the eternal and Socratic Chief Lodge Skins.

The film is delightful and somehow profound. Dustin Hoffman's performance shows the same virtuosity he displayed in *Midnight Cowboy*. The screenplay seemed custom made for chief Dan George who took lines resembling those at the end of the Lone Ranger and made them fit, made them funny, and even made them wise. My heart "soared like a hawk." See it.

BLACKS (continued)

tures. He had been billed as a "cultural nationalist" because as Moose pointed out, "he deals with the cultural rather than tough political issues...he's a cultural nationalist by definition." His publications, including at least six books—a novel, plays, poems and two books on black music—and a multitude of short pamphlets certainly distinguish him as a "cultural nationalist"; so did most of his speech on Thursday night. When he spoke of power, he seemed to mean the ability of the black community to define its own "value systems" first and then project those distinctive values, whether it is in the arts or the mass media. His advice to Afro-Americans at Williams was that they should concentrate on skills such as teaching, architecture and communications.

Professor Harris felt that this kind of reasoning "tied in very well" with what Monagas and Cruse had said and he also pointed out that Baraka and Cruse have worked together setting up educational workshops in black communities. One such workshop is in Newark, Baraka's home town and a group from there performed two plays written and directed by Baraka.

On some campuses, last week was celebrated as the "Black Culture Week". According to both Professor Harris and Morris Moose, however, the activities at Williams last week were not intended to mark the "Black Culture Week". Neither of them recalled having ever heard of this specifically designated week.

REFLECTIONS (continued)

and blue and all of everything-but he wasn't anymore. He was square inside and brown and his hands were stiff. He was like everyone else. The things inside that needed saying didn't need saying anymore. It had stopped pushing. It was crushed. Stiff. Like everything else.

The poem was written by a high school senior in Alton, Illinois, two weeks before he committed suicide.

So, we left. Frontiers crossed? Possibly. Thoughts provoked? For us, most definitely.

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume Two, Number Ten

Friday, May 7, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts

The Brown Balloon

By Jane Gardner

The Red Balloon is coming out in a plain brown envelope and you know what that means. The editors went into technical descriptions of a variety of problems with printing techniques, the addition of some art work, and resultant difficulty in getting all that into one conventional binding--but after a quick reading, my suspicions were confirmed. Pornography. A voyeur's delight of spiritual nakedness!

Yes, this issue is unbound in more than one sense. But that's all to the good. The reader can do his own editing, and perhaps find a happier home for some of the selections. The prose piece entitled "Afternoon Mourning" would make an appropriate bookmark for the "Nausicaa" section of Ulysses.

There are, however, many exceptions to the general tendency to spiritual nakedness for its own sake. Adam LeFevre's "To the lady in the full page lingerie ad in the New York Times Magazine section" is funny and dramatic and unpretentious. "Burger Haven" manages to express real sadness in the vernacular -- "I sit here in Burger Haven waiting for my order. - I realize now that freedom is a lie like home is. - I'm infinitely umbilically attached to myself..."

In Mark Siegel's poems, also, private language does not mean obscurity. He

develops an image of woodenness to communicate something about a relationship, and what initially appears to be an awkwardness in the use of simile emerges as an expression of the moments of failure in the relationship. "you are against the grain of my wooden moods; like Indian sticks, sometimes our rubbing thighs make heat and burst aflame...sometimes only friction." With the affirmation of the relationship, the metaphor changes to one of living wood, a tree, and the expression is entirely smooth: "You are wind in my high limbs and leaves." Another of Siegel's poems, "Donald Barthelme's Star-Spangled Urbana Rag," deserves mention for its truly original plot and use of pun and internal ("ass of glass") rhyme (pun).

For a study in rhythm and simplicity, see Mel White's "lemon sun lime earth." Steve Lawson and Steve Demorest have also contributed some substantial work.

There are other good things in the issue which I have not gotten around to mentioning--but a little more editing, and a little less work from each contributor, could have made for a considerably tighter issue. It's nice to know, however, that so many people wanted to say, and did, and that we have a chance, worth taking, to listen.

Down And Out With The Travel Bureau

By John Ramsbottom

On Monday of this week, Garry Hammond received a nine-page letter from Bernard Lenhoff, Special Justice of the District Court of Williamstown. It ended with the words, "In conclusion, I find for the Plaintiff in the sum of one hundred twenty (\$120.00) dollars with costs to be assessed." It may be, however, that Hammond will not receive much more than that satisfying sentence for some time: Thomas R. Wood, the defendant, was in England on Monday, although scheduled to return later in the week.

Judge Lenhoff had received legal briefs from the two litigants on Thursday, March 29. Hammond, with the free help of Walter Lowney, attorney for the Berkshire Legal Service, presented a three-page resume of his case; Wood turned in a ten-page statement, reinforced with independent research. The latter also requested a stay in the proceedings for an additional four to six weeks in order to "produce all relevant evidence" (Lenhoff's words). The judge denied this request on the basis of Massachusetts legislation which provides for "a simple, prompt, and informal means at small expense for adjudicating small claims." Such a delay could have "made litigation endless and continuing with finality indefinite and uncertain."

In the opinion of the judge, the facts showed that the Williams Travel Bureau "was the personal business enterprise of the Defendant" and that the Defendant was not "either the agent of the Plaintiff nor the agent of AUS or any other air transportation service." Hammond, stated the judge, never knew what agency would supply him with transportation. Furthermore, the actual contract signed was not introduced into evidence by either party, and the judge therefore was compelled to conclude that the agreement had been between the two parties, who signed for themselves. Hence, Wood himself was liable for any breach of contract.

Judge Lenhoff also disallowed Thom's contention that Hammond's failure to contact the AUS office in London made him guilty of not mitigating his damages. In response to this argument, the judge asserted that Wood failed to show that Garry would have received return passage even if he had contacted AUS. "As such proof was lacking, mitigation is not involved in this case." Hammond acted as any reasonable man would have

when confronted by the breach of contract.

Garry mentioned the possibility that more suits might follow his successful one. "I got a phone call from a girl at Vassar named Linda Peck. She said that twenty girls who were on the same plan that I was, you know, 'Tour Europe, Planned Travel and everything,' were thinking of suing if I won."

At the first hearing of the case on April 8, Thom Wood presented as evidence a document which he said was quite similar to the one Garry Hammond signed. This document was, in fact, a membership application for AUS, the signing of which would result in the waiver of all the customer's rights to damages. "Well, I didn't think I'd signed anything like that," Garry told me, "so when I ran into Bruce McColl (former secretary-treasurer of the WTB), I asked him if I had. He said 'I hadn't.' Establishing exactly what Garry had signed was, of course, a key point in the case. Evidently Thom and Garry still disagree about that."

Garry is not optimistic about recovering his \$120.00. He has prepared his case primarily by himself, avoiding lawyers' fees, so he still stands to come out ahead as a result of the decision. If payment is not forthcoming, he is contemplating more action. "I've been thinking about putting a lien against Thom's tuition." This is a common practice used by Spring Street creditors of graduating Williams seniors (and all other students, for that matter). The College pays the outstanding bills, and the senior cannot graduate until he has repaid the College.

Two other students have signed up with Thom to go to London this summer. Sam Moss and Bo Baird contacted him about a week and a half before spring break, just before the furor about the WTB arose.

"Thom said we might not be going on AUS," said Sam. "It may be the North American Student Association or something like that. We're still waiting for confirmation of our reservations."

"So you just gave Thom your money and..."

"We've given him \$100.00 each. The tickets are \$210.00."

"Are you getting anxious?" I asked.

"Well, we did look around for some other organization, but there wasn't any other that would take us for anything near the same price. But it's not out of the realm of possibility that we'll go with someone else.... Who knows, maybe we'll go across by balloon."

Reflections On A Protest

By Steve Parker

I'm one part of a group of guys who went to a faculty meeting without being invited. The Griffin Hall Eight, as Mr. Fuqua calls us. I kind of like that name, though I agree with anyone who says it makes us sound a hell of a lot more important than we are. Besides, there are actually ten of us in our group, in all. Anyway, thanks, Mr. Fuqua. I still like the name.

The Griffin Hall Eight held a meeting Tuesday night to explain what we did and talk about "what it means." About seventy-five people sat and listened patiently for twenty minutes while we struggled through an explanation of the historical events. Then the audience -- one-third professors, two-thirds students -- began talking eagerly, for about an hour and a half, about what they thought it meant. We were interested to hear it all, so we did a lot of listening.

Most of the professors there agreed faculty meetings should be open, or at least partly open. But they wished we had come to them and talked the matter over before we did what we did. Maybe then the faculty would have voted to let students in anytime they wanted to come.

The students there were obviously less worried about the possibility of our tactic having been offensive to the faculty. Some of them saw it as a move toward a possible new kind of power relationship on campus, a "popular sovereignty," where students and professors are peers, making decisions together, on an equal basis. Others saw it simply as a demand that we be treated as human beings by the faculty, and not as vessels to be filled with knowledge, or the forms for acquiring knowledge. Still others, feeling painfully the failures of their education, saw this as a request for a new kind of education with a more dynamic role for students, where they would each be recognized for their special types of knowledge, arising out of their individual personal experiences.

But what about what Maury Simon said in answer to this, that his students weren't interested in each other? That the rest of the class got impatient when one of them was speaking, and wanted to hear what the professor had to say? Well, that kind of attitude makes sense as long as the old view--that education is fundamentally the transferral of specialized understanding straight from the professor to the student--still hangs heavy in the air. Which it does around here. Most of us, when we come here, swallow that notion hook, line, and sinker. We end up taking it more seriously than a lot of the more progressive faculty members. I know I've done that, and after three years here I'm just beginning to see what a big part of me is undeveloped as a

result.

I still don't know if what I'd like to see here is "popular sovereignty"; an educational democracy. Some quite articulate students at the meeting did seem to want that; many professors, like Mr. Oakley, were skeptical. Our group was asked often by professors at the meeting what specific changes we wanted, what final vision we had in relation to the "balance of power" at Williams. But when one reason for our attending a closed faculty meeting is that we don't know what the present power system is, I think it's fair for us to ask first that we be allowed to find that out before we say exactly what we'd like changed politically.

The question comes back again and again: given all of this, why didn't we first of all bring these issues to the faculty for debate and discussion? If we had failed to communicate, then we could have tried what we did as a last resort.

Beyond the immediate issue of our right to attend faculty meetings, our larger concern as a group has primarily been the problem of restrictive roles in faculty-student relationships; roles in which both parties conceal the greater part of themselves. Whenever I have a conversation with a professor inside or outside of class, I tend to walk away with a fuzzy head, vaguely impressed with the guy's power of generalization and abstraction, but not really feeling that he's spoken to me or my problem. These conversations become re-enactments of the same role-plays, again and again. The people are interchangeable. The student feels frustrated by his inability to match the professor's wordgames, so he feels slightly embarrassed when he is talking, and glad when the professor takes up his side of the conversation again, even though he doesn't know what the hell the professor's talking about.

We have been wanting to change that. But how can you change a communication problem when you have to step into the same old roles and try to communicate in the same old way? It's like trying to call the operator to tell her your phone has been disconnected.

Even if we had convinced ten faculty members, they could not have spoken for us, or represented our problem to the other professors. It's our problem, we have to try to change those roles.

We tried to set a new basis for communication, by symbolically violating the old student-faculty roles. Since then I've gotten to know a lot of professors as people, and it's been worth it. I like them. If that's any sign of what's to come, I'm encouraged.

Poetry Notes: Mark Siegel

Le More Confusion or Le Best

Fitch-Prospect Lounge was packed well before 4 P.M. last Thursday but faculty and students continued to drift in for over half an hour after Jonathan Aaron began reading his poetry. He prefaced his own poems with several by other European and American poets and a quote from Salvatore Dali about surrealist poetry: "le more confusion is le best." Many of Mr. Aaron's poems were surrealistic, describing the wanderings of the poet's detachable hands, people who live in large onions, and eating artichokes for a rush. A few of his poems seemed founded on Dali's concept, being in his own words, "successfully impenetrable," but most were easy-to-listen-to, ironically humorous free verses which generally hinted at more serious concepts without attempting to define them completely. The poems painted an impersonal, uneasy and sometimes hostile environment.

In his poem "Getting Back," Mr. Aaron drenched and pummeled his audience with a cataract of satirical super-violent images: the city crumbling, streets

heaving and exploding, buildings smashing to the ground, people trampled, crunched, blasted--and those were just the lucky ones! Out of the last few lines of the poem emerges the protagonist, striding like a colossus from his ambivalence (ah, symbolism!), munching the broken glass of plasma bottles.

The poem is an extremely clever satire of apocalyptic message poems and the grandiose egotism of many poet-saviors. Although it is impossible to judge any poet by a single poem, or even a group of poems, "Getting Back" seemed to me to offer a good insight into some of the things Mr. Aaron is doing in his poetry. (No poet likes to see himself categorized or his work put in titled columns. But everything a poet sees passes through the prism of his perception and his work is likely to have a constant hue and a limited range. I will not attempt to classify Mr. Aaron or to put his poems in a category, but to identify certain themes that ran through the works he read.)

Like many poets who study the work of

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WASHINGTON (continued)

The cry of "Out Now!" moved up and down the line of march. As one wave of it passed a row of storefronts across from the Department of Justice, a group of twenty young ballerinas-to-be in pink tops and leotards pressed against the second-story studio window, smiling, their hands raised with waving peace signs. The crowd roared its approval.

"What is Past is Prologue" was chiselled on the base of a large statue past the Justice Department.

The forward movement stopped abruptly within close range of the podium up on the steps. Some people stood there, while others hopped over the stone walls on either side of the walk in search of the limited ground space. The drinking hoses set up nearby didn't help matters. While they managed to satisfy many thirsts, the escaping water created swamp conditions by the wall. Still, as the crowd pressed in, even this wet property was taken up.

Not long after twelve noon, the head of the march coalition came out to welcome those present and start off the afternoon. People on the Capitol mall, in the trees and on the light posts settled down in expectation.

A steady stream of congressmen, labor leaders and various coalition members made their way to and from the speaker's mike.

"Let me introduce to you a fighter for the cause of peace. As the lieutenant governor of Michigan, he has stood up...so now, again, this is the lieutenant governor of Michigan."

"Who is he anyway; like, does he have a name?"

Several vets and other people went about collecting draft cards and war medals. Later on, two ex-GIs presented their booty to Ralph Abernathy.

A sign could be seen moving above the crowd in front as its unseen holder headed towards the far side - "My son was killed in Vietnam. What for?"

"People, we are happy to welcome, for the first time together in nine months, Peter, Paul and Mary."

After "Blowing in the Wind", they began a version of "Give Peace a Chance". Gradually, hands started up towards the sky, fingers spread, until the mall was a sea of them, swaying slowly.

Many of the seated, being on the road most of Friday, hadn't eaten a full meal in more than a day. It wasn't uncommon to see the people with food, especially some of the older couples, passing out fruit and sandwiches.

When John Carey, the head of the Vietnam Veterans for Peace, was introduced, the cheering was deafening. All week long, the vets had made their presence known in the Congress and the national press, stirring the conscience of many.

"Years from now, when people see a Vietnam veteran without an arm or leg, it wouldn't remind them of this bad memory, but of the time when America turned and changed direction."

An elderly, white haired man dressed in a spring suit watched the proceedings intently, clapping after each speech. He turned out to be Wayne Morse, the former Senator from Oregon and an original dove.

"We have an estimate of the turnout today. It looks like near half a million with thousands still coming in or stuck in the traffic jams."

Looking back, Pennsylvania Ave. was filled with incoming people as far along as the eye could see; probably back to the police lines surrounding the vacated White House at a distance of at least one block out in all directions.

With President Nixon out of town at Camp David for the weekend, the demonstration was directed at the Congress. As similar lines from different speeches pointed out, what better place to gain that desired attention than at the Capitol Building itself.

And the speakers kept coming... Coretta King, Angela Davis's mother, Sen. Vance Hartke, Country Joe McDonald, Dave Dellinger, Greenwich Village's own congresswoman, Bella Abzug... on, and on, and on...

"Tonight there's goin' to be a free rock concert at the Washington Monument; all night long."

"Who's playing?"

"I'm not sure, but I think the Airplane and Pete Seeger."

The sun passed through a series of dark clouds as the day moved on. Tired of the long list of speeches, many marchers dispersed into the city, descending from their high moral plane to the realm of regular tourists, pointing their in-

stamatics and following city maps to the National Gallery, the Jefferson Memorial and the Reflecting Pool.

Across from the National Gallery, huge mounds of soap suds were advancing towards the street from a small, tiered fountain. Every now and then, a human form or two would rise out of the suds playfully. Parade marshals guarded the edge of the white stuff, warning the passers-by of the danger of glass under the suds.

"Please, move on. You're only giving them what they want."

To the side, an SDS split-off march was attempting to form.

"The politicians and their followers, can't end this war. Only the working class can and we've got to unite with them. Join us down at 30th Street."

Further down the street, people were handing out large plastic bags and asking that the litter, the remains of thousands of leaflets for hundreds of causes, be picked up. Late the next day, a news show reported the relative absence of garbage lying about as compared to normal.

It could have been Atlanta, Powder Ridge or a mini Woodstock in the dark. Making a path down from the monument towards the stage involved tripping and stumbling over innumerable human bed rolls and finally falling into an open space amid the curses of the half-sleeping people. The comradie and warmth exhibited was overwhelming.

"Hey, sit your fucking ass down, I can't see the stage!"

"But I can't sit down man..."

Mike Dunn, veteran festival announcer and all around soother was harranging the gang.

"You people will have to get off the stage if we're going to get the next group up here."

"Wow! If the Airplane shows, freaking out on the president's front lawn..."

Again Dunn's voice came over the loudspeaker.

"People, I just got a message from the people in the drug mobile. There are lots

of kids getting bad trips from the green and brown mesc. Repeat, the green and brown mesc are no good! Be sure to check the person next to you. If he looks like he's asleep, try to wake him. If he doesn't, you know-get him back to the medic in back... Emergency. We've got a guy here who needs insulin bad. If you have any or know anyone who has some to spare, could you bring it on down... Larry, Zelda and Tom have left for Boston without you. They said they were sorry, but they couldn't wait."

Up behind the bulk of the audience of fifty thousand strong where you couldn't hear anything and saw little, the people who weren't sleeping were shuffling in circles around the monument already decorated with epithets such as "Mayday", "Slavery is Freedom" and various other signs of the peace movement. Needless to say, the monument looked as if it had no right being in the middle of this sort of scene.

The intermittent pleas for drugs and the sound of smashing booze bottles mixed with the chants of an Ukrainian guerilla band, who were dancing in a circle, arms intertwined, to the tunes of a lone tambourine and flute.

The unmistakable crack and splintering of wood was heard in the distance. Campers, driven by the 40 degree temperature and the gusty winds, had torn up the monument benches for fire wood. At last the government would be affected by this group, if only to allocate new funds for monument benches. The people will be heard!

Back down the hill, the Grateful Dead had just finished playing and the time before Liv Taylor was still long.

"Okay, this group is really gonna get it on. I heard them out in Oregon when we were protesting the American Legion convention and they're really gonno get it together for you. This is Redbone."

Dunn was right. As the music rolled up the hill, people began to get into action...shaking, jumping, and stomping out the music.

Later on Dunn suggested a try at something "really incredible". Everyone picked up a match or something to burn. It was to see how big the whole thing was. And there was light. The hillside was lit up, as if on fire, as far back as the top of the hill and further.

"People, this concert is in debt \$100,000 dollars. Now you've seen a lot of good entertainment tonight, something you'd have to pay a lot to see normally. So we're asking you to pass some money, any amount will do, down from the top to the stage, hand by hand. If somebody keeps it, well that means they need it more than we do, but give what you think you can."

Soon the sun rose and it was all over. At the monument, as the stone began to warm, the people began begging rides.

"West Virginia?"

"New York, anyone going to New York?"

"Cincinatti, goddamn it, Ohio? Just take me away from here."

"Spare change, anyone got some spare change?"

In the city, some would stay for the Mayday activities, but the majority headed back to the road. The roadside of New York Ave. leading out to the northern beltway, was swamped with hitchhikers. Each passing car was the target of rows of signs... Boston, Michigan, Philly, even Williamstown, Mass.

The people had fulfilled their personal moral responsibility for the time being...

From my mother's sleep I fell into the State,
And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.

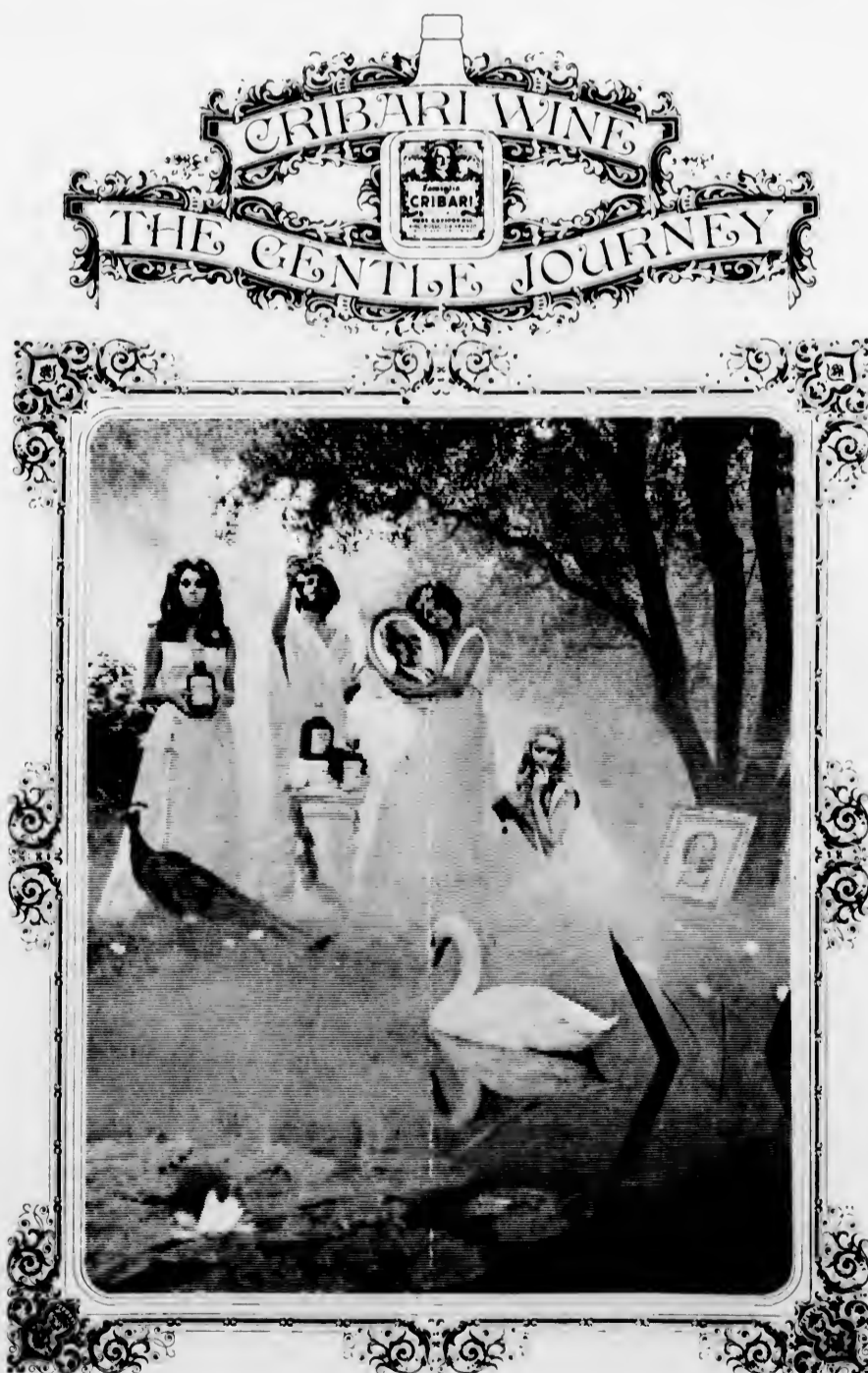
Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.

When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

Randall Jarrell, 1945

Peace Now

Washington, April 1971



LISTEN TO THE CRIBARI WINE "GENTLE JOURNEY" ON WMS RADIO

THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

Quod Dixi Dixi

Volume Two, Number Eleven

Friday, May 14, 1971

Williamstown, Massachusetts

The Berkshire Bust

By John Ramsbottom

On Saturday, May 8, Ken Kopp '71 was convicted of a felony, i.e. the possession of something less than an ounce of marijuana, and assessed a fine of \$200.00, to be paid, unless Kopp appeals the decision, by June 4. Williams students living at the Fort, Susie Hopkins and Agard have already collected some \$221.00 to help cover Ken's expenses. Although Ken does not view the prospect of becoming a convicted felon cheerfully, he seems too exhausted, financially and physically, to continue alone. He owes his lawyer, Bruce Grinnell, \$600.00. An appeal would cost him at least another \$1000.00. "I'm really pleased that my friends raised \$221.00," Ken told me, "but I'm not going into any more debt to my lawyer. I've asked the Civil Liberties Union if they want to take the case."

While Ken is "sure the Administration wants to stay clear of this," he says that "if the College wants to come through with the bread, I might appeal." There is good reason to suppose that the Administration may feel itself constrained to act, although it might prefer to stand aside. One alarming ramification of the verdict is that, as Ken puts it, "when I pay my fine, it becomes law that students can be busted anytime." The question of the legality of the search carried out by Officer Morin at 3:00 A.M. is still very much alive in the minds of Ken and his lawyer. At the final hearing on May 8, this issue figured prominently. Judge Levine introduced as precedent a recent case which involved the search of a basement laundry-room in an apartment house. Police, acting without a search warrant but on a secure tip, uncovered heroin. Bruce Grinnell argued that the cases

were not analogous. Fort Hoosac is a "social unit" which differs in nature from an apartment house, asserted Grinnell. Private property begins at the front door. Beyond this, Ken points out, students have been held responsible for regulating entrance to the houses. When a vacuum cleaner was stolen from one house, the students were forced to pay, Kopp recalls. Dean Grabois has not yet decided how, or even whether or not to respond to the decision. In fact, the ADVOCATE was the first to inform him of the outcome of the trial.

Kim Hobbs, a spectator all through the Kopp trial, recalled a number of inconsistencies in Officer Morin's testimony. In the original warrant, Morin



An architect's conception of the proposed new Inn. The Inn will be located on the corner of Main and North Streets, if the appropriate town committees approve.

claims to have smelled something peculiar outside Kopp's door in the hall. Later, under cross-examination by

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New Williams Inn Announced

By Chris West

John McWilliams, the Chairman of the Williamstown Planning Board, bears a striking resemblance to Lyndon Johnson: he is tall, lanky, just a little awkward, and has a mellifluous drawl. Along with his four fellow Board members, he trooped into Wednesday night's meeting a half-hour late, due to an unexpectedly-long tour of town properties scheduled for possible rezoning. Fifteen of us had patiently waited for the Board to arrive, realizing that with such gorgeous weather, it was unreasonable to expect formal schedules to be met.

On hand for the meeting were two executives of the Treadway Inn chain and their architect, George Yurchison. Also

on hand: four irate taxpayers.

It was a typical New England municipal meeting - Board members in shirtsleeves and a pert stenographer exchanging jokes with the Chairman. In these surroundings, Mr. Yurchison, with his flashy suit and Madison Avenue tie, seemed strangely out of place. His short talk, too, filled with statements like "We're not going to make any money off a new Williams Inn; we just feel a special loyalty to the town" seemed strange to the fiscal-minded Board members.

Finally, Mr. Yurchison came to the meat of his proposal. Two stories tall, 120 rooms, an indoor swimming pool, sauna

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Essay On Student - Faculty Relations

By Tom Barron

Editors' Note: Tom Barron has been placed on Social Probation by the Williams College Discipline Committee for his actions at a Faculty Meeting on April 28, when he chose to stay at the meeting after the other "protesters" left. In this essay he puts forth the educational philosophy which led to his decision and action.

I took part in the "invasion" of the faculty meeting of April 28. Since that time there has been some discussion of the event and this is a development which I view positively. My concern is that what was, for some of us, the issue which stimulated our action, is something which has been greatly misunderstood. The criticism has been made, and probably justly so, that in our determination to act-to go beyond the sort of absorption process which often occurs here when one merely uses words-we never did justice to language as a mode of communication. In any case, there has been a great deal of misplaced emphasis on "student power" and the degree of "radicality" which Williams students do or do not possess. Such was the content of a particularly vacuous Record editorial. In addition, Austin Clark has written a fascinating little story which, although his use of Fanon in regard to language is a *propos*, is concerned with the wrong issue: both elements of this conflict are white; both are "colonizers." This is no great discovery. Even the Visitor should be perceptive enough to look for the real issues at stake in Williamstown rather than in the direction of *Pour la revolution africaine*. What I propose, then, is another look at this act, free of preconceptions, as an event in its own right.

Let us begin with an examination of the nature of the faculty meeting. It should be apparent that it is a deliberative body which exercises power in that it decides the fate of proposals which shape the course of action that people take at Williams. One is tempted to make the qualification that these proposals are educational in nature, but this says little since anything which affects Williams College, such as decisions by trustees and the administration, is likely to be called educational by someone. It is more to the point to look at the associations of people with which these proposals deal most directly. These are of two types: associations between faculty members

and those between faculty and students. Some would add another, that of relations between students, but to the extent that these matters are considered in the faculty meeting, they are inherently student-faculty matters. (The rationale for the CUL is that undergraduate life is an educational experience and thus should, to some extent, be controlled by educators). One other complex area, that of hiring and firing, is not handled in the faculty meeting. This is somewhat confusing because there is a faculty committee, but in the end the final power lies with the administration; thus, this is properly an association of employer and employee and is external to the question under consideration here. (I understand that faculty salaries are chalked up at the meeting once per year but this information is available anyway, via the treasurer's report).

The question which we raise is one of the public nature of faculty meetings. The private exercise of power takes place in the family-elsewhere it is considered either despotism or slaveholding, both of which, of course, have their benevolent forms (even that "peculiar institution"). Obviously, faculty meetings are, by their deliberative nature, public to some extent. There is no one man secretly running Williams College. The question becomes, then, to which people faculty meetings should be public. Limits must be set and, accordingly, we shall examine this question in relation to the particular associations relevant to the faculty meeting.

The majority of the business of faculty meetings deals with faculty-student associations rather than those solely between faculty members, and it is in this association that we are particularly interested. The latter association is properly the business of the faculty alone. I have no part in faculty housing allocation and the faculty certainly should decide this issue among themselves.

The fate of the major part of the business of faculty meetings, however, that concerning faculty-student association, is, at least in this paper, to be determined by the nature of that association. It is reassuring to me that this association corresponds to what is traditionally seen as the nexus of the educational process, which is the end of

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MISSION PARK LIVING:

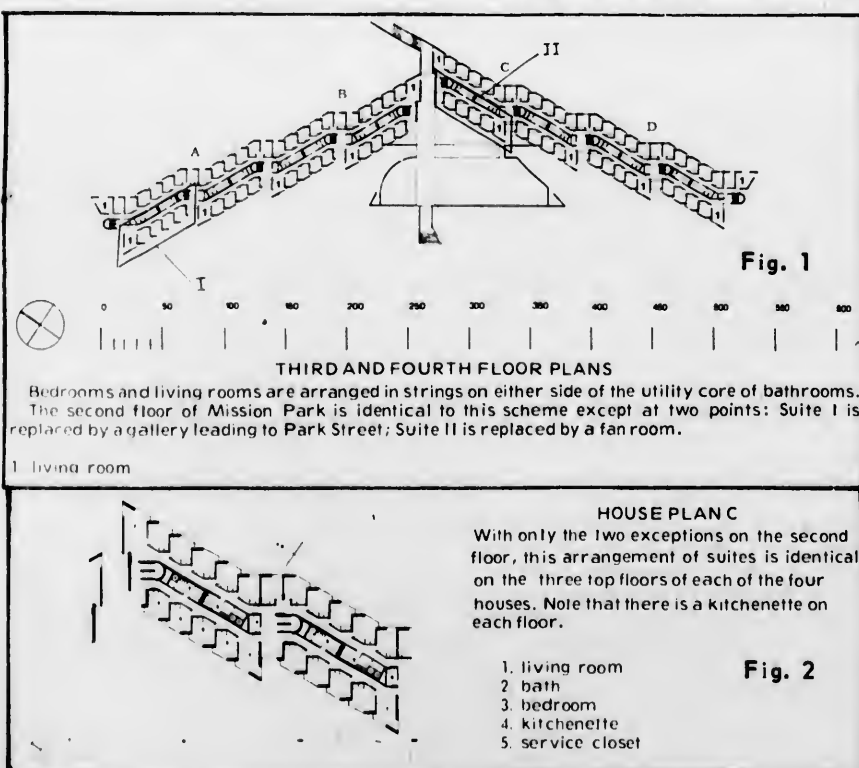
What It Will Be Like

By David C. Johnson

Editors' Note: As a prelude to life in the Mission Park residential complex next year, the ADVOCATE presents an architectural critique of Williams' newest student-housing experiment for those undergraduates who, through Administration coercion or their own initiative, plan to reside there in the coming year.

impression, however, is deceptive.

Mission Park will not necessarily be a depressing place to live. The complex will create a far different environment than that of the present Williams College housing system, where each residential house is a separate dwelling. Mission Park will combine four residential houses into one large structure, hopefully without



From the exterior, the Mission Park complex appears to be only a long row of high-rise apartments, each one running into the next, all the way across both faces of the building. To students who know nothing of its internal organization, the building conjures up apprehensions of city-like, sardine-can living - long rows of identical rooms just waiting for anonymous denizens to fill them. This

destroying the concept of the independent house system.

The real success of the Mission Park complex, to be determined within the coming years, will depend to a great extent on whether this huge structure can adjust to a "small college" atmosphere and attitudes. The tempo of life of a multiversity - not an impossible consequence of Williams' coming housing

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE is a weekly publication by the students of Williams College, correspondence should be addressed to THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE, Brainerd Mears House, Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267; telephone 413-458-7131 Ext. 425

LETTER

The Honour Code Referendum

To the Editors:

The latest proposals for the revision of the Honor Code, upon which a student referendum has been held, pose a threat to the academic integrity of this college. By demanding the transfer of the powers of jurisdiction concerning academic dishonesty to a student-controlled body, the proposals suggest that members of the faculty are incompetent to judge a student.

If I were brought before a committee on academic honesty, upon whose decision my fate at the College would be decided, I would be uneasy at being judged by my peers. It is unfair to a student to have to entrust his fate to a group of young people whom he suspects share the same weaknesses and are susceptible to the same passions as himself. This is a small college and the influence of personal bias, for or against the culprit, would probably make itself felt. The student is likely to get an impartial and just judgment, which considers not only the personal motives of the culprit but also the need to maintain the college's academic quality, from his elders in the faculty, who probably have a more profound conception of justice than the college adolescent.

One suspects that the present proposals are designed to give a student accused of dishonesty greater freedom for the pleading of extraneous circumstances in his mistake. If I knew that I were being

brought before a student disciplinary committee I would be tempted to plead exceptional emotional circumstances for my actions. The college student is always more susceptible to emotional than to reasoned arguments. Indeed, a student committee, elected for charismatic appeal by the student body, is not guaranteed to consider the academic integrity of the College as a whole as the first priority in its judgments. The strike of May 1970 proved how lightly the average student valued the ethics of scholarship and the moral basis of the university. Given so slight a dedication to scholarly ideals, is it likely that a student disciplinary committee would give them first priority in their judgments? Before a student committee, I could plead absence for a demonstration in Washington as excuse for plagiarism, and expect to get away with it.

The student who pleads his fitness for judging his peers better than more mature and probably more intelligent men has surely not explored himself. The faculty should not deliver power to arrogant young men merely because they feel that they have to have it. If the faculty did yield to the demands of the student referendum, then they admit their inadequacy to judge the academic integrity of their pupils. If the students alone are considered capable of delivering fair verdicts on academic honesty, can the professors consider themselves qualified to criticize and grade any student's work—in short, can he continue to teach?

—J.R.M. Fraiser Darling

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REFLECTIONS

IMPRESARIOS

Berkeley Thunder is a radio show. The show is unique, of course, for its name, which sounds like it belongs to something out of Aqueduct, but also because it's the only show on WCFM to broadcast between 2 and 4 am — on a Thursday night, no less.

We'd imagined Berkeley Thunder is the nickname of the show's D.J., Bruce Brigham, and were all set to say "Howya doin' Thunder," when a friend of ours informed us that Brigham comes from suburban Connecticut. We scratched the sobriquet theory and turned to the WCFM Program Guide. This contains a squib by Brigham suggesting that one "tune in...and you will know much better than I can explain here what makes Berkeley Thunder." Which didn't help a whole lot.

We spotted Bruce Brigham in the WCFM library Thursday night as he was extracting a series of LP's from their wooden cubby holes — getting ready, we presumed, to make Williams thunder. With him was sophomore John Lawson. In addition to sponsoring his milkman's matinee, we had learned, Bruce is also co-founder and principal mainstay of the Cold Mountain health foods shop, and a organizer of today's "Celebration of Life" festival at Cole Field.

"There's going to be food, music, and lots of entertainment," said Brigham with obvious enthusiasm. He was wearing yellow-tinted granny glasses and his blue Apache scarf. His hair was draped tightly back and fell behind him in a pony tail.

"And sunshine," laughed Lawson, who looks something like a diminutive Art Garfunkle. "There's going to be sunshine tomorrow, so the weatherman says."

Brigham looked up. "This celebration has a lot to do with the season. You know, at this time of the year there's a, well, a feeling in the air." He shrugged lightly as though he couldn't really describe it. "Williams doesn't have enough of this sort of thing."

We asked how exactly the Celebration is going to celebrate. "That's up to the people who come," said Bruce. "They can do what they want. The food is free — apples, oranges, lemonade, and other stuff. The bands are playing for free too. We've got the Beevo Band, Tunnel, Cat's Cradle, and Kelly Wright's Band. It's mostly rock, but there'll be some low key. And between sets we hope to have some folk music."

The impresarios began discussing the feasibility of an appearance by local celebrity Janet Johnson. The question seemed to hinge on the time factor. But it was quickly laid to rest when Bruce suggested they simply "check out the vibes tomorrow night, see how it is."

Brigham and Lawson resumed their perusal of the record cabinet. The studio door swung open and in entered Bill Sweeney who was taking a break from his "Road Show" show.

"Why doesn't your paper review this?" said Sweeney handing us a record album called "Daybreak."

"Why this?" we asked.

"It's a good record."

"Yes but — well..."

"Oh you don't know about this record?" He seemed astonished.

"No," we said.

"Oh. It's by two Williams students. They call themselves 'Joe and Bing', Joe Knowlton and Bing Bingham. It's made by a South American outlet of RCA." We looked at it, then gave it back to him. "Really, you should review it." Sweeney stepped back into his studio.

We returned our attention to Bruce and John. How did they go about getting permission for the Celebration?

They seemed puzzled with the question. "We just went to Dean Frost," explained Lawson. "It was very simple. Frost gave his approval. He said the freshmen probably wanted it. That kind of bothered me, though. It's not just the freshmen who want things like this, you know."

"And B and G was really fine. They gave us garbage cans and tarps. They're usually not so efficient."

"Oh, I don't know," said Brigham.

Brigham continued: "The whole thing should run about \$100. We have to pay the cops. Not off that is. And we had to get a permit from Zoito. That was two dollars."

"We're still behind twenty dollars," said Lawson, apparently not very worried about recovering it.

We wondered about the connection between this Brigham project and his health foods enterprise. "Oh there's none really. Except that Cold Mountain is supplying twenty-five pounds of peanuts."

We asked how Cold Mountain is doing. "We're holding things together. We still have things to get paid off. But pretty soon we'll start getting in the plus column. People don't buy in bulk yet. Though the other day some woman came down to buy a whole lot of spaghetti. The money seems to be stretching around."

POETRY (continued)

other writers seriously, he seems to have, above all else, an intense dislike of pretension. Mr. Aaron is also careful to avoid the well-traveled emotional paths on which the romantic and pseudo-romantic poets of the ages seem to have beaten dead every green thing that was once alive. Although he is not anti-emotional, he generally attempts to identify his feelings through ironical pretenses, and to make these statements original or not make them at all.

Mr. Aaron once told me that the problem with most student poetry is that it is being used as a replacement for, rather than as a vehicle of true feelings. His words were something to the effect that "these people come home after having fights with their girl friends and shed poems instead of tears." This seems to me to say quite a lot.

He is, then, original, ironical, thoroughly enjoyable and never self-indulgent. The problem of originality in modern poetry is that it often leads to triviality, but Mr. Aaron's poetry seems to respond to this by suggesting that a thought is only trivial if it does not make you think or feel or laugh. It is a substantial argument.

Then there is always the chance that I have misrepresented Jonathan Aaron completely.

COLLEGE CINEMA

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THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE is a weekly publication by the students of Williams College; correspondence should be addressed to THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE, Brainerd Mears House, Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267; telephone 413-458-7131 Ext. 425

Once again, incredible though it may seem, THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE has erred, or more precisely one of its sources has. The Business Office judiciously points out, in the latest Register, that "the college does not act as a collection agency for any outside business," (except the telephone company.) The reporter involved acknowledges his failure to verify what he did not know at the time to be merely hearsay. The ADVOCATE thanks the Business Office for the correction.

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Barnes & Noble no longer purchases used books—but we have made arrangements with the Follett College Book Company to use our store, as B & N did in the past, to buy any books you wish to sell. Purchases will be made only on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 20, 21 and 22, from 8:30 to 4:30 p.m. See you then.

Meanwhile, before you get too tied up in exams, we would appreciate your clearing up bills which have accumulated. Good luck with exams and have a good summer.



REFLECTIONS

WEEKEND

We watched the five students working for Buildings and Grounds unload the snow-fencing from the big green truck. Slowly the red wood-and-wire coils were unrolled, uprighted and pounded into stability. Friends went and came back from "The Festival of Life" at Cole Field, but we lay on the damp, sloping lawn watching dogs roll in the swamp-like basin of the lawn where Gary U.S. Bonds was supposed to set up. After three hours the workers broke for dinner, having enclosed three sides of the Garfield House lawn. And that was as close as Garfield House ever got to being the scene for the Spring Weekend Lawn Party.

Saturday morning we heard that Gary U.S. Bonds was dead drunk and still in New Haven. The members of Garfield House breathed easier under the steady rain which promised a stay of amnesty for their windows and woodwork. The house telephone rang with one question throughout the morning and early afternoon. Finally the word came out: Agard House.

Monday morning, Murph, the custodian for both Agard and Garfield, stomped into the Garfield House dining room and thumped down his lunch bucket in disgust. "I've been working my ass off at Agard all morning and the place still looks like I haven't even been there yet." He ate hastily, exchanging a few lines with the cook and then returned to Agard. Reputedly there were wall-to-wall paper cups and a half-inch of broken window glass and alcoholic residue covering the entire ground floor.

Agard House members were still looking for the perpetrators of their affliction, apparently without much success. None of the house officers had been contacted before the Lawn Party had "suddenly appeared" in their living room along with thirty-two kegs of beer, and the social chairman, John Neikirk, was also denying any knowledge of who had authorized the event. An assessor from the house estimated that a thousand dollars worth of damage had been done.

On the mantel in the Garfield living room stood an empty pint bottle of Cutty Sark Scotch Whiskey, drained by Jack Maitland during Saturday's festivities; the lone physical remnant of the past weekend.

TOAD

Our Play has a very simple set, at least compared with Dave Ferguson's labyrinths upstairs. Gaudy boxes, scattered across the stage of the studio theater, double as beds, chairs, benches, hollow trees, and riverbanks. One huge box, replete with windows and trapdoors, we christened Frank, who dominates the action.

The simple geometric lines of the scenery well suit the nature of the play: we are a travelling company, showing Toad of Toad Hall to children all around the area. Only Ron Jacobs of the Record has failed to enjoy the production's unsophistication, and the cast has long since dismissed his review as sad and senile, the work of a man who could never be ten years old again.

But, in our first Williamstown appearance the kids liked us, so much that they returned for a second showing on Mothers' Day. So many people showed up, dragging along their mothers and grandmothers or coming alone, that meek Mr. Mole hardly had room to come up through the audience to deliver the play's

opening lines. His breathless awe at the beautiful weather along the riverbank made the audience forget all about the endless rain outside, and everyone settled down to enjoy the first of many confrontations between the gruff, patrician Mr. Badger and the arrogant Mr. Toad, with young Mr. Mole and skeptical Mr. Rat looking on.

The first scene was ideal. Even the cast, veterans of dozens of final rehearsals and performances, relaxed to chat and watch for minute variations in each sequence. The children howled at the constant slapstick, and exuberant delight oozed out of the AMT's basement.

A dog dropped in to watch, and trotted up onto the stage to join in the fun. The audience loved him since they had stopped caring about tightly-constructed, meaningful productions and now accepted anything that came along. The cast, however, was slightly disconcerted. Nobody knew quite how to maintain continuity with a Labrador sniffing up the set. Bribes didn't seem to work, since pre-performance saboteurs had impregnated the sandwiches with garlic.

Finally he left, taking with him one of the Toad's green webbed feet. The latter had to limp for the show's duration, but ad-libbed a few jokes to cover things up. Who cared about precision?

The show broke down. Anything went as long as it got a few laughs, and the audience squealed at anything even remotely funny. With such an active crowd, the whole carnival became an audience-participation exercise; the kids howled answers to all the rhetorical questions anyway.

The plot continued somehow, although in a state of near-bedlam. At last the Toad, infatuated with the glorious motorcar that ran him down, came to trial for stealing and wrecking eight of the monsters. Then the judge, having sentenced the miserable animal to one year, three years, and fifteen years for three of his crimes, wondered aloud what that all came up. Cries of "Twelve!" "Seven!" "Thirty-two!" "Three!" and "Ninety!" brought chaos to the court. The Judge calmly accepted the pandemonium and turned into an auctioneer, taking bids from anyone who offered them. The court decided that twenty was close enough.

Of course, Toad escaped from prison (dressed as a cleaning lady), although the kids saw through his disguise at once and shouted out his hiding place to the pursuing policeman. Led by Brigadier General Badger, an expedition of Good Guys invaded by Bad Guys, who had taken over Toad Hall, and made all the Baddies prisoner. The fight, however, was not as streamlined as usual: a band of elfish kids grabbed any ankles or weapons that came near the edge of the stage, and were far tougher to put down than the Weasels, Ferrets, and Stoats. We were exhausted from fighting both parties by the time the frolic was over.

The final celebration song, like everything else that afternoon, ended in confusion. The elfs, encouraged by their success during the battle, massed near the stage and suddenly tackled Mr. Rat. Although heavily outnumbered, we managed to fight off our own audience for the possession of our friend Ratty, and danced warily for the rest of the number.

The show was over. Designed to be a simple play with rigid lines drawn between Good and Bad, Toad of Toad Hall had been turned into an asylum worthy of Marat-Sade. The kids loved it though, otherwise they wouldn't have joined so joyfully into the action. The parents and students there agreed, having seen a polished production break down into a spontaneous party. The play was, by all standards, successful.

But we the players, fooling with the kids onstage afterwards, were exhausted. Weasels and Ferrets and Stoats are fierce enough opponents any day, but nothing compared with the combined energy of thirty ten-year-olds.

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STUDENT-FACULTY (continued)

any college by definition. In examining this association it should be apparent that those who are not involved in the association have no more place in the business of that association than students do in business concerning the association of faculty members. (The preceding sentence is for those who likened our action to some hypothetical invasion of the faculty meeting by the American Legion). The end of the faculty-student association is "education." In order to understand what we mean when we sue this word in this context, it is necessary to examine both parts of the association separately in terms of what is given and what is received by each part.

The faculty member brings a command of a tradition—a methodology or discipline. This is the major reason the student goes to class. Interaction with other students cannot be overvalued, but this takes place in many other areas; the tradition carried by the teacher is what makes a discussion into a class. In addition to this contribution, the teacher is responsible for criticism, evaluation, and ranking. Whether one agrees with the latter two of these functions or not, a power relationship of some sort is inherent in this association. If one accepts the fact that the teacher makes criticisms in light of the tradition he carries, this power relation is evident in that officially the teacher judges and the student's output is judged.

The student, on the other hand, makes the contribution of novelty. At a most basic level this is important merely for the tradition to survive; it must be carried by new people all the time. Equally essential is the addition and reinterpretation that takes place as the student meets the tradition with his experience. All our education comes from experience of one sort or another; accordingly, as our experiences are all different we are all educated differently.

Thus, every student has an original contribution to make.

We arrive, then, at a conception of education which can be summed up in the word dialogue—a give and take process in which both parties concerned contribute according to their particular abilities and functions. Since the business of the faculty-student association, which is the prime content of faculty meetings, is done for the end of education, which we have seen is a kind of dialogue, this business should be done in a manner conducive to that dialogue.

In regard to the faculty element in this association the question is one of control. As we have mentioned above, whatever element of control necessary to the association is held by the teacher in that he, as a representative of the tradition, is what defines a class as an English class or a history class. Similarly, the business of the faculty-student association, since it is done for the sake of that dialogue, should be under the control of the faculty. The reason we made no request for a vote at the faculty meeting is that part of the faculty member's contribution in the faculty-student association is that of control.

The student's essential contribution to the dialogue, novelty, is one which is quite precarious. It involves the presentation of himself, or a part of himself, to be criticized, evaluated, and ranked. Thus, the relation between the student and teacher is one of trust. If this trust is lacking, what will occur is that the student will cease to make any contribution to the dialogue. In class this is seen as a lack of discussion and a lack of originality in formal work done for the course. This essential element of trust rests on the assumption that the faculty member will do his judging and controlling fairly and openly in light of the tradition he carries.

We have affirmed the element of faculty control of the business dealing with the faculty-student association as

being something which is in accordance with the end of that association, dialogue. The fair and open presentation of the tradition carried by the faculty seems to be lacking, however, in the way the faculty meeting is conducted. Students have no direct knowledge of the discussion over these issues. Accordingly, the same obstacles to dialogue that can be seen in a poor class have made their presence felt in this realm as apathy and distrust. Students are generally unwilling to make their contribution to the educational community in any public sense. Committee meetings are rarely attended by many of those who have been elected to such posts, suggesting that many feel that an active interest in their education just "isn't worth it." The College Council is ridiculous. Actually perhaps the most honest reaction is the presentation of self evident in student concern about their "roles" at Williams—even with its belligerent rhetoric. This is not to say that the faculty is responsible for student apathy—rather it would be more to the point to say that the nature of one area in particular, that of the faculty meeting, is not presently conducive to the kind of dialogue that is essential to the student-teacher association and is not in the interest, as our original statement said, of a truly educative community.

MOTHERS
AND
DAUGHTERS

And the warm greenness of --
young girls who lose their
freckles and their virginity;
curious charms
these last umbilicals,
shriveling and cracking under a mor-
ning's sun...

Their mothers, childfree,
drift into forgotten rooms,
Silent and empty
as their wombs.

Women once again, defoliated,
wait wrapped in chilled limbs,
wraith-white,
waiting for a lover too,
waiting for their bloody bed sheet
to rise and haunt them in the night.

Mark Siegel

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MISSION PARK (continued)

experiment — would destroy the present relaxed, congenial, and informal environment that Williams has coveted for so long.

From a strictly subjective standpoint, it is still too early to judge the Mission Park complex. Architecturally, nevertheless, the building is very much a reality. It invites discussion and criticism on the basis of the environment the architects, Mitchell and Giurgola, have sought to create.

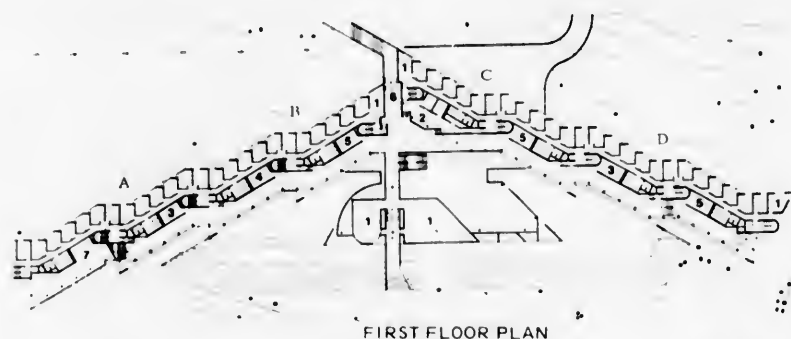
FLOOR PLANS

The five-story Mission Park complex has two separate wings (see Figure 1). They are joined only on the ground floor and the first floor by open galleries. The western wing sits slightly behind the eastern one, lending more visual variety to the complexity of the facades. The entire building's orientation is toward the northeast, but each wing aligns itself along a different axis, one running east to west and the other north to south. The two

The arrangement of the bedrooms is clear from the diagram (see Figure 2). This is standard for each of the eight units that make up the complex. Only two exceptions to this pattern occur, both on the second floor. In the western-most half of House A, the southern suite of rooms has an open-gallery replacement that leads outside to Park Street. In the far left unit of House C, the southern suite of rooms has a fan room taking its place. Otherwise, however, the planning scheme in Figure 2 holds constant throughout the top three floors of Mission Park.

The first floor plan differs in one major respect to the above: the entire southern suite of rooms in all eight units has been replaced by a gallery that runs uninterrupted throughout the entire first floor of the building, connecting all eight units (see Figure 3). At the center of the complex, the gallery opens up into a lobby area, allowing access to the lounge areas, to the stairway leading down to the dining rooms, and to the student mailboxes.

In addition to linking the entire complex together, the gallery becomes a strategic area in which to locate the various



Note the gallery running along the entire southern face of the building.

Fig. 3

join at an angle of about one hundred and thirty degrees, like the spans of a huge jet airliner. Within this angle is the dining and lounge area, a separate two-story structure, whose triangular shape reflects the swept-back transepts.

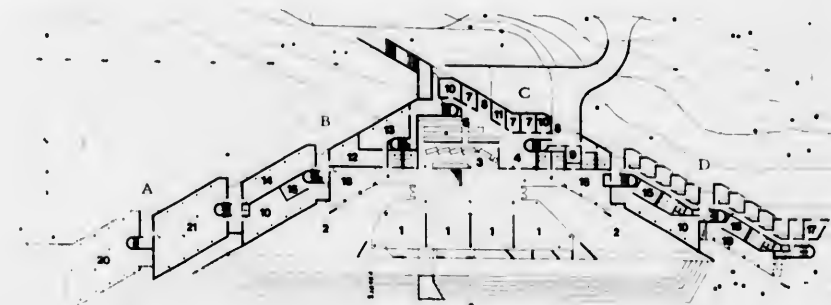
Each half of the Mission Park building is further subdivided into four units. A stairwell isolates each unit from the next (with a stairwell at each end of the wing), and a utility core—bathrooms, kitchenettes, service closets, laundries and TV rooms — divides each unit longitudinally. Bedrooms and lounges appear on each side of this core. Heavy fire doors also isolate one living environment from the next.

The entire plan is far different from Ben Thompson's design for Greylock, where circulation is intentionally channelled the entire length of each building, as well as vertically. Here, freedom of movement has the restriction of travelling to each suite of rooms via the stairways. Each suite is an independent unit, and the

laundry, television, and ironing rooms. These busy, noisy rooms are thus away from sleeping and studying areas, holding any distracting noise to a minimum. A good architect makes this type of planning a "given." Such little planning details, that are often taken for granted, are benefits of good architectural design.

From a functional standpoint, Mission Park is successful. The floor gallery and the major stairwells provide adequate avenues of circulation and efficient traffic patterns. The careful segregation of the bedroom suites and the thoughtful location of recreation and utility areas assure all occupants maximum privacy. The dining rooms and lounges are at the center of the complex, where they will be most available to the students.

In their design, Mitchell and Giurgola have established a clear-cut priority: the isolation and privacy of individual living environments. They have achieved their goal. Their decision, however, does impose certain limitations on the success of



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

Fig. 4

This level is given over almost entirely to the dining rooms and related facilities, though there are two suites of rooms along the northern face of House D.

circulation patterns preserve this privacy.

The College has chosen to divide each wing of Mission Park into two residential house units, presently designated as "A," "B," "C," and "D." The design, however, could have easily split the eight entryway units into any combination desired. As plans stand now, all four houses have approximately the same number of occupants, House D being the largest with seventy-five and House C the smallest with sixty-four. Altogether Mission Park will hold two hundred ninety-four students, with the possibility of converting the four- and five-bedroom living rooms to accommodate thirty additional students.

the Mission Park complex as a whole. The independence afforded to each suite of rooms is certainly not conducive to an involved sense of intra-house unity.

The success of any residential house depends to a great extent on the type of community that evolves from its diversified members. To allow for this evolution, enough interaction must take place among the different segments of that community. The architectural design of the environment will have a lot to do with establishing, or discouraging, such a rapport. A major failure of the Freshman Quad as an environment is its failure to allow the opportunity for such involvement. Will this be a failure of Mission Park as well?

TABLES AND CHAIRS

Mitchell and Giurgola did not handle the interior decoration of Mission Park themselves. Instead, they selected an independent consulting firm to do all planning and execution of the building's interiors. Working closely with Williams' Buildings and Grounds, who retained the right of veto on all decorative solutions,

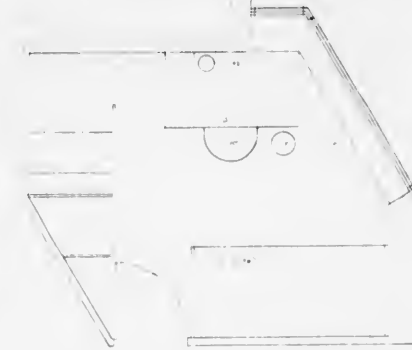


Fig. 5

One of the four different bedroom shapes, showing the proposed arrangement of furniture.

Unimark International Interior Design Consultants have come up with some interesting ideas on how best to furnish a college dormitory. None of their solutions present any radical rethinking of large-scale housing decoration, but in most cases their choices have been tasteful and functional.

All bedrooms will be furnished with a studio-type bed, combination bureau and closet wardrobes, a butcher-board desk with a laminated top, and a bookcase (see Figure 5). The beds are extremely low and have a set of three drawers beneath them. They will be exactly the same as the beds now used in the remodelled rooms of Perry House. Although the sleeping surface seems a bit spartan—a foam mattress resting on plywood—reactions to the beds at Perry House are favorable: comfortable sleeping and better use of under-the-bed space.

Each room will offer a small wall light, but the major light source will be from the movable Luxo lamps, an extremely generous and thoughtful choice of appliance. A swivel chair, covered in vinyl and fabric, fits with the desk and will be the only chair provided for each room. The College is thus avoiding its mistake of furnishing the Greylock rooms with an armchair as well as a desk chair. Within a week almost all of those Captain's chairs had been moved out into the corridors.

Each living room will have a studio couch (a single bed converted for living room use by the addition of two bolster pillows), three foam chairs (similar to those now in use in some of the Greylock TV rooms), and a maple plywood magazine table (see Figure 6). Lighting will come mainly from free standing lamps, either provided by the occupants or the College. Unlike the Greylock rooms, where the coffered ceiling made ceiling fixtures a sensible solution to the lighting problem, Mission Park ceilings will be flat, exposed concrete, affording no niches for this type of fixture.

All wall surfaces in the suites and bedrooms will be an off-white, vinyl-covered plaster board, comparable in color and feel to the Greylock paneling. This will mean that thumb-tacks, scotch tape, glue, and any other adhesives will be strictly forbidden—as usual. Unfortunately, a more practical type of paneling, impervious to such mutilation, has not yet been developed. Moulding hooks will once again be the "means by which" for all student interior decorators.

Each bedroom and living room will have a set of creme-colored drapes of a smooth burlap texture that will work well with the tan-brown, wall-to-wall carpeting. The vinyl coverings for the desk chairs, the foam furniture, and the studio couch will all be brightly colored and should break up the monotony of the off-white wall and ceiling surfaces. Each house will have a different color code that will be uniform for all furniture throughout that house: House A, yellow; House B, red; House C, blue; House D, green. The colors selected are very bright and intense and will be similar in effect to the visual power of the Bronfman furniture.

The variety of surface textures that is such a strong factor in the success of the Greylock suites, with the juxtaposition of brick, concrete, and plasterboard, will not be a major contributor to Mission Park's enjoyment. Mr. Giurgola (the design

partner of Mitchell and Giurgola Associates) has chosen to restrain any sensual boldness of materials. The excitement of his architectural expression is a different type of experience altogether.

SHAPES AND ANGLES

Four types of rooms exist in terms of shape. Each one is an exciting space, different from the normal dormitory cubicle. Windows are set at oblique angles and doorways enter from unusual corners of the rooms in a complete turnabout from standard rectilinear living (see Figure 5). Since the rooms are small (approximately the size of a Greylock room), the angular effects of the walls and windows will press right in on the occupant. One can only wait to see what response these angular environments will draw from their occupants.

One shortcoming of the rooms will be the problem of rearranging furniture. The college student's nature demands that his room, though alike in size and shape to his neighbors, will somehow look different. Individuality will inevitably assert itself. From the floor plans, other possibilities for placement of furniture other than the intended one are hard to imagine. The obliquely angled walls of the rooms do not allow the latitude for such manipulations as the rectangular spaces of Greylock. Student ingenuity will have a formidable challenge at its hands.

The angularity of the bedrooms has its match in the trapezoidal shapes of the suite living rooms (see Figure 6). In this instance, however, the shape seems less successful both on a functional and an emotional basis. Since the living rooms are small (once again comparable to the size of the Greylock lounges), the angled walls seem confining. They restrict the living space, preventing a sense of freedom and openness from evolving. These geometrically formal spaces will not be conducive to a relaxed, informal environment.

The location of these living rooms, at the end of each bedroom corridor, will also pose some problems. Access to these rooms is strictly along a longitudinal axis. One reaches them either by walking down the corridor past the bedrooms or by entering through the fire doors from the stairwell. Either way, the sense of a living room as a central space—the core of the living area—is absent. Instead, the living room becomes just another space at the end of the hall.

Though a great many students complain that the Greylock suites offer no chance of privacy — people from other rooms are always walking through their room on a journey to the other end of the building—the interlocking design of these suites is actually an important reason for the appeal and pleasure of the Greylock complex. With the right group of people sharing adjoining living rooms, access from one group of suites to the other is both desirable and enjoyable. At Mission Park the living rooms are on the extremity of each environment. The emotional atmosphere that contributes to the success of a "living" room will be that much harder to capture.

The final disappointment of the Mission Park living rooms centers around the ratio of bedrooms to living rooms. In reference to Figure 2, one of the four suites on each floor of all the houses has been designed without a living room (in Figure 2, it is the northeastern block of rooms). This is a bad flaw in Mission Park's design. To rectify this error the College has decided to assign only five students to this block of five rooms, allowing the occupants to convert one of the bedrooms into a living room. Though the normal bedroom furniture will be removed and replaced with lounge furniture, these bedrooms are not living room spaces. The small doorway opening and the almost fully enclosed area will make it more of a cubby-hole than a lounge.

In other respects, however, features of the Mission Park suites will be more successful. All bathrooms will be within the limits of the suite: located off the hallway, opposite the bedrooms and at the other end of the corridor than the living room. That location will avoid the inconvenience at Greylock of having to cross the stair landing to get to the bathroom. Since each suite will have its own private bathroom, complete privacy and, particularly on weekends, fewer surprising intrusions will prevail.

The added attraction of this one-bathroom-per-suite design is that coeducational living is made much simpler and relaxed. Segregation may now be done by suites. Not only is there a

MISSION PARK (continued)

private bath, but the fire doors at each end of the corridor isolate each group of rooms.

Difficult it is to criticize Mission Park living from its functional limitations, because very few exist. Each suite is guaranteed privacy and is a self-sufficient unit as far as utilities go. The criticism of Mission Park is more from an emotional, psychological viewpoint. Is this building creating the type of environment that a college community will be most happy with? Are these architectural spaces and their relationship to each other conducive to a style of informal, yet integrated atmosphere that a small college community prides itself in?

FACADES

Mission Park is not a modest structure. The interior has already proven itself a very distinct and assertive design in the type of environment it creates. The pretensions of the exterior are no more humble. The complexity and activity of both facades reflect Giurgola's feelings for a design that will dominate rather than serve. The building evokes a strength in glass and concrete that makes no concessions to the rolling wooded hills and richly variegated terrain in and around Williamstown. It does not complement the natural setting as the Greylock complex does. Rather, the high-rise facade towers above the tree line and the nearby buildings. Its undulating length—its huge wing span—nullifies the gentle contours of Mission Park hill and destroys the scale of the small side street on which the complex is situated.

The whole point of the Mission Park complex, however, is not to conform to the Williams College sense of scale. Nor does the architecture seek to submit its identity to the beautiful Purple Valley. Mission Park, both inside and out, creates a new environment on the Williams campus. The end result may, or may not justify the architectural means used to express the building's point of view. One would be mistaken, however, to dismiss the Mission Park complex on the basis of a first impression.

The southern face of Mission Park is the most exciting visually. The sense of anticipation as the building gradually reveals itself at the foot of the hill is really delightful. Looking down at the structure diminishes its high-rise verticality, and from this vantage point, the staggered character of the facade appears in its entirety. The sharply angled parallelogram units look like huge teeth in a giant buzz saw.

On the northern side of the complex, however, a great deal of confusion prevails as to what is actually going on architecturally. The angular undulations are so busy and so hard to follow that the strength of the design is weakened. Giurgola has employed a structural vocabulary of angles that does express a visual and sensual excitement, yet, this angular activity completely overshadows the purity of the building's functional intent. The architectural statement is more consistent on the southern side of the building, where the intent of the design—namely, the breakdown of each wing into four separate units—has been expressed in clear-cut structural terms.

The windows on the northern face of the building are a particularly annoying source of confusion. Half of them have a

narrow pane of glass attached at right angles to the large window pane, forcing the windows to turn the corner, only to be halted abruptly by the main concrete wall of the building. This is a most disturbing architectural detail, which allows many of the rooms a direct line of sight into their neighbor's room. Since the windows do not give the occupants a better view, nor do they provide more efficient ventilation, the question is: just what func-

the unity and consistency of Mr. Giurgola's architectural statement. The strength of the Mission Park design rests on the clarity of its conception and execution of its structural vocabulary. If one facet of the plan is any less valid than any of the others, the entire statement suffers.

The semicircular stairwell protrusions at each end of the complex are another weak link in the design. Though they do

whether this shape can work any better here. The fact that one end of the lounge is curvilinear and the other rectilinear is a bit troublesome. Furthermore, setting the lounge shape above the triangular shape of the dining hall destroys the identity and attitude of both shapes.

The success of the Mission Park complex is in its assertion of a dominant architectural environment. The size and shape of the building is an imposing force



LISTEN TO THE CRIBARI WINE "GENTLE JOURNEY" ON WMS RADIO

tion do these extra window panes serve?

Apparently, they are a design necessity: to get the windows on the north side to face at such oblique angles, this arrangement is necessary to extend them outwards and away from the plane of the building. Their questionable integrity as structural elements, however, undercuts

break up the angularity of the pointed living room units on each corner, providing relief from the sharpness of their edges, they have not been integrated well with these trapezoidal shapes structurally. The band of windows running down one side of each snub-nosed column, linking it to the northern living room, is very out of place—like a strip of tape that has been used to cover up an exposed seam.

Giurgola is obviously repeating this semicircular motif in the shape of the western end of the lounge. Though final judgement on this point should be reserved until the completion of the dining-lounge unit, some doubt exists

within the realm of its modest site. The precast concrete panels and the rectangular window panes of the facade give Mission Park a strength and directness, yet the facade's complexity and some confusion of structural expression unfortunately do weaken the overall statement. Nevertheless, Mission Park will be a positive addition to the Williams College campus. It has an attitude, both on the interior and the exterior, questioning our present conception of a New England small college. But hopefully its presence will not be a destructive force. The experiment should give Williams new architectural breadth and a different environment for its students.

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Registering to vote: 'tomorrow is indefinite'

by Lewis Steele

with Steve Gillis, Tom Mark, and Dave Rice.

On July 30 Ohio became the thirty-eighth state to ratify the constitutional amendment lowering the voting age from 21 to 18 in all federal, state, and local elections.

Since then, many questions have been raised pertaining to college students who wish to vote where they attend school.

J. Elwood Lamphear, town clerk and Chairman of the Williamstown Board of Registrars talked with THE ADVOCATE about voting qualifications in Williamstown and the potential effect a student electorate could have upon local politics.

According to Lamphear, one may vote in Williamstown if he is a U.S. citizen, is 18 years old, and has been a resident of the town for six months.

Traditionally, one qualifies as a resident if he has established his "domicile" in town, and has stated an "intention to remain indefinitely."

But Massachusetts Attorney General Robert Quinn maintains, "The fact that he (the applicant) is a student residing in

town for the purpose of pursuing a course of studies for a number of years should place on him no greater burden of proving his domiciliary intent." And Lamphear notes that Williams students could be considered as intending to remain indefinitely since "Tomorrow is indefinite... four years is indefinite. For that matter, any period except a specific date, e.g. June 22, 1976, constitutes an indefinite time period."

Definite Problems

However, the term "six months" poses definite problems.

Lamphear contends that the six-month residency requirement "demands continuous occupancy at a Williamstown address." According to this interpretation, only students who resided in Williamstown last semester and who continued this residency through the summer would be able to register immediately. All others would be eligible six months after their arrival in Williamstown.

But Thomas Reilly of the Massachusetts Attorney General's office says students who were residing in Williamstown last semester do have a constitutionally protected right to register immediately. It is the Attorney General's opinion, said Reilly, that the six-month residency requirement refers only to the date an individual establishes his domicile. He is not obliged to reside there continuously for six months.

Reilly's explanation would not enfranchise students who did not reside in Williamstown last semester. Freshmen and incoming transfer and exchange students may not register to vote until six months have elapsed since their initial arrival in town.

There will be no elections in Williamstown this November, but the municipal

election scheduled for March 5 comes just less than six months after most Williams students arrived on campus this semester. Consequently, the discrepancy between the two interpretations is significant; its resolution will determine whether 75 per cent of the Williams student community will be able to vote in the March election.

It should be noted that the residency controversy applies only to individuals registering for the first time in Williamstown. According to Lamphear, once one has registered, a subsequent summer absence from Williamstown will not result in disenfranchisement.

Voter Application

Students wishing to register must complete an Application for Voter Registration. The first four questions are simple and straightforward: name, residency address, age, citizenship.

To be able to register, Williams students should answer affirmatively the next question: "Is it your intention to remain in Williamstown indefinitely?"

Question Six asks whether the potential registrant plans to return to his former home - meaning, says Lamphear, a specific address - when his course of studies is completed. Unless a student's former home is in Williamstown, he must answer "No" to qualify for registration. Lamphear expects most student registrants will answer negatively. After all, he asks, "Who knows where one's going to be in four years?"

The last series of questions asks for proof of Williamstown residency. Though the official application asks for a Massachusetts drivers license and registration, a letter from the Dean's office listing the registrant's Williamstown address will suffice.

But Lamphear notes that a registrant with an out-of-state license or vehicle registration must obtain the corresponding Massachusetts documents no more than 30 days after registering to vote. He admits, though, that in all likelihood Williamstown authorities will not take action against individuals who neglect to do so.

Parenthetically, Lamphear points out that a Williams student who becomes a Williamstown resident will be liable for all Massachusetts taxes including income and motor vehicle excise.

Possible Effects

Williamstown's voting statistics deserve serious attention. As of January 27, 1971 there were 3,612 eligible voters in town. The 1968 Presidential contest saw 3,267 people vote. In the 1971 town elections only 2,762 individuals - less than 50 per cent of the eligible voters - elected two selectmen and an Elementary School District representative.

Williams students number approximately 1,550.

In 1972, Williamstown residents will elect a Chairman and Vice Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and a member of the Elementary School Committee. The potential effect of Williams students on

Please turn to page 3



The freeze: 'just damn lucky'

by Charles Waigi

with Bill Greville, Karen Siman, Paul Skudder, and Stuart Vogel

Despite the shock of President Nixon's wage-price-freeze announcement, and the voluminous cycles of economic and political debate it has produced across the country, Williams College and the surrounding community remain characteristically unperturbed. Occasionally eyebrows raise as a student encounters the Snack Bar's increased prices (again! but the women behind the counter vow it happened in mid-summer, and besides, they made capital improvements). Yet the only people actively concerned with the issue are in Fernald House. This calm reception prevails apparently because the freeze has had little genuine effect on either the College or Williamstown.

Thanks to our hills, Williamstown remains isolated from major industrial centers. Lacking industries, the town hasn't the labor unions to keep the issue alive as in Detroit, New York, and even Pittsfield. Furthermore, the northern Berkshire region in general has one of the highest unemployment rates in the nation: about twelve per cent as opposed to the national average of about six.

No Strong Unions

This employment picture has two major effects on the local working community. First, the widespread unemployment in the area makes it easy for employers to find workers and difficult for those employed to fight aggressively for higher wages (particularly in the absence of strong unions). Thus even if wages were not frozen the local economy would experience only modest wage increases. Under such circumstances employed workers are likely to content themselves with current wage levels instead of risking job security; the only way to seek higher wages under the freeze is, of course, to change jobs.

Second, with the area's high unemployment and modest wages, the price-freeze part of Nixon's program is a welcome relief, except in rare cases where domestic goods cannot replace certain dutiable imports.

Please turn to page 4



WHERE?

by Ken Kessel

with Jonathan Abbott and Jean Tibbetts

It's obvious that Williams' Great Leap Forward - as President Sawyer has dubbed coeducation - is bound to cause something of a Cultural Revolution on campus. And the traditional rite of roadtripping presents a likely target.

THE ADVOCATE attempted to gauge the changing nature of the beast and drew two conclusions on the subject: (1) Roadtripping enjoys a solidly ambiguous position at Williams. (2) Coeducation isn't likely to render it any less ambiguous.

Responses to the question "What does roadtripping mean to you?" ranged from that of a bewildered freshman who queried, "Roadtripping? What's that?" - to "Sex, preferably the opposite," from a confident senior.

An umbrella-twirling sophomore called it "the most stilted way of meeting a girl ever invented, and the best way of getting an inferiority complex."

Other offerings:

"...very dear to my heart."

"It sucks!"

"It should have been offered in P.E. class."

"...doesn't warrant two sentences."

"It's part of the Old Williams, and should be forgotten."

One student despaired: "It's a lot of great Williams he-men going down to get their women - and usually failing."

Though discussion of roadtripping in the New Williams was equally equivocal, it is possible to infer that roadtripping isn't leaving the social scene for quite awhile.

A senior at The Fort, his head peering from beneath his bed covers, remarked that present upperclassmen will benefit less from coeducation than freshmen.

"Anyone who is going to meet girls on this campus is going to have to make it a full-time occupation," he added. "The ratio of women to men is too small."

"Many seniors are in almost the same environment as they were last year," he

continued. "There's one coed of the twenty-five students in my major sequence. Only one of my classes has more than 10 or 15 percent women. As far as it goes here, the thing's insane. I'm not getting involved in any USO troop. Nineteen guys head down to Goodrich House to bake brownies. It's the same as roadtripping."

"Roadtripping isn't going to die. Coeducation is very attractive, but this could become another high school - you can't lose yourself. Roadtripping provides an outlet, some variety and anonymity. And people rather enjoy going to different campuses."

Another senior commented, "Coeducation hasn't affected roadtripping, and never will - hard-core roadtrippers never give up."

A bearded sophomore in Baxter Hall didn't think coeducation "would affect the psyche of Williams students. They may want to meet girls here and have

Please turn to page 4

Road tripping: No USO troop

FICTION:

The Poet's Horrible Nightmare En Route to Beddy Bye

The conductor enthemed "Alllllabaaaard." Black clad body with a white-rimmed throat entoning, "Alllll Atoaaaard for the Heavenly City, allllll aboaard the last train for the Land of the Lord. No stops."

Still on the platform as the tracks cleared of tearing relatives, the last vericose-veined venerable hunching herself to the side of the station house, I waved my ticket at the man--no easy task since it was clenched in my broken teeth--and tried to extricate my guilty left hand from the mangled coin-return of a smashed candy machine. The conductor smiled understandingly and stretched out his arm to me.

With a mighty wrench I tore myself free and ran towards him. He had mounted the steps of the now slowly moving train. I gained his grasp at the last instant and hauled myself aboard, like late baggage.

"Welcome aboaard, my son," he said.

I munched my mutilated ticket and gurgled politely; then I asked him where the car for Special Cases was.

This caused him to raise an eyebrow, to look askance. "That type, are you?" he asked. "An artist, an intellectual, or Special Dispensation?"

"A poet," I replied smugly, "and a petty thief," I added, rubbing my bruised hand.

He shrugged off the venial confession. "The back of the train, of course," he said, but then unfolded his frown and fixed his face benignly, adding, "I'd probably recognize you if you hadn't blown your face off with the suicide shot."

"It was murder," I protested.

"That's what they all say," He shrugged again and smiled; "Before you go, take my hand and offer up one last prayer to his Lordship." The train was jostling something fierce by now, so I decided to skip the prayer--but on second thought I took his hands anyway and left him staring at the stumps of his wrists. (It was an old trick of mine.)

I found a seat in the Special Car next to a fat man with a pea-colored face. He reaked of Essence de Hudson River off Canal Street. Another conductor came, by punching tickets; mine, the consistency of oatmeal by this time, mushed and tore under his punch. He gave me a religious look and passed on. I placed the hands of the first conductor on the rack above my seat and turned to the man next to me.

BUST (continued)

Grinnell, Morin mentioned having smelled only the residue in the pipe itself, after he had begun searching the room. Another matter which Hobbs remembers, although Grinnell seemed to consider it of dubious importance, was that of a coffee table in the room. When Ken left earlier that evening, the drawer in the table was closed. The following morning during the arrest it was shut, too. Morin asked Kopp if he had revealed everything. Kopp answered yes; Morin, then asked him about two pieces of aluminum foil. This did not jog Kopp's memory, so Officer Morin suggested that he look in the drawer of the coffee table. Ken found the foil there: Morin had obviously seen it sometime during his search without a warrant.

It appears then that there are "a lot of things we could appeal," as Ken says. "Levine was prejudiced...Grinnell made some good points, but he just didn't listen." Ken sees his relatively mild fine as evidence that "the judge by no means wants me to be a martyr or to appeal the case." Kopp may be forced, by monetary considerations if nothing else, to cooperate with the judge. But he realizes the possible consequences. "I can see what will happen when the next first offender gets hauled in and charged with a felony. He'll say, 'Hey, man, what am I doin' here?' And they'll say, 'Commonwealth vs. Kopp,' because that's the law, man."

WILLIAMS INN (continued)

baths, a restaurant and bar, and wood-burning fireplaces. There will be an entrance and exit on Main Street alongside Field Park, a second entrance on North Street opposite the Greylock Quad, and parking facilities will be constructed at the rear of the structure so as not to clutter up the Field Park area with cars.

"Traffic," snapped a fiftyish housewife. "What about the extra traffic. That corner is already so crowded on some

"Welcome to the Land of Opportunities Lost," he leared.

"Didn't I sssee your ugly face sssometime before rigor-mortiss sset in?" I retorted, but he refused to take offence.

He sighed and turned toward the window-out of which nothing could be seen but the obfuscating white haze--and replied, "Could be. I was a famous personality among intellectual circles. Was on all television's twelve talk shows. Your own face, I might add, is something of an enigma. Hit and run?"

I leaned closer, not wanting the Establishment to hear my guilty secret. "Buck shot," I confided, "two-barreled sshot-gun right in the face." I looked around to make sure we weren't being observed. "Sssuicccide," whispered, my broken mouth whistling out the "S's".

"You don't say?" He put a bloated green hand to his chin and leaned back in quiet amazement. "Life just too much for you, huh?"

I nodded sadly and fixed my gaze on the ceiling. I could tell that he was impressed. I pressed my advantage: "Life," I said, in a hollow voice which the characters in my poems often used to haunt memories, "life is not worth wasting tears on -- and a sensitive individual such as I am, cannot help but cry out in this world of daytime bleeders that drown the nighttime vampires and the weekend Christians. Oh, don't get me wrong, there were good times -- far greater times, I must admit, than you could ever have experienced with your poor plebian emotional cast. Ecstasy and pain are a poet's birthmark as well as his birthright!"

"Was your suicide a whim of passion, then?" he inquired.

I nodded sadly at his ignorance of such affairs. "No, my friend, I'm afraid you don't understand much of a poet's nature; a good poet--and I was published in the New Yorker, once, mind you--a good poet must not only be constantly feeling, but he must be constantly analyzing as well." He tried to raise his eyebrows at this, but the left one had rotted partially away. "Oh, I

know what you're thinking. A poet's life is a hectic one, my friend, one frantic moment after the next, yes it is, by St. Mary Woolnoth! And my final decision was no hastily arrived at, slobbering, emotional tantrum, no sir. Mysuicide was a carefully arrived at answer set to an analysis as precise as any mathematician's equations, in its own way. My poems were each a single problem along the way to the solution." I smiled at him knowingly, a now-do-you-understand-sonny smile, and waited for his answer.

"Did you ever suppose that you'd get it all backwards?" he said. I choked. "I mean, when you were pulling the trigger, when you started to feel your grip on life sliding from you along the greasy gun-metal-gray trigger, or when you felt or heard the bullet roaring up the barrel like a train, before it smashed into your face--for a split second you must have felt or heard it, or thought you felt or heard it--in even that split second--not to mention the hours since--in that split second didn't you wonder if maybe, just maybe, you'd thought the whole thing out wrong, if you'd left out one little divisor that could have turned this carefully tinkered equation of yours--your 'philosophy of life' -- on its head? In a tenth of that split second couldn't you imagine yourself rummaging frantically through stacks of notebooks and papers, searching for that infinitesimal error that, when multiplied, had become the Fatal Error, the mistake which capsized your carefully balanced life boat? And in the very last instant, just before the cannon spit your face against the bathroom wall, didn't your mind cringe in horror as the stacks and piles cleared before your mind's eye and in front of you, unmistakable, was THE MISTAKE!? And all this," he gasped in a final, contracted whisper, "all this coming quicker than a nightmare, faster than a scream, quicker than a bullet flies between trigger and impact."

"Well put, that," I gasped in admiration and he for breath.

"But what about it?" he demanded,

surly intellectual that he was.

I tried to recollect what he'd said but I couldn't seem to remember past all that eloquence.

"What the hell do you think of yourself now, is what I mean," he exploded.

"My good fellow," I smiled cryptically, "art or actions may be judged, they must be judged, but an individual can only be portrayed, his complexities illustrated and explored. And if--and if it is not possible to judge another, how can one judge oneself?" He fell silent at this, either from the impenetrability of my words or because his tongue, swollen by his death into a huge black sausage, had exhausted him in his previous speech.

I took his silence as an opportunity to look around the car. The Morning After never saw faces as drawn as these. A lady, who despite her embalment looked a hundred and five years old, sat across the aisle from me, picking the wax out of her ears. Most of the passengers were arrayed in the traditional black suit and tie. An exception was the leper seated about three rows behind me, trying to pick what had been his nose with the stump of his wrist.

We rode on for what seemed like an eternity; finally breaking through a bank of haze, the windows suddenly came clear again. A brilliant flash of light temporarily blinded my companion so that he turned his face away from the window with a grimace.

A thought suddenly struck me. "Is it Him?"

He looked at me in wonder for a second and then replied, "No mutton head, it was the sun."

"Son?" I asked. He groaned, and turned away. "Well, it's only natural that I should be curious." This attempt to obscure my stupidity was partially successful and he turned to me again.

"We haven't even reached the gates yet," he said. "You don't expect God to be mucking around out here, do you?"

"No, I suppose not," I granted.

Our conversation was terminated at this by the conductor rattling down the aisle. "Kingdom Come is carne," grunted pea-face, but we both tensed in anticipation. I stuck my face forward to get the full view of what was to come.

Then came the impact.

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weekends that traffic piles up for miles. And your parking lot will be near my house. How will I get to sleep with cars starting all night long?" Mr. Yurchison looked unsettled - he explained he had been sick all afternoon.

Another angry citizen had lived for thirty years on a piece of property adjoining the proposed new Inn. "How about the lights all over that parking lot," he croaked? How will I get to sleep at night?"

Mr. Yurchison, assuring the Board that he was feeling perfectly well now but looking a little droopy, stressed that no other location in Williamstown would be acceptable for the new Inn. Additionally, he remarked, the College wants to take over the present Inn in September, 1972, and so if construction permits are not issued soon, the Williams Inn will pass into history just as surely as did the old Greylock Hotel.



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editorial: react, dammit!

Another year, and, suddenly, another Williams.

An alumnus we know from the Class of '61 was perceptibly shaken by the prospect. Oh, the man digested the amorphous concept of coeducation well enough. It was the concrete, the specific, he couldn't swallow. The notion that his Sage Hall would be catering to a new constituency upset him terribly. But chances are he groused -- years ago, when the 10 per cent plan was introduced, and years ago, when he discovered his frat house had been co-opted into the Age of Equality.

The 10 per cent plan and the abolition of fraternities each, in its own time, molded another Williams. And each effected a significant remolding of the entire community. Confrontation, in other words: both within and without oneself. Education-through-Experience, if you prefer.

Progressive innovation is the goal. But innovation in itself is productive. It makes us examine, and react, and counter react. And that's most of the ballgame.

This is another red letter year for Williams -- right up there with the Haystack Meeting and leagues beyond the Log. There's a lot around to provoke and THE ADVOCATE would like to serve as your personal advocate.

Until now, we've been weighted toward literature and feature. This year, in addition, we're out for campus reaction in the form of personal essays. Naturally, we'll continue to print letters to the editor on other matters, but we're chiefly interested in social or educational criticism.

So react, for God's sake! And if you can, by all means do so on paper. You just might make someone mad enough to write back.

(Submissions will be received at the ADVOCATE box in the Jesup lobby.)

Special thanks to David Rollert whose wizardry in graphics helped THE ADVOCATE streamline its appearance.

THE ADVOCATE is growing. At our Open Meeting last Monday -- people expressed interest in joining the paper. Which makes us very happy.

Actually, the larger we are, the happier we are. If you've got talent in writing, photography, business, or layout, we've got work for you. Stop by our offices in Jesup -- or telephone David Kehres or Dan Pinello. They'd like to meet you.

the room
at the back

A LITTLE BIT OF
EVERYTHING

Spring Street

COLLEGE CINEMA

This Week:

Maid in Sweden

Rated X
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LASSIE, COME HOME
Sat. & Sun. Matinee

Reflections

"I don't know if it will make a difference," answered Costello.

"We can at least try."

"I don't know. Oh, I guess so -- whatever you want."

Music was arranged, instruments produced, and "Joshua" struck up. Bad show; the time was not auspicious for the debut of the Williams drum and bugle corps. Musicians began packing their instruments and returning them to the drum room; everyone said well, see you at Vassar, but no one was really going, and everyone knew that too.

Strange Bedfellows

There used to be just one college linen service: familiar George Rudnick's of Spring Street. You may not have liked old George's, and certainly his infamous, blood-curdling reputation -- however apocryphal -- was pumped into the soul of every Williams student, but there was one thing sure: come what may, Rudnick's was reliable.

And presumably they still are. Only this fall Rudnick's has competition. The signs appeared everywhere on campus last week: Berkshire Linen Service customers should pick up their linen in the Freshman Quad; any questions, contact Vin Raskopf. Yet contacting Vin Raskopf is no easy task. There are no new college directories, and for legal reasons, the notices were not permitted to list room or telephone number; acting on reliable tips, however, we managed to trace Raskopf to a disorganized room in Fitch House. "As you can see, I haven't had time to do a thing to my room," said Raskopf, indicating piles of linen tangled in various corners; his hair is dirty blonde, closely-cropped and balding; he wore a gold, open-necked shirt and blue jeans; and as he talked he assumed a business-like posture: chair tilted backward and feet upon the desk.

"I'm kind of reluctant about this," Raskopf said. "The Record is doing the same kind of piece."

We assured him that THE ADVOCATE's slant would be unique, and asked him what sort of dent he had made on Rudnick's business. Raskopf glowed: "It's a personality thing. I'd say we've got more than fifty percent of his business." Specifically, Raskopf is the "student agent" of Berkshire Linen Service, the intermediary he established between his linen supplier -- Aladco of Adams -- and his customers. "I could have been Aladco's direct representative, but I chose to set up Berkshire Linen Service. That way, if the service is lousy, my customers can change suppliers without changing the name of the company. A well-established name is important to a competitive situation, like with Rudnick's. A lot of people on campus still don't realize that there are two linen services."

Raskopf has had experience as a wheeler-dealer. As a sophomore he answered an Adviser notice to distribute Texaco credit cards to students, and last year he held a slice of the roast beef concession; then he learned that Rudnick's was having trouble re-negotiating their contract with American Linen: "And they weren't interested in talking to him, at least not at his price. American claimed they were losing money. Rudnick's was going to have to pay Bell Linen of Bennington considerably more than he had American Linen. So I got this estimate of the price Rudnick's would have to pay -- no, I'd rather not reveal my sources, only that they were accurate, but

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Informal

Just after eight Friday night we dropped down next to a bearded student adjusting a laundry bag in the Thompson Chapel. The bag was stuffed and bright blue, and the student bounced onto it with a wrinkle. "This is my seat for Music-in-the-Round," he smiled. "I came early to get the choir steps. I'm only following orders." He explained that Julius Hegyi thought the usual audience seating pattern -- in fact, any taste of conventional formality -- hostile to intimate chamber playing. "He told us to bring pillows and make ourselves at home. I brought my laundry bag: It's fluffier than my pillow because I haven't washed lately."

Just then Mrs. Hegyi appeared. She wore a bright print dress and approached the immense black Steinway with quick steps and a proper mixture of pride and nonchalance. Settling herself at the piano, she noticed the bearded student.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hello," answered the student. The blue plastic rustled as he changed position.

"That's very interesting," offered Mrs. Hegyi.

"I'm taking Mr. Hegyi's advice," replied the student "He said to bring pillows, you know. Of course this is a laundry bag, but --"

"Oh," said the woman, with a nervous laugh, and she turned to the keys. She practiced a few running passages of the upcoming Dvorak before disappearing. By now the pews were filling. Although some listeners had brought pillows, most did not, and the ones who did sat directly in front of the pews where no one behind could see them. Which meant that everyone eyed the suspicious fellow on the steps, even Julius Hegyi -- the alleged conspirator -- who entered in a polychromatic blur of blue-green, medium blue, light blue, purple-orange, light orange, and black vestments, and began arranging the chairs. Spying the student, he casually arched an eyebrow into the middle range.

"I took your advice," the student explained for the third time.

Ah yes: Now Hegyi remembered; he chuckled hesitantly, or reluctantly, lowered the eyebrow, and continued shifting chairs. The concert was about to begin.

Boola

The Ephmen were having their last pre-season scrimmage with Columbia in New York City; everybody knew about it, but no one was going, except the Williams College Marching Band, and early Saturday morning we stumbled into their chaotic midst at the side of Chapin Hall. There were parked cars and instruments, sheet music and strange hats, and small circles of band members eagerly anticipating the trip. "After all," leered one drummer, "we can hit the Williams Club bar after the game. And then the Vassar mixer...." Someone suggested, "You need a bar before a Vassar mixer."

As one of the group directed a passing Buick to the Williams Inn, the others assembled for a short meeting with student director Tom Costello, who looked surprisingly sober, considering the festive mood. He wore a yellow shirt and tan overalls, which he continually smoothed as he spoke: "It might be a good idea to stay home," Costello began, noting that half the trombone section -- one musician -- couldn't make the trip. Debate ensued: "Why don't we try a song or two and see how it sounds?" proposed a flutist.

THE PURPLE PUB

THE Place to Gather

Legal Beverages & Food Behind Discoveries

Gerry & Dianne Maloney
Proprietors

more reflections

they wouldn't want their names used — and I set my price according to that. I supposed that, in order to maintain their profit margin, Rudnick's would have to raise their prices," which, in fact, Rudnick's did not; both services presently charge thirty-two dollars; but the identical prices represent the only stalemate in the linen war; otherwise the hostility is fairly open and ugly.

Raskopf's service, for example, is currently registered with the Director of Career Counseling, Manton Copeland, which complies with college regulations. "The enforcement of rules governing campus representatives has been considerably tightened since last year," points out Raskopf. "There's a regulation that says campus representatives cannot employ campus phone numbers or addresses in their advertisements. Last spring, a J. A. caught Louis Rudnick tearing down one of my posters. It had my phone number on it, and he wanted it for evidence. He complained to the Administration. You see, the enforcement of such rules had been so lax in past years, I thought there might have been some policy change. But there hasn't been, and I go along with the rules now."

Yet Rudnick's continues to beef. Scowls Raskopf, "The Rudnicks are griping about taxes. They say the College doesn't have to pay taxes, and that I don't have to pay taxes, but they do, and it's unfair. The tax angle is big with them. Rudnick's is even still complaining that I'm conducting business from my room. And that's not true. I'll be operating entirely from Aladco's facilities in Adams. Of course, Rudnick's doesn't mention that their representative last year, Steve Latham, did all his business from his room."

More trouble arose during Freshman Days when freshmen who had already signed with Raskopf couldn't find his headquarters and went unwittingly to the most logical location: Rudnick's, where they innocently asked for the laundry they'd ordered, paid, and received a box; then, after discovering their error, many asked for a refund, but were refused. Raskopf, on the other hand, claims he grants refunds to students finding themselves in the opposite situation.

By this time we had descended to the lobby of Fitch House. Raskopf kicked off his loafers and seated himself on a wobbly brown table. Just as we prepared our final question, a dark-haired junior cradling a paper bag approached. "Hey Vinnie, okay if I chill this in your room?"

"Sure," replied Raskopf. "Here's the key." He flipped it to the friend. Then he described the four twelve-hour days Berkshire Linen had worked in the Freshman Quad, the numerous all-nighters, and the general headaches. Was it really worth it, Raskopf seemed to wonder: "Probably if I figured up my presumed profits, then subtracted the out-put in hours, I'd be making just about an

average wage. But I think that in addition to making a profit, a company has an obligation to provide service to its customers. I don't really think Rudnick gives a damn about anyone on campus."

Raskopf will be married this spring and hopes to attend medical school. All his Berkshire Linen profits are being channeled in that direction. "If I do get into med school, and I'm married, it's going to be kind of tough. The money will be useful."

But Sy Rudnick remains unmoved. He is currently investigating whether the College supplied Raskopf with a complete mailing list one full week before Rudnick's received it. At first Sy shook his head "no comment" to all our questions, but then he thought of one he'd like to see in print. "I have only one thing to ask," he sniffed. "Why do students go to college, anyway: To get a fine education — or to go into business?"

Fifty-fifty?

by David Kehres

Coeducation is easily the fattest journalistic target on campus this year. Except perhaps for a few articles written by women, most of the pieces that appear will be dull if not sententious, repetitious if not just banal. The things students will be discovering about interpersonal relations through the setup here at Williams are precisely the things that are pretty well inexpressible in print; accordingly THE ADVOCATE has no desire to inflict an excess of mediocre sociology and psychology on its readers. Occasionally, though, a combination of events makes a certain observation pertinent, and such was the case this past weekend as various elements, local and otherwise, sounded calls for "all deliberate speed" in equalizing the male and female enrollment on co-ed campuses across the country.

Representative Edith Green wants the House to amend its higher education bill to require all schools that are "coeducational in any degree" to abandon sex discrimination completely if they want to receive continued federal aid. Even in practice this is not a simple issue, especially for undergraduate institutions that are in the process of developing some optimal non-fifty-fifty sex balance. Like Williams.

A Washington Post editorial last Thursday (September 15) presents a fair and accurate assessment of the practical problems the Green amendment entails. Katharine Graham is not unaware that a strict fifty percent requirement is rather simplistic. She does not, however, question the prevailing assumption that fairly complete coeducation of all undergraduate institutions is a good thing per se. The same assumption pervaded the various remarks at the Williams College Commencement she attended last Sunday, and seems to be shared by much of the nation's educational orthodoxy.

The orthodoxy is making the mistake of equating what is good for society as a whole with what is good for that supremely experiential process, the undergraduate education. Women should have equal opportunities and roles in directly productive activities, including teaching and graduate study. But equal enrollment in all undergraduate schools is a specious and superficial analogue.

It is undeniable that the rigid single-sex status of Williams and many other small liberal arts colleges in the East had its disadvantages. It is clear that students at these colleges will benefit in certain ways if they go co-ed. But to praise coeducation as a universal good is to lose track of a rather nice feature that small liberal arts schools are supposed to seek and provide: Diversity. To rush all at once toward complete coeducation as many of these schools are doing is to overlook the advantages of an existing program that will very likely disappear in just a few years: the Twelve College Exchange Program.

Consider this not as a program for exchanging academic course opportunities (that is separate, and long overdue in any event, and probably will be retained), but as the opportunity most participants judge it to be: the chance to spend a semester or year living as one of a minority in a school where the opposite sex overwhelmingly predominates. There are substantial forces acting on one's personality under such circumstances, and they can have valuable effects, not unlike the effects that the Williams-at-Home program will have on most participants. The comparison is not facetious.

This is not the place to describe these effects — for the most part they are personal and thus not susceptible to analysis, and any objective description would run into the kind of shlock psychology that has been too prevalent in most coeducation articles anyway since such things first started appearing. Nor is it the place to tell Williams to reverse its commitment to a two-to-one ratio and so on, quite obviously. What can and should be done about an exchange system is an issue that should receive much more attention than it has thus far. Some small Eastern schools are resisting coeducation for various reasons, and perhaps would be amenable to a permanent exchange program of some type. The Twelve College Exchange has had considerable success beyond its original purpose as a half-step toward full coeducation; it would be ironic, and unfortunate, if the advantages of its particular kind of "diversity" were lost in the general movement most of the Twelve are making toward greater things.

Registration

the election is threefold: (1) The size of the potential electorate can increase by 45 per cent. (2) The equilibrium presently maintained between the local Democratic and Republican organizations (840 Democrats, 909 Republicans) can be upset; assuming 80 per cent Democrat student registration, the number of registered Democrats would increase by 1,200. (3) Williams students registered to vote in Williamstown can run for municipal office up to, and including, Selectman.

Town Reacts

Most townspeople believe everyone between 18 and 21 should be permitted to vote in federal and state contests, but that they should not be allowed to participate in local elections. Many fear that since most students don't pay property tax, they might be inclined to tax and spend excessively.

On the other hand, a College employee thinks student voting, rather than harming the town, would serve positively by encouraging more townspeople to vote and by promoting intelligent discussion of issues.

Kerry Walsh, a Spring Street merchant, reiterated the belief that voting is "a dollar operation." Walsh called Williams students aware, cooperative, sensitive, and sensible.

Said Lawrence Urbano, Chairman of the Williamstown Board of Selectmen, "I think the problem is inflated and was blown all out of proportion. Some people had visions of students and their friends taking over town governments and that's just not so... I don't see any real problem, and I doubt there will be any real effect on the town. However, I feel students would be more interested in the political affairs of their home town, than in those of Williamstown."

Students who have completed their six month residency requirement may register at the Municipal Building west of the Greylock Quad Monday through Friday from 8:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Lamphear cautions that voter registration periods end 30 days prior to municipal and general elections and 20 days before primary elections.



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Small-town man revisited

by John Ramsbottom

Granville Hicks, author, literary critic, and resident of Grafton, New York, entered the Fitch-Prospect lounge with a spryness that defied his seventy-one years of age. Clutching a handful of books, he sat down behind the student who was to introduce him. A moment later, his neatly-attired, diminutive figure, without ever settling itself completely, toppled over gently onto the floor. Hicks had evidently selected the only chair in the room whose legs showed a marked tendency to collapse under pressure. Before anyone save a few members of the audience even properly noted his disappearance, he returned to his feet, smoothed his longish white hair, adjusted his thick glasses, and regarding the crumpled chair disdainfully, mused aloud, "Well, that's one way to get attention."

In his autobiography, *Part of the Truth*, Hicks admits that even in his youth he was among the least agile of the youngsters in his Framingham, Massachusetts, neighborhood. He soon discovered, however, that being smart was just as reliable a path to distinction as athletic prowess. He led his class in Framingham High School and went on to Harvard. Having misgivings at first, Hicks soon proved himself there as well, graduating summa cum laude. After receiving his master's degree from Harvard Divinity School, he taught Biblical literature at Smith College and American literature at Rennselaer

Polytechnic Institute. His fame, nevertheless, rests as a regular columnist for the *Saturday Review* from 1957-70, and as a noted literary critic.

Fired From RPI

What brought Granville Hicks across the Taconic Range Wednesday evening, however, was not primarily his interest in American literature -- an interest which, he stressed, is his preoccupation. Rather, he came to up-date his book, *Small Town*, written in 1946 about his Rennselaer County home. Hicks moved there in 1935, after "I was fired from RPI because I was a member of the Communist Party." Before this dismissal, Grafton had been the Hickses' summer retreat.

Hicks had been quite active in national politics during his odyssey from college to college. In the Depression, he was appalled by capitalism's apparent inability to respond to the economic crisis and joined the Communist Party. "It seemed to me quite clear that not only had the Communists the clearest conception of how a nation realizes a society of plenty, but also were doing the most effective work towards that end." He became editor of *New Masses*, and was firm in his conviction that the capitalist system simply could not cope with the problem. For this conviction, he was exiled to Grafton.

Hicks, an intellectual by training, surprisingly did not consider his move to Grafton's provincial atmosphere a banishment. Rather, he saw a new challenge. Although remaining active in large-scale politics for several years, he finally quit the Party in 1939, disillusioned by the non-aggression pact between Soviet Russia and fascist Germany. Casting about him for some other outlet, Hicks became involved in Grafton's politics. After a decade of residence in that community, he wrote his semi-

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Enter the Nixon court

by Gary J. Jacobsohn

Two and two makes four, and one will make five. That is the simple arithmetic that today brings cheer to some and despair to others over the resignations of Justices Black and Harlan from the Supreme Court. The Nixon Court has arrived--or at least is well on its way. The last President to be thus associated with the Supreme Court was Franklin Roosevelt. Only one member of the Roosevelt Court--Justice Douglas--remains, and it is reasonable to assume that he, perhaps better than anyone else, will be able to testify to the fundamental changes in constitutional law that recent events indicate.

One should be quite clear of these events' long-range implications. At first glance the retirements appear not to affect the Court very dramatically. Justice Harlan, after all, was a Nixonian judge, and in recent years, Justice Black's vote was cast with increasing frequency with the Court's conservative wing. But, the two replacements will be healthy, younger (women, who can expect to serve at least a decade. And in surveying the rest of the Court for a moment, we find the two Justices whose health and age suggest they too might soon retire to be Douglas and Marshall, both of whom have been un-Nixon-like in their judicial approach. To be sure, they will be under great pressure to stay on at least until January, 1973, but who is to say

they won't be listening to a second inaugural address?

Douglas and Marshall aside, however, the President seems to have secured his majority. He, like the early Federalist Party, has taken care that the Supreme Court will reflect his constitutional philosophy even though the electorate should repudiate that philosophy at the polls. The immediate question, of course, concerns the identity of his nominees for the Court's two vacancies. Many have speculated about a woman nominee, and certainly a President with a record of significant breakthroughs on the economic and diplomatic fronts would not surprise the nation by introducing her first Madame Justice. But there remains a problem--all the qualified women ap-

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by David Rollert

WCFM was there. Senior Bill Greville was preparing for broadcast, talking to Chris West back in Williamstown.

"Chris, Chris, this is Bill again; about 2½ minutes. I'll give you the countdown... the lights have come up. Thirty seconds. OK, Chris? Four seconds, three, two, one...."

"Good evening, beauty fans. This is Bill Greville...."

"...and Sally Raczka...."

"...at Drury High School in North Adams, welcoming you to the Northern Berkshire Scholarship Pageant. Tonight twelve girls will be vying for the title of Miss Northern Berkshire, and at the same time, that of Miss Fall Foliage. The winner's prize will be a \$500 scholarship grant plus merchandise from local retailers. This pageant is a Miss America preliminary, which means the winner will compete next year in the Miss Massachusetts Pageant, and if she wins there, the Miss America finals in Atlantic City."

The Fall Foliage Festival, somewhat mistimed this year since the brilliant fall colors won't start for at least another week, was titled "It Might As Well Be Spring." The choice of theme went

unexplained, but might have been picked to make the selection of musical settings easier. Organist Patty Mancuso, a bespectacled young lady with brown hair piled high upon her head, took her stageside position. Was she excited? "I'm thrilled," she offered. "I used to play for these programs back when it was only Miss Northern Berkshire, back about ten years ago." The combining of two titles in one program was a great innovation, and the audience was to hear it several more times in the next two hours.

Miss Mancuso's "Spring Medley" started the program with "Lara's Theme" and "Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head." A bald man in a tuxedo ap-

peared on stage, introduced himself as Nick Davis, Master of Ceremonies, and began to read expressionlessly from a script. The curtain opened upon a set of corrugated columns and potted plants, for which the audience enthusiastically applauded.

Sex Kittens

The twelve contestants, dressed in black leotards and large pastel-colored squares of cloth with holes for their heads, bounced back and forth on stage while a former Miss Fall Foliage sang "It Might As Well Be Spring." Her microphone popped over and over as the recorded accompaniment gushed from somewhere backstage. Some of the contestants let slip their frozen smiles to laugh now and then.

The girls ran offstage eventually to return one by one wearing banners emblazoned with "N.A. Hoosac Savings Bank," and "Whitney's Drug Store." After a few self-conscious sex-kitten poses they walked down the gold-plastic-covered plywood ramp anchored over the first few rows of seats, and recited Spring poems in uncomfortably bored voices. Then came their names, which we were to hear only twice during the program, and their sponsors' names, which we were to hear many times.

Hearty applause resounded for each contestant. Two young girls in the audience judged one contestant simultaneously: "She's ugly!" "She's pretty!" They ended up each convincing the other. Down the aisle an elderly lady marked her program in her own secret code. (Back in Williamstown Chris West kept track of the contestants in his secret code.) "Aren't you glad you're not a judge?" asked Nick Davis, and everyone laughed in assent.

Miss Mancuso sang a song which Davis introduced as having the "provocative" title "Watch What Happens." The girls, still wearing their body stockings, described their hobbies -- reading, driving, sewing, and always sports; and their ambitions -- marriage, modeling, secretarial careers, elementary school teaching, then each demonstrated her particular talent.

Dance Dance Dance

Nearly half "performed" what the MC

referred to as "modern dance," "interpretive dance," "jazz dance," or "gymnastic dance" -- which consisted of moving about the stage as sexily as an 18-year-old North Adams girl can without being arrested, while pre-recorded music played from backstage. The man in front of us narrowed his eyes and crumpled his face in a sinister grin from time to time. He especially seemed to enjoy one girl who drew on past dancing experience to add grace to her frugging and ponying and twisting and gen'ral Hell-raising: the result being best described as bump-and-grind ballet. Two girls provocatively tore off their pastel sashes as the music reached crescendos with "The Girl-Watcher's Theme," "Hawaii-Five-O," and other hip jazz favorites. The audience applauded warmly.

Two girls acted scenes from plays. One did a scene from *Medea*, whom Nick Davis described as representing the chief protagonist "torn between love and hate." "Nooooooo," by Hell's avenging fury," remarked the budding thespian, sounding at the outset like Hubert Humphrey speaking about economics and finishing uncomfortably like the wicked witch in a Walt Disney cartoon. The audience giggled.

The other actress, who looked about twelve with her ubiquitous grin and blond bangs, performed the part of Laura in *The Glass Menagerie* with a tone and inflection not unlike that of Linus in a *Peanuts* TV cartoon. And she never stopped smiling.

The next girl was another dancer, but her performance seemed to quiet the audience. It was a room filled with celebrants, with new dresses and flashy shirts with matching ties, but they simply watched and listened as the girl in the spotlight swayed to "Eleanor Rigby." "All the lonely people / where do they all come from?"

Super Seamstress

Applause, then the show moved on. The next girl sang about roses, and then told the story of a poor Italian immigrant -- complete with accent ("I make a three dollar a day") -- and a kind florist,

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Freeze

Consider Williams College as an employer in the community. Several members of the Administration pointed out that Williams operates on a fiscal year beginning July 1 and ending the following June 30, which eliminates most of the scheduled-raise problems the freeze brings up. College Business Manager Shane Riorden comments that "Williams was just damn lucky.... All the pay increases were in effect before President Nixon announced the freeze." Buildings and Grounds Director Jankey says that his employees are in the same situation, adding "I can't see how it (the freeze) would affect any person on this college's staff."

Messy Girls

Many janitors confirm Mr Jankey's statement. Their primary concerns, moreover, seem to be elsewhere: the janitor in Sage thinks his pay is good enough but his job has become a little harder this year because "the girls are a little messier than the boys in the building." Another janitor, worried about all the beer cans and no-deposit bottles around, fears that the general economic malaise might force the College to cut back on expenditures for "the small things necessary for general upkeep of buildings and grounds." Some more economically minded staff members suggest the students should do part of the maintenance work, like vacuuming rooms and mowing lawns; if adopted, this move would work against one of President Nixon's major goals - raising employment. The only college staff members caught out in the freeze are the nurses and the receptionist at the in-

firmary. But even there they've accepted it, however grudgingly, and are willing to wait. As Mrs. Alton, the receptionist, explains between telephone calls, "This is such a groovy place to work that I don't mind."

Across the street from the infirmary, however, the construction workers still working on Mission Park have less generous words for the freeze and President Nixon. One telephone worker is against it since he has lost his raise, while another complains that "it took an awful cut out of us." A group of painters proclaim the freeze "is good for nobody," stressing that since theirs is a seasonal occupation they have to earn all they can while the job lasts: "If it's up to Nixon, we'll be back in the bread lines." In general the hardhats thing the wage freeze hit the middle-range workers hardest since the rich can afford losing a raise and the poor are on welfare.

No Stampede Yet

Mr. Winthrop Chenail of Mt. Williams Dairy Farm has fewer complaints since farm prices are exempt from the freeze. Even in favorable economic conditions, "grain prices fluctuate anyhow" owing to state regulations, he says. The current grain price law reflects the present abundance of corn, not the freeze. "I'll be pleased to see it (the freeze) kill inflation if that will be the effect, but I doubt it..." adds Mr. Chenail.

News from Spring Street suggests there's no need for a shopping stampede just yet, although one might do well to buy commodities now rather than on November 1st. To start with a traditional Williams item, Mr. Earl King says, "the import surcharge has had little or no effect" on imported liquor prices so far since he ordered his present inventory before the 10 per cent surcharge went into effect. He estimates, however, that "about October, when later batches come

in, we'll feel the effects." The items most likely to be affected will be scotches, imported wines--with prices going up by about four to ten cents a bottle--and perhaps imported beer.

In the Sports Store, only an increase in the cost of imported French and German skis, winter coats, and other apparel has reflected the surcharge. A pair of skis at \$100 before August 15 will now cost the customer only about \$4.80 extra--the rest of the surcharge manufacturers and distributors absorb. The Sales clerk, Mr. Scheider, thinks the boom in skiing will offset this small increase in cost and actually expects a considerable increase in sales of imported skis.

The Right Thing

For those who buy prescription drugs, Mr. Hart says that the freeze has had practically no effect and that prices have in fact been going down over the years because of increased efficiency in production. The cost of books in town, according to Williams Bookstore owner Joe Dewey, will be unaffected by the freeze since publishers set the books' retail prices. He adds: "Publishers usually hike their prices in late winter or the very early spring, and these hikes carry through until the next hike." Presumably then, we are now buying our books at prices established no later than last spring.

In general, the merchants on Spring Street support the freeze, perhaps because none of them seems to be losing sales and certainly because most consider the freeze the only course open to the Nixon Administration to curb inflation and reduce unemployment. Mr. George Hopkins, owner of the Hopkins Furniture Store, expresses the overwhelming reaction on Spring Street: "They had two choices: they could have had a hell of a depression, or they could have frozen wages. They did the right thing."

With the College's employees unhurt by the freeze and Spring Street's business little different than usual, Nixonomics appears not to be the talk of the town. Yet one person on Spring Street is hurting, though for reasons other than the ninety-day freeze: "I just wish some of the college guys would come in once and a while for haircuts."

Road tripping

girlfriends elsewhere," he suggested.

But a pre-med senior in the snackbar was of a differing opinion: "Coeducation will probably cut down on roadtripping," he said. "People often go roadtripping just to say hello and visit. Just going and talking to a girl. You can do that here now."

An inveterate roadtripper, exhausted after a weekend at Smith, foresees the eventual demise of roadtripping. "Roadtripping is an art -- it will fade," he mourned, "as the Williams male becomes decadent and refuses to set sights on goals other than Williams women."

But what about the coeds? How do they react to the weekend's migration?

With total indifference for the most part -- but not without an appreciation of the situation's comic content. "I think it's really funny that we're here and the guys are there," said one girl.

Some coeds are philosophic about it. "I don't really blame them," admitted an exchange student. "They've got no social life here."

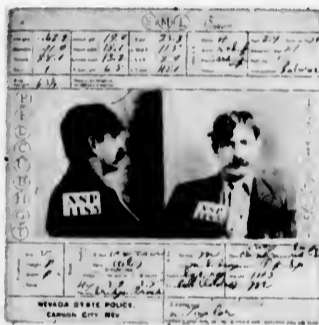
A transfer student assessed the phenomenon sympathetically, "There are a lot of boys who need the psychological thrill of making conquests on weekends," she said.

And others were downright defiant. "It doesn't bother me a bit," snapped a junior.

"My friends will stay if I want them to stay," insisted a freshman. She thought about that a moment, and then whispered, "If they don't -- well, I'm going to go places. That's the way it goes."

A freshman at the radio station considers roadtripping a good thing. She enjoys Amherst mixers a whole lot, she said.

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Reflections

CHEERLEADERS

There were four boys sitting on the floor, debating whether the Williams Inn was a firetrap, and there were four girls sitting in a perfect row on the bed, not saying much of anything. We were reminded of some pairs of new room-mates confronting each other the first fragile day of freshman orientation, or of strangers at a mixer during the awkward moment when the music stops, the lights flicker on, and some musician stares at the blown fuse in his electric guitar.

The "Be a Cheerleader for Williams" posters had been buried beneath "Ride Needed to Smith" on several choice bulletin boards. In any case, our idyllic vision of dozens of eager, bright-eyed, short-skirted, ankle-socked coeds, quickly dissolved as we tracked down the meeting in somebody's very neat room in Bascom.

The gleaming white walls seemed freshly painted. A French travel poster of the Ruhr Valley suspended majestically from the ceiling, and a jumbo Snoopy "It's Good To Have A Friend" postcard was propped upon a table. A desk and bookshelves were carved ingeniously into a wall forming a type of alcove with the bunk above. Everyone liked that. The four boys discussed the best way to get into the bunk. The four girls discussed whether the bed they were sitting on was the guest bed, or whether the guest had to use the bunk.

One of the boys began reading a Zap comic.

"Is that Zap?" inquired one of the girls politely.

The boy stared at the cover which said "ZAP" in blood red letters. "Yes," he answered. He stared around the very neat room looking for something to say. "It's a step above MAD."

The girls had all shed their shoes and wiggled their feet over the edge of the bed. A boy with a sunburned nose told the Zap boy about a touch football game he had played at Vassar last weekend. "Vassar was going to have its own team last year," volunteered another girl. She looked around hopefully and added, "A real one. You know, with boys."

"Are you from Vassar?" asked the next girl on the bed. That always worked; they both knew Kate from Jocelyn's room-mate.

A tall blond boy entered and sat on the desk. There was a general sigh of relief.

The girls asked him whose room it was. He didn't know.

The boys asked him how the bunk had been made. He wasn't sure about that either.

He passed out cans of beer and played a Gordon Lightfoot tape on the portable tape recorder he had brought with him.

The sunburned boy said: "There was almost a kidnapping tonight."

"You're kidding," said the four girls together from the bed.

"No. Some coed from Prospect."

A boy with curly hair and a leather jacket said: "I know this girl from Smith who was hitching to Amherst and this guy tried to mace her."

"Wow," commented the sunburned boy.

"It probably wasn't even mace. She was just scared," said the Zap reader.

"Oh no. This kid's the type who never makes anything up. The stuff was real."

Gordon was singing about minstrels and dreams and softness and dawns.

The blond boy suddenly remembered why he was there. "Well," he suggested, "does anyone know any cheers?"

The boy in the leather jacket laughed. "Let's do something obscene."

"No, no!" The blond boy was instantly nervous, and his face turned serious and long. "I have to talk to you about that. I just had a long talk with Jack Sawyer." He paused. "Jack says we shouldn't use obscenity. Which reminds me: Jack says if we drink it must be done tastefully. And also we're not supposed to put beer cans in the megaphones. Jack says that's infantile." He stared accusingly at one of the girls. "Do you know any cheers?"

"Well, just old ones from high school. They're not very good."

The Vassar girl rescued her. "I know some soul cheers."

"Yeah, but the blacks always do that."

"Man" said the Zap reader. "They did some really good stuff last year, remember? It was like poetry."

What's Trinity's mascot?"

"A bantam."

"Well, how about something to do with chickens?"

"I have it," said the leather jacket. "Pluck you. Pluck you Trinity."

Everyone looked doubtfully at everyone else. The blond boy finally spoke. "I really don't think Jack would approve."

"Anyway," apologized another boy, "to really do it effectively we'd need a feather duster. Does anyone have a feather duster?"

No one did.

Saturday was crisp and football-weather beautiful, though not especially sunny, and it was the opening game of the season. The cheerleaders seemed hoarse before the game, but they had thought up some pretty good cheers after all. There was "Get that point, get that point,"

"Hold that line," and "Haaaaarder!" We cornered one of the girls and asked if she knew any special cheers, or any good stunts. She eyed us suspiciously: "Sure. I can spell W-I-L-L-I-A-M-S."

A girl in a short skirt and bright purple tights was executing some marvelous leaps into the air. "Just trying to stay warm," she explained kindly. Another cheerleader wore purple pants, and a transfer or exchange from Smith or Holyoke wore an Amherst A on her purple sweater, a memory of days past.

The opening kick-off sailed high into the air and looked as if it would collide with a battery of Smile balloons which someone had released.

"Hold 'em! Hold 'em!" sang our cheerleaders as two dogs—a Dalmatian and a Welsh something-played tag around their legs.

The sun came out. Everyone stared at it in disbelief.

The band flopped onto the field and two alumni sitting behind us scrutinized them.

"They had some guy playing the bagpipes last year," said the first.

"Well, the cheerleaders are good."

"But they should have more girls. Real coeducation—you know, majorettes...."

By this time the score was tied at 7-7. The Fort Hoosac firetruck stopped beside the field. A bunch of exuberant spectators dangled from the truck's sides, and the cheerleaders, who looked bored, regarded them closely. Eventually the cheerleaders began talking among

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more reflections

themselves, then to the spectators. A girl in a Mount Greylock High School sweatshirt squinted critically at the cheerleaders. "They have no style at all," she informed her boyfriend, a skinny fellow with acne.

There was a touchdown, and somewhere during the second half the frisbees were in the air and there was another toughdown. A woman who bore a striking resemblance to Jane Fonda continued reading *The Ugly American*. "Did you see that?" squealed her husband. "Did you see? They made a touchdown!"

"Uh-huh," Jane said, and turned a page.

The final score was 35-10: Williams won, surprising many, and the crowds were happy and the cheerleaders shouted and leaped.

BLUE ANGEL

Of course we walked in late to *Blue Angel* (Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings, 1930, at the Weston Language Center) and completely missed the introductory lecture by Professor Everett Harrison. We had been engrossed in a splendid English brass rubbing outside the door (1543, Stoke Newington, Bedfordshire), and besides, we later heard that the professor had failed utterly to discuss the primary role of the director (Josef von Sternberg) in the construction of the film. Hoping to feel aloof and critical, we stalked in to take our place among the literati and the intelligentsia posed in Bohemian splendor (Ken Kesey and Jack Kerouac, 1958, at the Village Gate).

The audience, a blend of professors, wives, and students, was silent and respectful, with none of the raucous laughter of the hyenas at the camp Bronfman flicks. Everyone was cordial as we threaded toward the back, awaiting the beginning: purposeful, patient. They also blew apart our urbane facade. It was hard to know how to act, sitting in front of a professor who knew seven languages, surrounded by people who probable knew von Sternberg personally, faced with people who hardly needed an outward demonstration of their mental superiority. We decided simply to sit down and wait, pretending to be immersed in deep thought; in any case we needed a few minutes to gather inner strength, to prepare for the upcoming humiliation when the audience roared at the subtle German idiomatic puns while we struggled to figure out the subtitles.

May God bless Josef von Sternberg. The first few minutes of the film were simple, silent, and funny. The people laughed, we were able to laugh with them and become part of them. And later, when they too failed to catch the jokes until the punchlines appeared in the subtitles, we knew we weren't alone in our Teutonic ignorance. Pure bliss: we had met the most cultured that Williams had to offer, and they were no more sublime than we.

more court

pear much more liberal than Mr. Nixon would prefer. And I for one would rather the Court remain a bastion of male chauvinism than have it admit female Carswells.

If I were President (though the entertainment of such a fantasy makes me more than a little uncomfortable), one of my nominations would be Yale Law School's Alexander Bickel, the nation's most thoughtful critic of the Warren Court, perhaps its foremost scholar in Constitutional Law, and its leading student of the constitutional jurisprudence of Justice Frankfurter, whom the President likes to point to as his kind of strict constructionist judge. Professor Bickel is a Democrat and also an editor of the *New Republic*. But before this disqualifies him, the President and the Attorney General should perhaps be informed that Justice Frankfurter was also a Democrat and an editor of the *New Republic* before his appointment to the Court. Though be it unrealistic to expect Nixon to nominate a person with little appeal to the President's conservative constituency, I mention Bickel only because those of us concerned about the

Court as an institution have a right to expect excellence in the quality of Nixon's appointments. Justices Black and Harlan, despite their great differences, were exceptionally fine craftsmen of the law, and were both, in their own way, "strict constructionists." The Court's history reveals that mediocrity does little to enhance its prestige, an attribute so necessary for an institution of "neither force nor will."

What of the future? Liberals can always hope that history will find Richard Nixon disappointed with his choices, and that just as Eisenhower deeply regretted his appointment of Earl Warren, Nixon too will someday taste the bitterness of feeling double-crossed. This, however, is unlikely. Nixon will have his Court, and the question is, what will that mean? In some areas, very little. The clock will not be turned back on racial segregation, although the interval between ticks may be a little longer. The Court will still refuse to consider the legality of the war, Justices Douglas and Stewart remaining as the only members willing to take up the question. The areas of criminal justice and First Amendment freedoms, moreover, will feel the major impact. It is almost inconceivable, for example, to see the Nixon Court outlaw the death penalty as "cruel and unusual punishment" under the Constitution. And Fanny Hill will undoubtedly feel less welcome, or at least will have to become more cunning in gaining entrance to the American pornography fan's fantasy world. Em-

ployment possibilities in the field of electronic eavesdropping should increase, as will applications for positions as investigators for congressional committees searching for subversive activities. As for some newer areas of adjudication, most notably, the ecology, it is difficult to predict how the Nixon court will decide, although it is certainly unlikely that it will pursue the polluters more vigorously than its predecessor, the Warren Court, would have.

In short, the Frankfurterian view of the exercise of judicial power will be affirmed. As expressed by the retiring Justice Harlan, this view maintains that "the Constitution is not a panacea for every blot upon the public welfare, nor should the Court, ordained as a judicial body, be thought of as a general haven for reform movements." Liberals, who for several decades have sought to reconcile the Court's activism with its essentially undemocratic nature, will have to go back to the drawing boards. But this is always the liberal's dilemma - arguing for strength in an institution that can use its power for undesirable ends. President Nixon has already shaken the conventional wisdom about a strong presidency. His appointments to the Court at least will force us to reexamine the Supreme Court's proper place in American political life.

But let us not permit the changes in the Court to become the occasion for despair.

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Movie review:

Fear and flashing grins

by John Sayles

Carnal Knowledge, directed by Mike Nichols from a Jules Feiffer screenplay, is currently playing at the College Cinema, and is worth seeing. Nichols's first film, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, left its audience feeling hoarse; *Carnal Knowledge* leaves them feeling spent. I have talked to many people whom the film has strongly affected; one person was very depressed, another worried about impotence for days. My own reaction was less severe - the movie made me think.

What *Carnal Knowledge* portrays is the fear, and subsequent hatred, which men often feel for women in our society. Fear, believe it. The plot follows two men (Jack Nicholson and Art Garfunkle) from their Amherst roommate days until middle-age, stopping along the way to depict their experiences with various women. Structurally, the film is an accumulation of scenes, mostly conversations, between the two. The scenes progress in time if not in meaning, for Feiffer treats the screen like a cartoon; granted, his characters are more highly developed than the caricatures in *Little Murders*; but there is little real progression or growth in Nicholson and Garfunkle; other than aging, the two never change.

The movie's opening stroke is the question, "Would you rather love or be loved?" Garfunkle wants to love, Nicholson to be loved. Yet what Garfunkle loves is an ideal of women - he holds them in awe, so he keeps a respectful distance. He can never be fully satisfied because his ideas of love and women are capitalized, abstract; expecting the cosmic and profound, love leaves him wondering if that's all there is. Nicholson is also committed to an ideal: an ideal of masculinity....that is, of himself. He wants to be loved abjectly and unthinkingly. He fears women as human beings; instead he desires some fantasy of uncontrollable female lust (Isabel Sarili in *Fuego*). So much for plot summary.

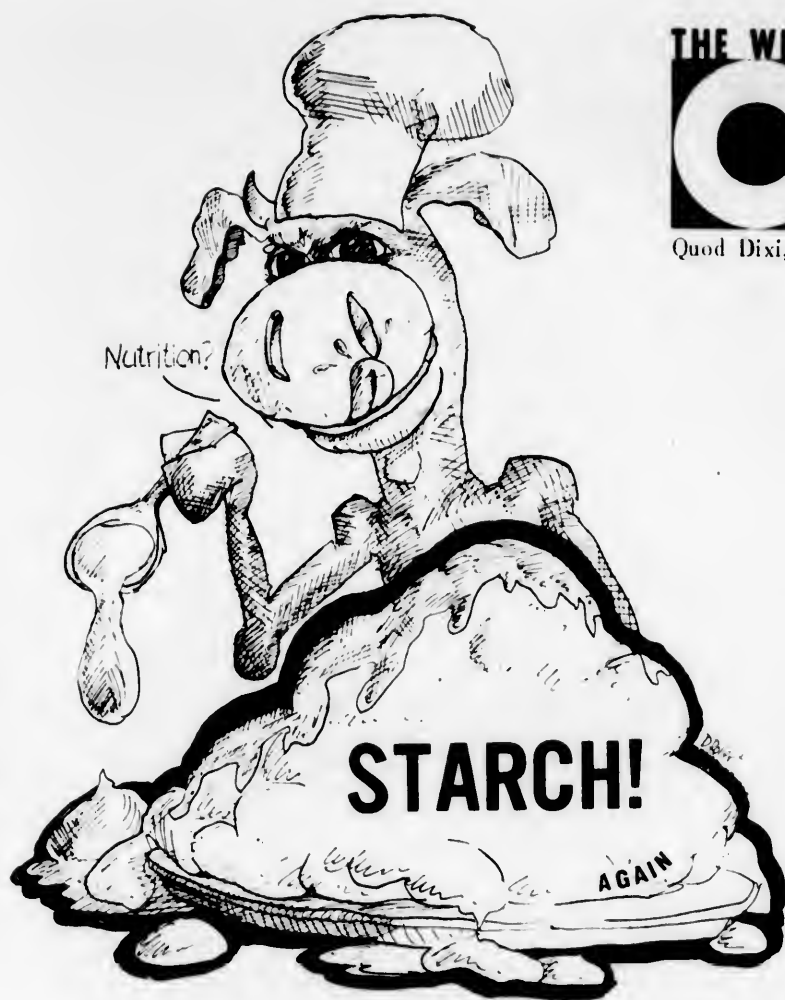
Much has been said about the excellence of the acting in the film. I was less impressed. The acting is agreeably sound - and efficient. But, rather than the acting, I think the casting is so impressive; certainly Nichols' earlier work stands out for its accurate casting, as well as the director's handling of individual actors. In *Carnal Knowledge*, the lavish praise often seems a rationalization; for example, did Ann-Margaret really perform so splendidly, or was it merely surprising that she had it in her, that she could transcend her type? The actors are all well-used, but their past credits make me suspicious of their range. Garfunkle is used for the same low-key, ineffectual sincerity he had in Nichols' *Catch-22*. Candice Bergen and Ann-Margaret are

right because of their physical make-up; Bergen is thin, ascetic-faced, and small-breasted, while A-M is the body, all breasts and bottom. I was especially sorry to see Nicholson fail to test the limits of his potential. My brother saw *Knowledge* and *Five Easy Pieces* on the same bill, and he vowed there was no variation in the two performances; I agree with him. Nicholson's greatest asset seems to be his sudden grin, which has served him well through *Knowledge*, *Pieces*, and *Easy Rider*; but, as with his real-life counterpart, the grinning idiot, the smile wears off to expose a void. His sudden, flashing grin is in danger of becoming a type-habit, with as much charm and surprise as John Wayne's right hook.

Nichols faces several stumbling blocks in the direction, and the way in which he overcomes them, or fails, demands attention. The screenplay is anti-filmic in form, and Nichols compounds this with a fairly static camera in most of the conversation scenes (entire sections where one or two characters are shot in medium close-up against blank background, which achieves a cartoon-panel effect). Nichols, like Arthur Penn and John Schlesinger, impresses me as a director of actors first, of movies second. He worked up through the theatre, the actor's medium. He is learning, though, and is highly competent; it is no easy task to sustain the emotional level of a *Carnal Knowledge* without drowning in melodrama. Virginia Woolf, his first film, was quite plainly a stage play. In *The Graduate* he used film more but tended to try anything for an effect. *Catch-22* was an example of a director (and adaptor) biting off more than the medium could swallow. *Knowledge* seems to indicate a simplification of style, hopefully not to the stagnation of medium-shot and extreme close-up speeches (see "Draught").

Ingmar Bergman progressed from theatre director, to theatre-bound film director, to film-innovator. If Nichols can find a cinematic style to match his excellence in other areas, he may well emulate Bergman. At present, his directing potential is vast, but the movies are starved for good screenplays.

But this is not to keep you away. The movie does lack a last polishing touch, yet is worth seeing, worth considering. Its subject may be the cause of that lack: a question is raised, a case history presented; but the question is never answered or deepened, only sustained. Before going, you would be wise to get your head in order on your idea of society's inter-sex problems. Obviously *Knowledge* raises questionable issues; it is like the resolution set for a debate, a battleground rather than the battle.



THE WILLIAMS ADVOCATE

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Quod Dixi, Dixi

Ed considers Sunday brunch one of the week's best meals: sausage, bacon, ham, or -- with luck -- steak, with potato puffs, eggs, sweet rolls, orange juice, and milk. I've even heard him say Williams is better than home, where, he vows, his mother uses the cow's hide instead of the flesh.

Could be, but in a nutritional evaluation, that meal is deplorable. As the tobacco industry labels cigarette packs with "Caution: smoking may be hazardous to your health," Williams might do well to stamp most of those edibles above with "Caution: this food may be hazardous to your health." In the following article, I intend to prove that the Williams food service, by providing an inadequate nutritional diet, has unwittingly produced ill-health and possibly disease in the student body; and if the administration ignores the suggestions I make for improving nutrition at Williams, it will be guilty of unconscionable harm.

by Dan Pinello

Last year, Judy Allerhand, a self-styled nutritionist, wrote a letter to the Record vilifying the College's food. "The problem," she complained, "is STARCH! ...We are fed starch with starch covered by starch in the form of gravy."

Dean Peter Frost's reply ignored nutrition for the most part, and ended with the question: "... wouldn't it make sense to use relevant House Officers and college committees to analyze a complex financial and educational problem?" With that dialogue, the question of nutrition at Williams, for all intents and purposes, was swept under the rug.

The first week of classes this year, I jotted down the edibles served at Baxter, Greylock and Wood House, a representative cross-section of the campus dining halls. Take, for example, Wednesday, September 15, the first day of classes: for breakfast, enter eggs -- scrambled and fried -- pancakes, donuts, English muffins, white toast, hot or packaged cereal, orange juice, milk, and the Kool-Aid-like sweetened water that permeates the campus.

No Variety or Pleasure

For a sustained level of activity throughout the day, you must maintain your blood's sugar level at a consistently moderate point. Foods high in sugar, saturated fats, and starch -- commercially produced breads and bread-stuffs, sugar and honey, potatoes and potato products, pastries, artificially sweetened beverages, and so on -- may double that sugar level. The cells then rapidly metabolize this sugar into energy or, more likely, stored fat, and your body has a quick pick-up -- with an equally fast let-down half an hour or so later. So for sustained activity, carbohydrates are not the solution.

Rather, proteins are. They break down much more gradually than sugars and fats, providing a more modest but continuous sugar supply. Since you work more in the morning and afternoon than at night, breakfast determines the success of your sustained vitality; foods high in protein, therefore, are indispensable at the day's start.

On that first day of classes, only the eggs and milk offered any substantial protein, the amount in the other breakfast tidbits being only minimal. Granted that those sources in themselves may have

been sufficient, providing you ate three or four eggs along with two or three glasses of milk, but what about some variety or pleasure in the meal as the week progresses? Scrambled eggs six mornings a week induce fowl boredom.

But on to the temptations of that Wednesday's lunch: chicken salad "boats," ham and cheese sandwiches, tossed and gelatin salads, cottage cheese, canned condensed soup, chocolate pudding, milk, and the ubiquitous "fruit juices."

Protein in the chicken, ham, cheeses, and milk was readily available here to supplement the meager breakfast, but that is just a part of daily nutrition: over forty nutrients go into the formula for good health. Calories provide the fuel for activity; nutrients, the building blocks of

cell structure and the tools for their maintenance.

The "Film" Vitamin

Consider Vitamin A, for example. This nutrient functions as "film" for your eyes: it goes into the production of visual purple, which breaks down as light reaches the cornea and thus stimulates the optical nerves to tell the brain what your eyes see. The vitamin also insures the health of the mucus membrane that lines your body cavity (i.e., mouth, nose, sinuses, lungs, and so forth) to fight off infectious microorganisms.

The best sources of Vitamin A are carrots, apricots, yams, and all green vegetables, the quantity of the vitamin roughly proportional to the intensity of the fruit or vegetable's color. Egg yolk, butter, and cream also supply the nutrient, provided the animals from which these products come graze on fresh green pasture crops.

So far on that Wednesday the sources appear to have been plentiful: eggs and milk at breakfast, tossed salad at lunch. The trouble, however, is that your body doesn't easily absorb the vitamin: carotene in vegetables -- the substance from which the body produces Vitamin A -- appears inside cell walls made of cellulose, a substance which humans cannot digest. Hence, only when cutting, chopping, cooking, or chewing breaks these walls can the carotene get into your blood.

But that isn't the only problem. Oxygen destroys Vitamin A in your blood if Vitamin E is insufficient.

This latter nutrient was almost completely absent the first day of classes; indeed, the vast majority of American diets dangerously lack Vitamin E since its only sources are fresh, raw wheat germ and the cold-pressed oils of grains, nuts, and seeds.

In 1862, America introduced machinery to refine grains and, consequently, to destroy their nutritional value; Vitamin E, along with many of the very important B vitamins, almost disappeared from our foods. Thus the bread at Williams' meals offers none of the nutrient; the salad dressings, being made from hydrogenated vegetable oils, also are totally deficient.

The Sex Vitamin

Vitamin E's only known function is to prevent oxygen from destroying the unsaturated fatty acids and fat-like substances in your body. Which may sound insignificant, but those fat-like substances include Vitamin A, carotene, and the pituitary, adrenal, and sex hormones. That last tidbit has caused some

misguided souls to dub Vitamin E as the "sex vitamin," some of the results of which have been unfortunate: mothers refuse to have their children's diets supplemented with the nutrient in fear of making them oversexed. (To be so plagued!)

Vitamin E deficiencies can cause you such nasty results as sterility and chronic anemia, not to mention all the consequences of lacking pituitary and adrenal hormones or essential unsaturated fatty acids.

But back to the first day of classes: dinner came in the guise of baked chicken, boiled potatoes with brown gravy, canned corn, tossed and gelatin salads, sweetened fruit cocktail, cherry pie, and the traditional refreshments.

The B vitamins offered in that meal, as well as in the other two, were negligible. Since their most abundant sources are liver, brewers' yeast, wheat germ, and rice polish, with some occurring in fruits and vegetables, why should you pursue such an elusive animal? Because every cell requires these nutrients for its structure; because they are essential in keeping your blood's cholesterol level normal -- a highly significant function in a society where atherosclerosis and related heart troubles increasingly plague its population.

The B-vitamin sources in Wednesday's edibles would appear to be only the salads and canned fruit. Yet these nutrients are soluble in water and may easily be lost in washing, cooking, and canning.

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Test case

J. Elwood Lamphear, town clerk of Williamstown, still insists that a voting registrant must have resided in town for a continuous six month period -- despite the opinion of the state Attorney General's office that students here last semester should be eligible for immediate registration.

Thomas Reilly, who spoke for Attorney General Robert Quinn, says a resident must have established a "domicile" in town six months before he registers to vote. According to Reilly, six months of continuous residence is not a prerequisite for registration.

Lamphear says he intends to ask Boston for a final ruling.

The ADVOCATE desires a test case to force Clerk Lamphear's hand. If you attended Williams last semester and would like to register in Williamstown, please contact Public Affairs Editor Lewis Steele at 458-8344.

A party at any price

by Jim Grubb

The masses sneer at Gurgle these days, as they sneered at the French nobility carted off to the guillotine: as an anachronism, hopelessly obsolete, outdated and pathetic, the refuge for all the drunks who can't raise their consciousness any other way. That is why members of the Society, when identified, will straighten their backs with dignity and defensive pride, silent because nobody will understand them and lonely because 95 per cent of the student body has no interest in getting bombed on Thursday night.

But wait. Hold your judgment. You never realized that Gurgle was the first Alternative Society on campus, and is the oldest surviving protest group. This is God-given truth: the group was founded in 1962 to protest against the solemnity and pomp of Gargoyles, which Dean Frost will tell you is an honor society. While the

vast majority of the student body fell into comatose apathy, Gurgle was out in the streets -- living protest, theater against the moldy old Gargoyles.

Today nobody has enough regard for Gargoyles even to get drunk to protest it, but Gurgle has been flexible and has picked up a new cause: fighting the tendency towards small, cozy, candle-parties where everybody converses seriously, for God's sake. Gurgle parties are loud and not very philosophical. There is booze and noise; which is why Fitch House and the Rugby Club belong to Gurgle.

There were great numbers of ruggers at the Gurgle party last Thursday night, most of them uncomfortable in shoes and pants. Rugby players use Gurgle to prepare for their more strenuous Saturday parties, where everyone has to sing wonderfully filthy songs seldom heard at Gurgle. (There's a splendid one about the sexual life of the camel and the Sphinx.) They greet visitors with a happy, tuneless "Here's to him/he's got class/ here's to him/he's a horse's ass," slightly out of unison but sincere nevertheless.

My friend and I came in slightly unsteadily, if the truth be known. (An affaire de coeur from Prospect House, you understand. The French Foreign Legion, which used to handle that sort of thing, has been disbanded.) The frantic howling of dogs from inside didn't do much for our nerves, either, but that turned out to be the sophomore party-people discussing coeducation.

The crowd density was greatest along one wall, the people there chatting in animated tones with long slurping pauses when the conversation ran out and the beer didn't. The center of attraction was (surprise!) a keg, dispensing its marvels to cups, minors, and the floor with equal delight. We greeted it happily, as a friend, added one to the sales record of the Lily Paper Cup Company, and turned to look over the scene.

The most obvious feature was the relative lack of girls: only about seven. Four of them are to be found at any Williams party: the groupies of the freshman class. I wondered why there weren't more coeds to liven things up; one scholar

Please turn to page 3



more beauty

drawing hearty and tearful applause from the crowd. The other girl came on stage displaying a rack of dresses she had sewn, sounding very much like a Singer advertisement as muzak flowed through the auditorium and she intoned: "I'm no expert, but as the saying goes, 'practice makes perfect.' If you really putcher minds to it, you can make outfits like these on display—or the one I'm wearing." (She walked out the ramp to model a crumpled red shift. "It is cute" murmured the girl behind us.) To sew successfully, she maintained, one needs time and patience. "In my experience, you can't sew when you're tired, so you should stop. If you sew when you're tired, this will only lead to frustration, which must be avoided. . . . So for those of you who sew out there, I say 'happy sewing,' and keep at it!"

Next, the Chairman of the Pageant, Dr. Frederick Bressette, was awarded a silver plate "for all those hours spent working with the girls." Finally, the evening gown competition arrived. Just like in the Miss America pageant. No matter that the girls looked like nervous, slightly overweight Barbie Dolls outfitted for the senior prom: the audience was breathlessly awed.

One of the twelve, labeled "DeFalco Insurance Co.," was honored as Miss Congeniality. She was on the verge of tears, real ones: Miss Congeniality never gets to be Miss America, right?

Many Repeaters

The North Adams policeman in the back of the hall spoke up while Miss Fall Foliage 1970 sang a medley of great songs, including "Get Together," "Born Free," and so on. The policeman said he had never come before. "I dunno why. Guess I was usually working or something. Yeah, it's a big event, but they mostly get repeaters." He suggested we speak to a man in the lobby wearing a green Chamber of Commerce button.

The man in the lobby made sure we got his name by spelling it out, and then said he had worked on the pageant for ten or twelve years. He said he wasn't excited, "not in particularly. I see it every year. But there's something a little different we done this year."

He broke off to watch Walsh Adjustment Service, DeFalco Insurance, and three others be named as semi-finalists, then explained that the innovation consisted of choosing the Queen at the beginning of the Festival so she could reign during the week. We thanked him and returned to watch the "interviews" with the semi-finalists.

Nick Davis crowed that the girls would be put in a "sound-proofed" room offstage while each was given her chance to reply. The question: "Excluding your father, what man has influenced your life, and how did he?" The answers included guidance counselors, English teachers.

And the audience applauded warmly upon hearing the familiar local names.

While the judges chose the winner, four matronly women in long electric blue dresses and white above-the-elbow dinner gloves entertained the crowd with a song in a style resembling a cross between a barbershop quartet and the Andrews Sisters. "Our next number will be, 'I'm Looking at the World through Rose-Colored Glasses,' which is probably what the five semi-finalists are doing right now!"

Heavy applause.

Dating Game

While waiting, we snuck into the foyer to find if the couple who had won a trip to the Fall Foliage Festival as their Dating Game prize was in attendance. An official-looking man said they were not yet arrived.

"Hey, sonny," called the man with the green button. "What's all this for anyway?" I told you, sir, the WILLIAMS ADVOCATE.

"Just be sure you got his name," chuckled a man who looked exactly like the first but for being shorter and having his green button upside down.

"Don't worry," chortled the first man, in good humor now. "He already did!"

Meanwhile, some girl had been crowned Miss Northern Berkshire-Miss Fall Foliage 1971. A gold robe fell about her shoulders after 24 seconds of fumbling with the snaps, and she paraded around briefly as Miss Mancuso's organ swelled proudly and flashbulbs popped. The applause lingered some time.

Suddenly, the house lights went on, and the auditorium emptied rapidly. We asked a man standing in an aisle how he had liked it. "Just great! Terrific!" he said. Then, more quietly, he pointed to a nervously sad girl on the stage, the third-runner-up.

"That's my daughter," he said, smiling proudly. "You can't win them all."

more court

The court cannot excise the real evils that afflict this society. It cannot reorder priorities so as to remove the festering sores that are our prisons; nor can it end the horrors of Vietnam. The Nixon Court may in fact teach us to turn to our representative institutions for the solution to our problems. The Court can establish the legal rights of prisoners, but what, after all, will those rights mean if our prisons continue to breed crime rather than to rehabilitate men? To paraphrase Learned Hand, a great judge who unfortunately never graced the Supreme Court with his presence: a society so riven that the spirit of compassion and decency is gone, no court can save; a society where that spirit flourishes, no court need save; and a society that evades its responsibilities by thrusting upon the courts the nurture of that spirit—that spirit in the end will perish.

Mr. Jacobsohn is assistant professor of political science.

more Hicks

autobiographical book describing his small town in eastern, up-state New York.

Seated more securely now, Hicks related much of this past history in a weak but persistent voice. He seemed oblivious to the laughter his apology for hoarseness generated: "I came down from Pownal," he said, "in a Land Rover. I guess I made a mistake in attempting to talk over the noise. Now I seem to have no voice at all." Then he continued his account of the town, holding his head erect—almost defiantly—never once varying his posture of one leg crossed over the other, arms folded across the chest. Attired in the comfortable, conservative style of elder English professors, he addressed the audience much as though they were his grandchildren, gathered at his feet for a bedtime remembrance of things long past.

Direct Affect

Once upon a time, the Van Rennselaer estate in eastern New York was divided up after the Revolution and sold to homesteaders. After incorporation in 1807, Grafton grew to a population of 2,000 in 1850, a figure never to be exceeded. The town's economic base was farming complemented with light industry, notably the Scrivens Shirt Company. Mr. Scrivens constructed a park for his employees' amusement, and one of Hicks' first goals after his arrival was to secure that property for the town; he subsequently did. Yet real estate was not, by any means, the only thing that Hicks "had a little something to do with." In joining the Communist Party, he had "participated in something over which I had no direct control." In Grafton, however, he saw an opportunity to effect change. And having earned the natives' respect over time, he took the lead in innovation.

Education is the key to Granville Hicks' life. His voracious quest for knowledge let him into Harvard, despite his financial plight. Thus, one of his first undertakings in Grafton was to build a public library—both the collection and the structure. Although forced in recent years to relinquish his duties in other organizations, he continues to operate this library, although now, unfortunately, adult Graftonians do not employ it extensively; children and summer tourists compose its borrowers. Which tells Hicks that "there are a lot of people who are not reading these days, and that is not altogether a good thing."

Soon after his arrival, the plight of the town's school system (seven one-room schools) seized Hicks' attention. He urged the town to adopt a state plan for consolidation with Petersburg, Berlin, and Stephentown. Which Grafton did, the result being a large school in Grafton, serving as something of a community center. Yet some children still "have to go to Berlin by bus, if I may use that horrid word."

Significant Change

Grafton has changed significantly since *Small Town's* publication, most of which change, Hicks thinks, reflects the general deterioration of America's small communities. "The small town as a self-sufficient entity has been dead in this part

of the country for fifty years," he noted with a certain stoic acceptance. "There are a number of reasons why I prefer small-town life to that in the city. First, living in Grafton is a way to escape the city. Second, you get to know all your neighbors as individuals, not just as types—the milkman, the barber, or the gas station attendant. Of course, gossip does prevail, too. Third, a small town gives you a feeling of belonging somewhere. Modern, technological society's tragedy is that most city-dwellers can never have this sensation. Finally, and this may be most important of all, in a small town, the individual has the chance to do something. A single person, given the time and energy, can change things."

Hicks now fears his hope for a greater sense of belonging, of a unity he expressed for Grafton in his book, was too optimistic. The intervening time has tended to disrupt rather than solidify the community. The end of the gasoline ration with the second World War's resolution, for example, allowed residents to leave town more often, and they did. The number of people who work in Troy and commute to Grafton has also had its deleterious effect. Nevertheless, Hicks does see a surprising number of Grafton's youths attend the two-year college in Troy, become skilled in some mechanical trade, marry Grafton girls, and settle in the town.

The town, to be sure, will continue to surrender some autonomy to the state government. The school consolidation offers one example. Another rests in the recent designation of a large recreation facility nearby, encompassing the four Grafton Lakes. At first, Hicks deemed this "not a wholly good thing." But he soon realized that state control beat private realtors' parcelling out the land, which could have resulted in a "country slum."

No Counterpart

In answering questions of a dwindling group of listeners, Hicks became less self-effacing than he had been in the talk. Was he dismayed that some of his work seemed to have gone for naught, someone asked.

"Well, as I tried to point out, these organizations are getting along just as well without me as with me."

"But surely there is no present-day counterpart of yourself," another queried.

"No, certainly not," Hicks admitted. "It's not very often that a person comes along who has the time to do as much as I have. It's just a matter of economical use of what leisure time you have."

Hicks mused on the quality of education in Grafton and elsewhere, a subject in the closing chapter of *Small Town*.

"By and large, it has improved. When we got there, the one-room schools were completely out-dated. God knows the education is still terrible there, as it is everywhere else. The children are not being taught enough of what they should be. But the schools are a little closer to their function than they were even twenty years ago."

In an early chapter of *Small Town*, Hicks points up the natural hostility between intellectuals (like himself) and non-intellectuals (like many residents of Grafton). The non-intellectual, he says, genuinely suffers from a feeling of inferiority; his inability to understand the criteria on which the distinction between himself and the intellectual is made further frustrates him. Granville Hicks, to be sure, broke down these barriers between himself and Grafton's inhabitants, much as he destroyed those between him and his more athletic friends. And his genuine concern for the human environment did it. He brought something of the intellectual's world to Grafton and took away "insights which are available nowhere else except in a small town. These visions have been quite valuable, but they are no panacea."

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editorial: a pre-emptive note

Nutrition again? Last year it was Allerhand and Frost, and now Pinello's harping on it again.... Do these people enjoy this sort of thing?

The ADVOCATE does not enjoy seeing a legitimate issue, however soporific, buried as a result of too many words and too little recourse to accessible facts. Last year's "Starch debates" were just a shouting match, with neither Judy Allerhand nor poor, harassed Dean Frost being much concerned with accepted scientific facts about the nutritional quality of food at Williams. It was high camp for a while, then the whole matter was dropped with great sighs of relief.

In this issue's article on food, the ADVOCATE proposes some sensible and quite simple suggestions to improve nutrition at Williams and urges that they be given the consideration they deserve. Then perhaps we need no longer be bored to death with Starch.

letter:

To the Editors:

With the admission of a freshman class of women, Williams College is now visibly coeducational. I once held the opinion that coeducation would be a good thing for Williams: it would be nice to have women around, etc. At first, my opinion was borne out: during the week prior to the beginning of classes, it was nice to view the incoming freshmen—they definitely improved the scenery. Coeducation from a very superficial first glance looked, indeed, like a good thing.

I began to have second thoughts the first day of classes. Coeducation at Williams perpetuates the myth that men should be masculine and women should be feminine. I have found in class discussions that women are more likely to have read the discussed material than men are, while men are more likely to have imaginative ideas taking off from the material and are more willing to express them than women. On several occasions I have heard a man interrupt a woman in class, whereupon the woman immediately became silent. It seems odd that this has not yet happened the other way around.

Perhaps the old system of separate but equal colleges for men and women should not be underestimated for its merits in a time when all of the monosex colleges don't want to be left behind in the race to become coeducational. Simply, in a coeducational college such as Williams,

men and women can and do use the presence of the opposite sex as both a reason and excuse to perpetuate the sexist myths that urge one to become either an intrusive male or an in corporative female.

Previously, I sent this letter to a friend who commented that women do say something concerning the process of classes: "...The men's attitudes, contributions to class, and actions in class are given the acid treatment once all the women are together back in the dorm."

Perhaps coeducation could be made a good thing if women were willing to contribute imaginatively and critically as individuals to the actual process of a class, to the point of either ignoring interruptions by headstrong males who are too impatient to hear them out or just simply interrupting back.

Women are able to contribute. If it weren't for the few women who do make individual, spontaneous, imaginative contributions to a class discussions, Williams' participation in the coeducation fad would clearly be a mistake. I am still not sure it isn't a mistake.

I urge an end to sexist behavior patterns in the classroom and encourage both men and women alike to break the strongly conditioned, role-playing habits that obscure the assessment of a person on his or her own individual merits.

Philip Allen Youderian

Reflections Reflections?

THE WOMAN WHO DYED

We were assured that this week's meeting of the Women's Faculty Club would prove interesting, so — somewhat skeptically — we made our way to the Faculty House, just in time for punch. The women began filing in at three-thirty. Friends greeted each other and whispered, "Now, who can I bring some punch?" Other members paid dues, and one handsome woman casually searched the bulletin board for her plastic name-card. "Well," she shrugged, "I don't exist."

The usual chit-chat was cheeped. "My second daughter went to Green Briar and had nothing good to say about it," a smiling woman informed another member, an elderly woman wearing a grey suit. The elderly woman smiled back at the smiling woman, who replied: "Oh...you were graduated from Green Briar?"

On the far wall hung a portrait of Clark Williams, a haughty-looking gentleman who had apparently financed the Faculty House, and whose haughty-looking greyhound stood beside him. We asked a member for more details about Williams. "You mean, is he related to the Original? Heavens, I don't know. That's picky."

For a moment, everyone watched an electrician who wandered through the room. Then, as if at some mysterious signal, the stylishly-dressed women deserted the room and re-grouped in an adjacent chamber. The minutes were read and we learned that the "recent trip to Boston was lively and fun-filled, although not too comfortable due to the old school bus requisitioned." Book groups and yoga classes were described. The audience listened attentively.

Eventually the speaker was introduced, and everyone applauded politely. She was Mrs. Mary Ann Beinecke, of the Nantucket School of Needlework, and her topic was vegetable dyes. A trim, well-tanned, athletic woman in a gold dress, Mrs. Beinecke joked, "I'm happy to be here, but I wish I were home dyeing." The audience laughed, so Mrs. Beinecke tried again: "My husband still hasn't gotten over this spring. I offered our guests tea and cookies, jumped up, yelled, 'The daffodils are burning!' and ran out of the room."

Daffodils, Mrs. Beinecke pointed out, are an excellent dye derivative, as are cabbage, sumac, bark and soot. "If a plant is used for perfume or poison, it's usually good for dyeing," she said, emphasizing how simply these dye derivatives could be obtained; in fact, on her way to the Faculty House she had stumbled across some foxglove. On other occasions, when she doesn't rely on chance, Mrs. Beinecke acquires plants on her daily horse-back riding expeditions; and sometimes, in Nantucket, she picks yellow lichen off gravestones. (Here, perhaps reluctantly, Mrs. Beinecke resisted any further parallels between the dead and dyeing.) Moreover, she catalogues each of her dyes and corresponds with other dyers. "There's

always something new to be learned," she observed, soberly noting that the same plant burned in iron, copper and brass kettles will produce differently-hued dyes. The thought made Mrs. Beinecke romantic. "Why do I dye? It's like eating peanuts. I love it. There is joy and excitement from a sense of discovery."

Most of the women were listening carefully, except the woman to our left, who was asleep. Mrs. Beinecke finished with a final anecdote: "Dyeing is contagious. One day, after I'd been dyeing some wool with dandelions, I was approached by my caretaker. 'How do you like my shirt?' he said. 'What?' I said. 'My shirt — how do you like it?' he said. 'It's nice,' I said. 'Dandelions,' he said." When she finished, everyone applauded, undoubtedly awakening our neighbor, but we didn't check.

HUNTERS '75

We had this question, see, and nobody wanted to answer it. We asked the girls in the class of '75 to review, judge, and characterize the freshman boys; and the girls resented it. "We share a common insecurity as punky freshmen," pointed out one fetching dressed coed. "The boys feel threatened by upperclassmen, the girls feel like exotic-blend teabags instead of people."

The artistic problem was that, while no one wanted to answer THE ADVOCATE's question, everyone wanted to read the article. So, after much ado, we managed to locate a red-haired freshman who was more maverick than most, and who was willing to do a little investigative reporting, as long as we didn't use her name. Herein follows her manifesto:

"I heard that Spring Street was sold out of binoculars after the first week of the new coed hunting season. I'm sorry to use such piggy metaphors, but your question inspires me to untapped metaphysical heights."

"Anyway, the hunt inspires, harasses, and frustrates freshman men. By and large, the hunters are chivalrous and noble: some trigger happy, others gun-shy. Many of the coeds sympathize with their plight; as a friend of mine said at dinner last night, 'If you were a guy, you'd be wary of the girls too: maybe they'd be super-snotty intellectuals.' But the first night they were all on the make. I mean, just big eyes."

"Certain freshman boys see themselves as the dogs of the hunt, with the upperclassmen enjoying the spoils. When older guys consent to hunt the local fauna, they're simply after flesh. And they're often blunt about their motives."

"Naturally, the hounded tend to resent the wolves. Though some, of course, lap it up."

"I spoke to a freckled Lehman sophisticate who finds the boys next door surprisingly naive. The insolent girls sigh, 'They're so young. They've got a lot of growing to do.' The bitter ones sneer, 'The boys are fags: Williams will make men out of them, though there's not much to start with.' A rather independent coed made no apologies to me: 'They talk about us like dogs, we can talk about them.' For my own part, I'd say most of the boys are nice, but some of their elitist attitudes rot."

"All this may sound cynical as hell, but one commonly propagated idea around here is that, with increased female enrollment, Williams men are going to have an easier time getting laid. Obviously, the girls resent that attitude."

"You see, most girls genuinely want to be friends with the guys... Partners in the hunt. But to end with another note of cynicism—since it seems that's what the upperclassmen want to hear—there are some sweetly condescending girls who always say, 'Don't alienate the freshman boys! What the hell, by the time they're seniors, they'll probably be very nice.'"

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Greetings, freshmen!

by Chip Foster, Steve Gillis,
Jim Grubb, Tom Mark,
and Peter Yogman

The new draft law won't take any prizes for speedy passage: seven months elapsed before the bill reached the President's desk last week.

Except for the Vietnam matter, there wasn't much Congressional opposition to the bill, which is basically an extension of the old lottery system, with a few changes thrown in to make things more equitable.

The big revision comes in the area of student deferments: starting with the class of '75, there aren't any. (The retroactive clause of the original bill, whereby the now-exempt class of '74 would have been eligible, was deleted shortly after the demonstrations in Washington last spring.)

Perhaps it was the length of the debate in Congress, or the limited attention span of most protesters, or promises of really major revisions in 1973—but the final vote aroused little comment across the nation. Certainly the issue was dead in Williamstown: the freshmen involved had

long since accepted their fate as draft material when the ultimate success of the bill was assured several months ago—while the deferred upperclassmen smugly agreed that the new arrangement was really more just all around. The issue was about as lively as physical fitness or the 1967 Red Sox.

But calm as everybody seems, the fact remains that about half the freshmen will be in the lottery pool this school year. Henry Flynt, the College's Selective Service adviser, estimates that between 30 and 40 men will be taken out of Williams this year, with more if the draft boards are forced to call up numbers above 140. But Flynt is figuring that 50 per cent of the freshmen in the lottery will get medical deferments—rather a high estimate. Chances are, then, many more will be drafted: conceivably, a sixth of the freshmen men.

Contingency Plans

While nobody's talking openly or moving too suddenly, the College administration has been making contingency plans—motivated, for the most part, by a prospective financial loss. The absence of 40 freshmen means a loss of about \$160,000, which the already fragile budget couldn't well stand. So the College plans to admit transfer students to fill the holes created by the draft. Phil Smith of the Admissions Department says there are plenty of applicants available. If necessary, the College will begin accepting transfers for February entrance.

The new draft law provides the College with a chance to renege on its stated policy regarding coeducation. President Sawyer has committed Williams to the maintenance of a 2-1 ratio of men to women, yet the men who are drafted will probably be replaced by both men and women. The whole draft issue, says Smith, is "pretty Machiavellian".

Hopkins Hall, then, should weather the draft with impunity: no money will be lost due to the departure of draftees and the College can narrow the coeducation gap without specifically breaking any promises to alumni.

And the freshmen? Drafted students will be able to take leaves of absence, and refunds shouldn't cause much of a problem since students can be called up only at the end of a term. Dean Neil Grabois has promised the College will do all that is "humanly decent and legal" to help the drafted men, but this should amount to little in the way of concrete services. The student-run Draft Counsel Board at Seeley House will continue to offer guidance to students while Flynt handles the paperwork of registration and upperclass deferments.

The mood of the freshmen is still one of resignation. Some are making plans to file for C.O., others are thinking about traveling. Most are simply waiting, to see what happens. The College is worrying about its own welfare, and most of the student body can only offer sympathy.

more gurgle

emerged from an owlsh analysis of the leaf pattern of his cup to mutter something about how the "females study so damned much" and relapsed into his botany study.

We figured that couldn't be the real reason and trundled off to talk to our friend the lady journalist, who really didn't know why the sisters weren't present, but who was very friendly about sharing her cache of chocolate chip cookies. They tasted wonderful when mixed with Tavola Red and a little Chablis. Most of the people present had already destroyed their taste buds with a potato-chip dip of horseradish and lye, or else a blue-cheese dip in which the penicillin mold had run amuck. Either way nobody was tasting much, but taste wasn't the name of the game. Gurgle doesn't go for cultured drunks.

I settled down to attempt some coherent notes, discreetly eavesdropping on conversations to elicit some Quotable Quotes. Immediately puckish Rich Levy removed a lampshade from his head, lurched over, tripped on a fallen potato chip, and demanded that I sign him up for folk dancing. I asked which folk, and he retired in confusion.

The lady journalist blew my cover wide open. Maybe I was a little obvious taking notes in the middle of a crowd which was far beyond the ability to write, but she didn't help matters by bellowing out my identity and asking the crowd for pertinent quotes.

The line formed at the right. Also the left and the center, and it would have formed behind me if there hadn't been a brick wall. I was the new Party Game: Let's all say something meaningful and

witty, hopefully at the same time. Half the people tried to be Kahil Gibran, half tried to be Rod McKuen. The others wavered between Rudyard Kipling and Don't Know. The first man nodded deeply, put his hand over his heart, and intoned with the wisdom of the ages, "Volition never ponders." The next one up muttered something about a "proclivity towards utteration." The third crowed, "Bullshit!"

This broke the ice somewhat, and for the next twenty minutes the air reeked of accusation and insult, interspersed with howls and cheers. The Pope was called a pederast, which had to be defined for some of the peasantry.

Eventually my friend returned with Jim Lavigne, the head of Gurgle, sober with responsibility. He told us that there were few actual Gurgles present, perhaps due to the crippling Fitch cocktail party before dinner. Each party, he said, cost around \$40; each member paid \$20 dues. Worthy Linen arrived to pay his dues casually, as if he were buying a Charleston Chew, and took over the conversation with a series of tales about Big Al, who did something in 1962, and about somebody and a bathtub or maybe a sink, and about Fort Hoosac House, which burned down or died or was maybe resurrected. I didn't much quibble about the details: my writing turned into slow curving, and then no lines at all. Gradually Worthy moved out of focus and the noise turned mellow. My friend and I managed another cup of Swiss-Up red and upset the potato chips. The mess was spectacular and very funny, and we gurgled happily to watch things degenerate.

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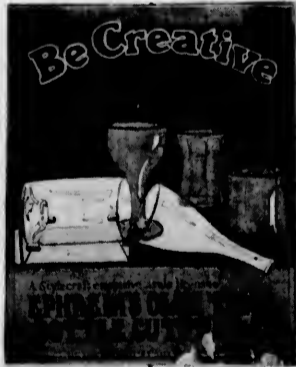
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Help Line

Do you understand?

by Lois Bailey

As I tramped up the steps of the old Hunter Machine Building to the Emergency Trips Office, I remember feeling glad that someone was making constructive use of this dilapidated remnant of North Adams' bygone days of industrial grandeur, or at least moderate prosperity. At the head of the stairs, an arrowed poster pointed me to the office: "House Rules: No shoes, no booze, no dope, caution with fire". Forgetting to remove my shoes, I pushed through a door that screamed "Emergency Trips" in bold, psychedelic letters.

Once inside, a glance convinced me that I'd happened upon a Salvation Army surplus store. A multitude of heaped-up mattresses and decaying sofas cluttered the living room, draped with old sheets, hand-painted and silk-screened. Here and there a patch of frayed, ash-stained rug peeked through. Flimsy Indian prints, posing as tapestries, drooped from the walls, interrupted by iridescent peace symbols and flashy posters reading: "Dare to be happy, don't shy away; reach out and capture the joy of today", or "You have not converted a man because you have silenced him." The wanton sloshings of grade-school artists lined the wall above the entrance, and below, a crowded bulletin board offered all the general counseling information any North Adams citizen could possibly want: everything from draft counseling and drug counseling information to free pregnancy test notices to food co-op publicity to listings of general medical facilities. Beneath this jumble of print blared a bold-face poster: "Your son or daughter traveling overseas doesn't need another lecture on drugs. Just facts." As I approached the office door, a paper cut-out of Spiro Agnew with boxing gloves and stars-and-stripes training shorts grinned at me from the door jamb.

Just then, Brewster Rhoads, a twenty-year-old Williams student and acting counselor and organizer for Emergency Trips, popped out with a cheery smile and then disappeared quite as quickly with a pert, "I'll be right with you", as he buzzed about tidying up loose ends.

Waiting for Brewster, I couldn't help thinking about my previous day's interview with Emergency Trips' and Help Line's original founder, Bill Matheson, and about how far away he seemed in his Williamstown home from his brainchild in North Adams.

Soft-spoken and reflective, Bill lounged easily in an armchair in his quiet white house on Front St. and calmly recreated the story of the two organizations. He, his wife Cecelia, and ten Williams graduates had created Help Line, a twenty-four hour-a-day telephone general counseling service, on an initial grant of \$1500 from the Williams College Council in the Spring of 1970. The service was to provide a viable alternative for Bill's C.O. work in draft counseling, and was to provide personal counseling of a general nature, although it would refer most of the calls to specialized agencies.

"I enjoyed counseling per se," explained Bill, "and didn't want to specialize only in the draft or deal with only one class of people."

Bill and his staff recruited organizational ideas for their project from currently operating counseling services around the country, such as the Rescue Service in Chicago and the Youth Emergency Center in Minneapolis. They rented a room in the ABC Theatre Building in Williamstown until Bill, an employee of the Northern Berkshire Community Action Agency, moved them to North Adams. While awaiting a badly needed grant from the State Dept. of Mental Health, he convinced the NBCA to underwrite a drug rehabilitation program that would serve as a subsidiary organization to Help Line. Help Line itself, however, was to remain independent of all other agencies (including the NB-CA), financially and organizationally. "Otherwise", insisted Bill, "you'd end up assuming all the assets and liabilities of the umbrella organization. Our idea was to set up an agency that would exert pressure on other agencies to perform their functions competently."

However, in January, 1971, a bomb fell. The Drug Rehabilitation division of the State Department of Mental Health provided \$25,000 for the drug program, Emergency Trips, and Bill was forced to abandon Help Line and assume administrative duties for the former. Emergency Trips grew to such large proportions under state funds, that it depleted Help Line's already scanty funds, and Help Line was forced to come under NB-CA. "Our objectives were thwarted," explained Bill, "because we didn't get close to influencing any other organization. We were forced to spend most of our time in administrative duties, acting as liaisons between the 'hip' and 'straight world', and had to forfeit our personal counseling responsibilities which we'd considered paramount."

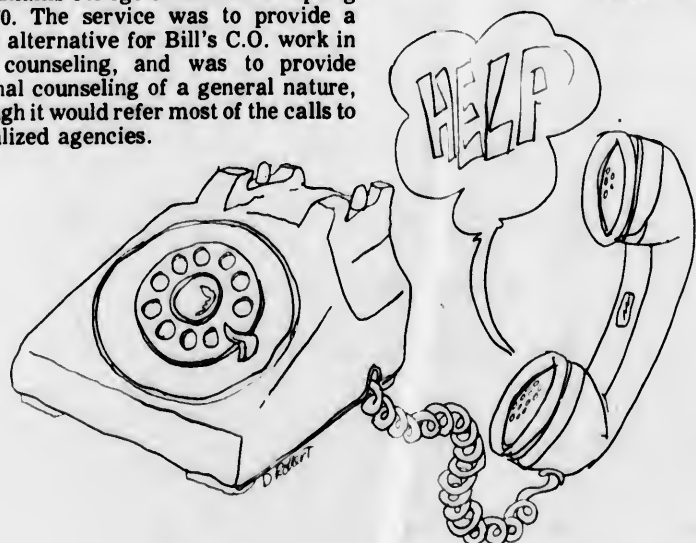
Unable to return to Help Line and complete the project as they'd hoped, Bill and Cecelia withdrew to Williamstown, where Bill presently heads up his own youth counseling program, entitled "Upstreet", which is sponsored by the Methodist church.

Back in the Emergency Trips office, Brewster Rhoads finally plunked himself decisively into an armchair opposite me and began talking rapidly. His confident air, businesslike and no-nonsense approach, and his dark horned-rimmed glasses counteracted his apparel and long, curly, bandana-tied hair. His appearance and manner aligned him with neither the hip nor the straight world exclusively, but effectively straddled both.

"Emergency Trips really acts as a big brother organization", Brewster claims.

The organization boasts a permanent staff of five and a force of twenty-three volunteers. Director Marsha Howard, 23 and a Tufts graduate, has worked with numerous community action organizations, both as a Head Start and a Vista volunteer. Most of the personnel have been active community service work, many in tutoring, some in general counseling services similar to Help Line. Brewster himself is now a Vista volunteer and is leader of St. John's Church's youth group in Williamstown. The staff has

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Certainly they like it!
They're just one big happy family.

Housing: Time to reconsider

by Chris West

"This is not the United States of America; this is Williams College. If you don't like it, you don't have to come."

As Dean Neil Grobois intoned the above words, a number of eyebrows rose at last week's College Council meeting. Adopting a "love it or leave it" attitude, Grobois advised all Williams students that they had better follow the College's guidelines on fraternities, or else....

It is perhaps fortunate that the fraternity issue is being raised at this time, for the College seems to be at one of its many turning points, and in question is the very concept of the residential house experience.

Due both to pecuniary difficulties and to administration insensitivity, the system of residential houses, so carefully constructed on this campus about a decade ago, is in very real danger of collapse. On the entire campus, there are perhaps four or five "strong" houses - units, in which, through the luck of the freshman inclusion draw, the members are able to get together regularly, develop mutual bonds, and organize various successful group activities. Bryant and Fitch Houses come to mind immediately.

But in contrast with our few cohesive houses, most of the other units are falling apart. The system of inclusion is partly to blame - when between sixty and ninety persons are randomly tossed together, is it any wonder that it's often difficult, even impossible, to forge a viable social unit? Wood House is a good example in this regard. The interests of its members are so divided that they decided, in effect, to cease to exist as a residential house. Currently, there are no dues - hence, no television, no washer, no parties, no representation on the College Council (which means no vote on the distribution of the Student Activities Tax), and no house leadership.

For a time, Wood House stood out like a sore thumb. No longer.

The deterioration of house unity has been abetted by the College itself. The Administration has never viewed the residential house system correctly. Each functioning unit is a fragile organism, easily upset, readily destroyed.

When the Greylock houses were built, the College promised that they would foster close-to-perfect residential living. They failed to do so, and consequently Greylock house members today fill the rosters of the various fraternities on campus. Prospect, oversized, has similarly been unable to create a coherent house social atmosphere.

Last Spring, Brooks House heard a number of College officials arguing persuasively that the new Mission Park facilities would be ideal for residential living. Brooks was promised all the advantages of the old row house, plus coeds, a modern dining hall, and the finest housing on the campus.

This fall, outraged Brooks (now Dennett) House members arrived in Mission Park to find that most of the promises had evaporated. The House television room opens on a noisy artery and can hold perhaps 15 people (out of a house of 80), if five stand up. The Mission Park dining hall is unfinished, and so until next fall, Dennett House members must wait in line with Freshmen in Baxter Hall for their food. There is no game room in the house, and the members must share one common living area with Pratt House, next door.

Resentments simmered in Dennett all fall; at last Tuesday's College Council meeting, they finally boiled over as representative Lewis Steele accused Dean Neil Grobois of lying to the house and asserted that any College administration that treats Dennett in this

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Better all the time?

Williams describes itself as a residential college in the literature it disseminates. But over the years the concept of the residential college has changed - and with the demise of Spencer's and Garfield's kitchens and the spawning of Mission Park, it looks to some as though change is again in the offing.

Speculation has it the housing pendulum is angling away from the small tightly-knit row house, to the expansive impersonal conglomerate. But Deans Neil Grobois and Peter Frost insist that, if anything, the College is pushing toward a stronger house system.

They admit there are plans on the drawing board for merging groups of row houses into combined units; each octopus-house, though, will serve about 70 students, which makes it only slightly larger than today's row house. The advantage, they say, is that all 70 members will live together in the unit's several adjacent components - which the deans hope will result in greater cohesion.

And Mission Park, say the deans, is not exemplary of a trend the College necessarily intends to pursue. Charles Jankey, Director of Student Housing, points out that the Tyler House Annex - a 15-to-20-bed addition to be completed next fall - and the Williams Inn, which is earmarked for student housing, are both in the row house tradition.

According to the deans, Mission Park was conceived as a perfected Greylock. A study completed shortly after the Quad opened revealed that most students preferred the Greylock concept: large buildings composed of suites containing single bedrooms, a living room and a bathroom - flanking a central self-service dining room.

But as the building progressed, student preference reversed. Today the gargantuan Mission Park - which Jankey promises will carry Williams through 2170 A.D. - is playing home to a college that is considerably more inclined for the moment at least, to the row house way of life.

Tom Alleman

Peace: tooling up again

by Jonathon Abbott and Dave Rice;
and Steve Parker

This is the year after the year after Cambodia. Does any of the Strike spirit remain at Williams? Are there any ongoing peace activities in the surrounding communities? An answer of sorts appeared a week ago (Tuesday, September 28) as a small and heterogeneous group of activists gathered at the South Congregational Church in Pittsfield to find out who they were and what they wanted to do.

Mr. Frank Dorman, a staff member of Clergy and Laymen Concerned (CLC), addressed an audience of eight women, seven business-suited men, three clergymen, and eighteen students. One rather old gentleman entered late, inquiring, "Is this the parlor?" Dorman was surprised that so many people had come: "Protesters are generally weary, from several years of frustration."

As Western Massachusetts coordinator of CLC, Dorman is supposed to help organize local groups and help them find suitable means of protest in their localities. Addressing the gathering Tuesday about the October 2 rally at Danbury, he mixed his jargon to reflect the diversity of the group. "Unfair practices" yielded to "rip-off" as "riot" became "civil disobedience."

Dorman assured people that he was there to listen and advise rather than lead, and as self-consciousness faded among the audience, various people spoke of the old standard things: a woman of about 25 gave news she had heard from David Dellinger; various others discussed another rally in Washington, the Fall Mayday of October 24-29. Rory Nugent of Williams mentioned that "some people are interested in civil disobedience," and sundry elements of the group began to look uncomfortable: the last SDS convention of several years ago, in miniature.

Dorman's quick and effective steering ended the developing factionalism, and the *deja vu* tone of the meeting lifted as Carl Charetto, a local labor organizer, offered a new approach. He began with the observation, "The country is heading pell-mell for destruction." Blue-collar workers are being "conned into believing that waste and destruction make jobs." Those who want to change priorities in America must realize "that the production workers of America hold the key to the whole thing."

Turning to the question of power in America, he said, "Power lies in the hands of two groups of people, the businessmen and the blue-collar workers. War production is fostered by big business, because they get all the contracts.... A very few insurance companies, by controlling large blocks of stock, preclude private investors having any power in big business."

And labor? "The people who build America are turned out to pasture and find that there is no grass." He proposed a leafletting campaign for twelve consecutive weeks at the entrance gates of various factories in the area. Sprague Electric in North Adams he thought a good starting point. "Labor represents the strongest lobbying body in the country next to business."

Charetto wore a knit shirt and working jacket and with his massive broken nose and scarred arm, he definitely looked out of place among the clerical collars, long

hair, and tweedy professorial jackets. He is a native of Pittsfield, "one of the aborigines," and has worked for General Electric, as he told a student, "since way before you were born." When asked what he thought about other labor leaders, he replied, "There is only one type of labor leader that cannot be corrupted, and that's a socialist or a communist." He smiled, anticipating the next question.

A very radical-looking and sounding student asked almost timidly, "Are you a socialist or communist?"

"I'm a free thinker. I believe in socialism, but I don't believe in dictatorship, or bureaucracy, which is the same thing."

The meeting finally came to an end, with Dorman encouraging the group to become active. Noting that many former activists haven't shown their faces since last spring, he pointed out that most long-time activists have to rest for a while. "You know, there are people who have been in this for 10 years and they just plain have to stop. We have to respect these people's right to sanity."

Danbury would come too soon to organize around. A group of Williams students met the following Wednesday night to discuss the next most immediate concern, the October 13 Moratorium. They decided "to meet in front of Griffin Hall at 10:30 on the morning of Wednesday the 13th and march from there. This is only tentative, but all are invited and encouraged to come march with us through Williamstown and to leaflet the town."

After fighting a traffic jam for an hour and a half on our way to Danbury, my friends and I stood with the rest of the crowd scattered along the road, staring up at the long, low wall of the jail at the top of the neatly-mowed hill. A blue panel truck driven by a marshall back and forth across the field got stuck in a wet spot. A crowd of demonstrators rushed to push it out, with the help of a couple of sheepish-looking guards. Strange benevolence—for an instant the power was shifted, exercised by the new owners with enthusiasm and generosity. Demonstrators one, guards nothing.

Behind those silent, impenetrable windows at the top of the hill, maybe some inmates watched. A distant hope, scarcely enough to draw a tired crowd together along that narrow stretch of road.

Danbury Federal Prison presently houses the Berrigan brothers, two people remarkable for that rare kind of conscience which comprehends and responds, at any cost, to the great moral problems of time. The prison also houses 1500 other people who, unlike the Berrigans, are forgotten by their society. Our rally was to show them that we, the participants, had not forgotten.

hydrogenated oils, and potatoes deep-fried in it. (Unsaturated oils spoil very easily; they're made of unfilled chains to which oxygen readily attaches, thus making them rancid. The Great American Food Industry has discovered, however, that when hydrogen combines with the acid, it becomes stable. Unfortunately, the fat then no longer has any nutritional value. Only one example of how expediency in storage and transportation wins out over any concern for the product's value to the consumer.)

To avoid an even more extensive discussion of all forty nutrients' sources and functions, let me just make these recommendations to the College's food administration and implore their implementation:

(1.) Most important is to add meat to the breakfast menu: sausage, bacon, ham, or whatever.

(2.) Fresh, raw wheat germ (not toasted) should be available at every meal to provide B vitamins and Vitamin E. To avoid rancidity, the wheat germ should be kept refrigerated in an air-tight container when not in use.

(3.) A salad dressing made from a cold-pressed, unsaturated vegetable oil (preferably safflower) and vinegar, along with whatever herbs the chef would want to add, should be available whenever a tossed salad is served. This too should be refrigerated in an air-tight container.

(4.) Liver, the best nutritional meat available, should be offered at least once each week along with a second entree for those students who find this great health source unpalatable. (Liver was offered once the first three weeks of classes.)

(5.) Fresh fruit (never canned) should be available as a dessert at every meal. Pastries made from refined white flour and sugar are worthless.

(6.) Hydrogenated vegetable oils should become an anathema in the dining halls. Natural lard can be used for deep-frying; natural peanut butter with natural peanut oil is an excellent food.

(7.) Iodized salt, one of the only reliable sources of iodine for the thyroid gland, should replace the present plain salt at no extra cost. The thyroid gland goes to great lengths to obtain its required iodine, such as absorbing the highly toxic radioactive iodine from fallout, inviting cancer.

(8.) Organic honey, not that made from bees who feed on sugar water, should be available as a substitute for refined sugar. The latter should become the second anathema in the kitchen. (Refined white flour should be the third.)

(9.) Overcooking of meats and vegetables should be avoided. Protein becomes tough and less digestible when the food is overdone; B and C vitamins are lost in cooking water.

No Complex Problem

Nutrition is not "a complex financial and educational problem," as Dean Frost calls it. Suggestions numbered 2, 3, 4, 7, and 9 above should incur little, if any, change in cost. Numbers 5, 6, and 8 would entail moderate added expense. Perhaps the administration ought to designate a dining hall where students who have no taste for or interest in commercial breads and bread-stuffs, canned fruits and vegetables, potatoes and white rice, and sweetened beverages could go; the money saved from these items would offset the costs incurred by my suggestions.

Miss Allerhand's comments on the Williams food service approximate mine: "...my major complaint is not taste, although a few herbs and spices would greatly improve the problem. No, my complaint is strictly nutritional." The College has unwittingly fostered ill-health in its students; in ignoring my suggestions, the administration will consciously do them harm.

(I am indebted to the writings of Adelle Davis, on which I've relied heavily for this article.)

more food

A last nutrient group I'll use to prove my point are the unsaturated fats. Your body cannot produce three fatty acids essential to life — linoleic, arachidonic, and linolenic acids. Deficiencies of these can result in sterility, chronic eczema, edema (water retention), and general obesity. Natural vegetable oils — corn, soybean, cottonseed, and safflower — are the best unsaturated fat sources.

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Reflections

Reflections?

"NO EXIT"

Tuesday afternoon was dull and dehydrated, and we spent most of it in the snack bar, wallowing in tunafish. "I feel terrible," said Bill Finn, sliding into our booth, and this was just what we needed. Finn is the sophomore who last year starred as Sade in "Marat/Sade" and as Rafe Frankenbush, the nefarious big-game hunter, in Freshman Revue. This fall, however, Finn is trying his hand at directing, and that was what he wanted to discuss, or bemoan, for Finn insisted he'd just been nailed to the wall.

"It's those Bengali dancers," said Finn. "I mean, it's a good cause and all, but they're destroying me. I was doing Jean-Paul Sartre's 'No Exit' in the Chapin Basement at 8:30 on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 19 and 20. But now these Bengali people are there, and thumping around, so I'll have to schedule the Tuesday show for 10:00. Whoever heard of a show starting at ten o'clock? Well, maybe in Greenwich Village, with the kooks, but not at Williams College. Stephen Sondheim doesn't begin at ten o'clock. Arthur Miller doesn't. David Merrick. Why should I? Of course, Stephen Sondheim went to Williams, and maybe while he was here his shows began at ten o'clock. Maybe only true geniuses begin at ten o'clock, so when they finally hit the Big Time and begin at eight-thirty, they remember their roots. You know, that way they don't get too haughty. Someone just tells them, 'Look buster, you get snotty, we'll put you back in summer stock, at ten o'clock.' That scares them. Then they get humble. Geniuses should be humble."

Finn snapped a healthy chunk out of his ham-burgh. Owl-faced and angular, he was wearing dungarees and a pin-striped, light blue shirt; one of his moccasins was off. He asked what we were doing. Describing you, we said. "Let me read it." He took the notebook and scowled at it. "Say my dungarees have the lowest crotch in the East. On second thought, don't say that. Oh, I don't care. If it'll bring people to 'No Exit,' I don't care

what you say. Listen, would you come to a ten o'clock performance?" We said we'd try. He scowled again. "Try isn't good enough. You've got to be positive. Remember, you can't have theatre without an audience; otherwise, it's television. Hey, get that down. It's profound."

We asked how he happened to be directing "No Exit," and why he chose the Chapin Basement for his stage. "The basement was available," he shrugged. "As for 'No Exit,' last year my adviser was Mr. Cantelone, of the history department. That's a joke. That's Cantelon, Philip Cantelon, assistant professor. But Cantelone to his friends. Anyway, he's my adviser, and last year he asked if I'd be interested in directing a play for History 101, which he's trying to re-structure. I said sure, as long as I won't have to do any papers. He said, 'William, writing is an integral part of the Williams experience, and I would hate to deprive you of that pleasure.' So I asked how many papers I had to do, and now I'm being screwed all over, what with eighty hours of work on 'No Exit' and two papers in the course. I'm up to my kinokies in World War Two." Finn swallowed another mound of hamburger. "But that's not really Cantelon's fault. There's someone else involved. No, I will not amplify - where do you pick up those words? Who talks like that? But I shouldn't alienate you. I want you to come to a 'No Exit' rehearsal later. What'll it, kill you? Two hours, you can't spare two hours? It's going to be a brilliant show. It's very talky, so my main problem is moving the actors around, and keeping the dialogue crisp and very tight, almost sparkling, much as you'd direct Noel Coward. The play is both fragile and carnal. In fact, I want every guy to walk out of there with a hard on. If you print that, I'm gonna get kazookled." With that, Finn excused himself, explaining he was late for a tennis class. "And say Mr. Cantelone's a nice man," he added.

Anyway, we went. What the hell. We descended into the far depths of Chapin, stair by stair by stair, until our eyes saw

some light escape from its small theatre. We had been here before; we had seen Maestro Hegyi tuck the Stradivarius under his chin and instruct younger children on the hows and whys of the violin; we had seen the brave musicians attack Mendelssohn and Beethoven; here our eyebrows had danced to the strains of the Berkshire Symphony - here, in this very place, where now onstage three people sat, on one couch, offering three opinions on one subject. The subject was Hell.

The stage was lit so that only the actors in the two corners were clearly visible; otherwise, the faces and bodies on the middle couch were shaded and dehumanized. Now, The Lesbian speaks, and The Man answers - curtly, but still afraid. No silence, no pauses; the chain is tightened, and the lines are spoken quicker, and the answers are crueler. The Blonde hears words but doesn't react; she speaks of a man named Peter, and of Olga, snapping her head at the other two: "How I loathe you...."

Then The Lesbian stands and moves quietly to the furthest couch, where she sits and taunts The Blonde.

Lesbian: Sit down. Come closer. Closer. Look into my eyes. What do you see?

Blonde: Oh, I'm there! But so tiny I can't see myself properly.

Lesbian: But I can. Every inch of you. Now ask me questions. I'll be as candid as any looking glass.

Finn jumps on the stage and stops the scene, showing The Lesbian how to move. "Your ass, damn it. Not your body. Just your ass? Can't you move your ass?" The Blonde giggles, and The Lesbian replies, "Oh yeah, now I remember." Finn smiles, perhaps indulgently. "Let's do it again," he says. "And quietly. Whisper. There's no trouble being heard in here. And move close. And Annie, when Laura bends, move with her. Tied by one string. Okay, let me see it." He stays on stage. "Very quiet," he says, interrupting, but not breaking their rhythm. When it is over The Lesbian looks up from the couch, and the director addresses his cast. "That was the most exquisite scene I have ever seen in Williams theatre. Thank you all very much, and I'll see you tomorrow at four."

HARD BOILED

Dave Creen was inspired by "Cool Hand Luke." When he saw the film at Bronfman recently, Creen paid particular attention to the well-known scene where Paul Newman, stretched upon a table like a goggle-eyed helium balloon, has the last of fifty hard-boiled eggs crammed down his throat. Good clean fun, thought Creen, a senior, and rushed back to Perry House to challenge his good friend Bob Delaney to a similar feat: thirty (count 'em 30) eggs in a hour for ten dollars and a bottle of champagne.

Which is how at eight o'clock last Friday we found ourselves at Perry House, dazed and bleary, but fighting our way between the eager spectators in Perry's paneled dining room. At one point we counted thirty-seven, but they kept coming in, with windbreakers and books, and bringing the smell of brown leaves.

They consumed Perry pancakes, reviewed their Fortran problems and underlined in The Theatrical Response. Everyone was in fine spirits, especially Bob Delaney, the picture of affability in a red and green checked bathrobe. A towel was draped around his neck. In front of him, a glass of ice water, and a plate of hard-boiled eggs. A painting of "The Hunt" - basset hounds and red riding coats - bloomed above him.

Well, Delaney was very confident during his first plate of eggs, popping them like ping pong balls into his mouth, then slurping huge gulps of water. He chewed thoughtfully and chatted with the people at his table. Bill Greville stuck a mike forward: "Do you have anything to say for WMS?" Delaney nodded agreeably. "Msntoti swilner plitlo," he explained. Down went egg number three.

Toby Talbot was keeping score and having a great time. "Seven eggs," he announced. "Gone. Down the hatch."

"Is that a pun?" a girl inquired, and Delaney stared at her. Suddenly he asked for another glass of water.

The Perry cook came out of the kitchen to watch. Delaney dolefully eyed the plate with egg number nine. "Come on," urged the cook. "Let's not waste food."

"Egg salad for lunch," someone warned, and another bystander added, "8:25 - your time's almost half up."



Delaney poured a glass of water, drank it, timidly regarded the next egg, and stuffed it in his mouth. Then he drank another glass of water. A boy peered intently at the glass, then at the eggs, then at Delaney. "You shouldn't be drinking all that water," he advised. "Your stomach will contract."

"That's okay," Delaney said. He watched a student pour maple syrup over his English muffins. "That's okay."

The halfway mark was announced at 8:30, with suitable fanfare, and with Delaney pushing back his chair and leaving the living room. There was an uneasy stir. "I hope he's all right," said a girl. "Maybe we should check." But just then Delaney returned. Everyone applauded, and he scrutinized the new egg plate with friendly curiosity. Someone brought him a cup of tea. "Good idea," he said, smiling, looking fat and happy, or sort of happy, since he drank four cups.

"Number 16," called Talbot. "Come on, man. Get it in there." Delaney groaned and swayed. The two students next to him nonchalantly stood and changed their seats.

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more Help Line

received systematic guidance from outside professionals, including clinical psychologists, child guidance counselors, family planning directors, and educational counselors. Instrumental in founding Help Line and Emergency Trips and currently conducting many of the volunteer training sessions is Dr. Eugene Talbot, psychologist for Williams College and a clinical psychologist in Pittsfield.

Of the twenty-three volunteers only five are over thirty, and all have been drawn from the North Adams area, since "Our aim is to make the project a community effort", says Brewster. In screening the volunteers, the staff seeks open-minded, sympathetic individuals with a fairly noncommittal stance on such touchy issues as drug abuse.

"We try to follow a policy of non-directive counseling", he stressed. "Our aim is to help the client clarify the nature of his own problem and give him helpful information, not moral 'Dear Abby' advice."

The volunteers receive five hours a week of training from psychologists, psychiatrists, and general counselors for a period of about four weeks. During these sessions, they receive background information necessary for dealing knowledgeably with various emergency calls of a specific nature. They receive sensitivity training in encounter groups, and learn how to ask the right questions of a caller, stay calm, and speak knowledgeably and confidently through role-playing practice. The volunteers form two groups, one playing the callers, the others the Help Line staff members. After each session, the methods and techniques used are reviewed critically and improvements are suggested. After the initial four-week training session, staff members meet every two weeks to pool information and exchange suggestions on problem calls.

"Fortunately," interjected Brewster, "the staff feels comfortable about admitting its weaknesses during the meetings, which makes criticism and improvement possible".

Most of the calls the services handle are of an informational, not an emergency nature, and are generally referred to other agencies, such as Family Planning, Draft counsels, Legal Aid, or to other divisions of NBCA itself. Among those calls actually treated by Emergency Trips and Help Line staff, the most frequently received are loneliness calls, dating problem calls, and drug abuse calls. Less frequently received are those dealing with suicides, the draft, pregnancy, and housing.

Help Line operates on a twenty-four

hour schedule, and is staffed by two people during each shift. From midnight to 9 A.M., the calls are transferred to Brewster's bedside phone or to other staff members' homes.

"That's, the only way", he insists.

"Limiting the calling hours is like telling someone when to have a crisis."

The incoming calls are referred to an enormous manual, labeled "Typed referrals", which volunteers information on how to treat various types of calls and

Say you've got a problem and you decide to share it with Help Line.

What sort of conversation are you likely to have?

An ADVOCATE staff reporter found out when he dialed Help Line Tuesday night and talked with a soft-spoken, sympathetic girl named Diana. She didn't know his problem was fictitious.

Here's a transcript of their conversation, edited slightly due to space limitations.

ADVOCATE: I...I took off a year from school, and it's kind of hard now, 'cause I...I found this chick, ya know, and she's really all right except I got into drugs last year and...it's something I'd rather avoid this year. Except she and all of her...Are you still there?

HELP LINE: Yeah, I am.

A: Yeah, you know, her friends...they're not into drugs and, you know, I came back, and my friends from my freshman year were very straight and now when I uh...

HL: Now they're on drugs?

A: No, they're very straight now, and it's kind of I can't find a group...They're too straight now, and...I don't know what to do. I'm, you know, kinda caught between the two, like. I want to find friends who are on drugs, except... Like I want people who...I'm kind of caught between the two. (Laughs) You probably don't get too many calls like this...

HL: I... I think I understand the point you're trying to make, and...

A: And the thing is, I've got these papers, that...by Friday, 'cause the Strike was... 'cause they gave me all this time and I didn't do it when I was off last year 'cause I was really just flying. And now...I just don't have any friends to talk to 'cause the friends I have are too straight and I just feel stupid talking to them. (Laugh) Can you imagine me telling them this? And the friends that I'd like to have just don't know me and...well...Everyone thinks I'm so stable...D'ya know what I mean?

HL: Yeah, okay, so let's get a little bit...systematic. Um...number one, your biggest problem, we should say...is you're kinda lonely, you're kinda looking for someplace...

A: Well, I'm kind of looking for some place to be where I'm not like between two groups or...

HL: Right, right, I understand what you mean.

A: And, and...

HL: And, um, I think your second major problem's getting those papers in. (Laugh)

A: That's hard! It's hard when...I can't concentrate because I'm ready to go through the roof and it's hard because I...I just can't do it...I'm not stupid. (Laugh) I'm not stupid, no...It's just I can't sit down for a minute and...it's hard because I can't sit down for a minute. (Almost crying)...and there's this girl...

HL: Are you straight now?

A: Yeah, yeah...I'm trying. But I'm ready to go back in a second. Like...who can put up with this for so long...When I was on drugs at least there were people I could be with...And now there's...

HL: Well, if you're looking for some place to go where you could find people, where you could fit in with them...what about the Common Blood, the coffeehouse...

A: Oh, I've been down there. It's a nice place, except...it's hard to meet people when you're there. It's very difficult...just coming back when you're on the rag for a year and you have to put yourself like in a strait jacket and sit down at a desk and pound out these three papers and all the time all you're thinking about is what're you're gonna

do tomorrow, when there's nobody there and it's just...

HL: Well, if you've gone to Common Blood, have you ever tried to, you know, make a friendship with somebody...You know, there's just lots of people who feel the same way you do...

A: N-No, I...

HL: Do you understand what I mean?

A: Yes, you...you never think like that. Yeah, that's good, but...It's, it's...All I really called was, I'm just ready to scream, 'cause you know I've just been holding it all inside myself because there's nobody I can talk to...

HL: Well, you can scream with me, it's okay.

A: (Laugh)...that's okay, that'll make me feel better...Just knowing that I can scream...

HL: Okay. Could I ask you what your papers are supposed to be on? Mind talking about that for a while?

A: No, one's a psychology paper, and one's an English paper and, um, another...is a drama paper...

HL: What does the English paper have to be on?

A: It's on Blake and he's crazy... (laugh)...I guess that'll give me a head start. (Laugh)

HL: Just write down he's crazy. (Laugh) Say, "I'm not going to go through a lot of bullshit. He's crazy." You know? (Laugh)

A: Do you work there a lot?

HL: Um, I usually work... tonight and another night. I only put in six hours a week.

A: Do you find it hard? Am I embarrassing you?

HL: No, No, not at all. I love to talk about my work here. No, I don't find it hard; I find it very enjoyable... not the problems that people come up with, but the fact that sometimes I can help people out.

A: Yeah, it's nice. Out where I come from, you know, I organized one in my home town. (Laugh) I was the one who was counseling. But now, it's, you know, here I am.

HL: Well, if you organized one, then you realize you don't have to be, you know, in need of psychiatric help to call. You just have to want to talk; that's one of the main reasons people call.

A: Yeah.

HL: (Pause) And a couple of times I've wanted to call, myself, too.

A: OK... I-I-I think... I-I-I feel much better, and I, it's just that I, just had to tell someone.

HL: Well, if you... if you want to talk about it some more, feel free to.

A: I-I think it's all right. I... you know, I-I'll have to work my balls off to get the papers done by Friday, and ... but it just seems like after Friday there's just an empty space... like a desert.

HL: Yeah... yeah, I guess that would be the... I know how you feel when it comes to papers because... I put my papers off to the last minute all the time, and I go crazy; I really do. Trying to get your papers in, that's really, uh...

A: Well, Diana. Thank you very much, really... really, thank you.

HL: Oh, you're... Listen, give me a call next Tuesday and tell me how you do on your papers.

A: Right... OK. Bye now -

lists specialized agencies for referral under alphabetically categorized "types" of calls. On flipping through, I glanced at some of the headings: Aged, Alcoholic, Abortion, Adoption, Birth Control, Child Care, Disabled, Draft, Drug, Emergency, Employment, to mention but a few. Under "Drugs", I found and skimmed a "Volunteer's Guide to Drug Calls", which had been drawn up by Brewster himself. It offered procedures for different types of drug callers; for those who were stoned or tripping, for friends of trippers, and for those who merely wanted information. Under category No. 1, one paragraph caught my eye:

"If caller is just high or mildly tripping, you may be able to help him by just talking or listening to him talk. Get caller to enjoy his trip. Do not moralize! Let him know that his fears do not frighten you."

Another passage struck me particularly, "If person is taken to North Adams Hospital by an E.T. Counselor or if a Help Line volunteer calls ahead to the hospital, the hospital will maintain confidentiality and the police will not become involved, or even notified."

"The police don't like us," grinned Brewster, "because we don't volunteer out any information. If kids knew we were telling cops, they wouldn't confide in us. The conservative faction in town thinks we're a bunch of hippies, that we peddle drugs to kids. Some parents won't let their kids come down."

Emergency Trips has, as a result, made a concerted effort to reach the public personally by meeting with school boards, giving talks at civic functions, and holding assemblies in high schools.

"All this is helping to clarify our image", he affirms. "Even a drunk in the bar right underneath sent a \$1.00 contribution up here today via one of our staff members. I thought that was an interesting sideline," he chuckled. "Besides, small individual contributions like that mean more to us than large impersonal sums from state agencies."

As I got up to go, I asked him where he'd recruited the ramshackle living room furnishings.

"Ah, those!" he exclaimed. Then with a sheepish grin, "Those were all donations."

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Williams-in-Massachusetts

by Robert Gordon

Parking in 'the Devil's own place'

by John Ramsbottom and Paul Skudder
with Andreu Axelrod, Scott Lutrey,
and Jean Tibbetts

A senior from Garfield House was tooling down the road from North Adams last week when he realized he'd completely forgotten his appointment with the Dean's office. If he hurried he could make it, he figured, so he jammed down the accelerator and whipped into Williamstown. Leaving his car in the Chapel lot, he bounded up the Hopkins Hall steps and presented himself in time for the meeting.

For his punctuality, he earned a parking ticket.

The Chapel lot is reserved primarily for residents of Morgan, Fayerweather, and East College, so clearly he broke College regulations. Admittedly, there were only three other cars in the lot at the time; which stands to reason, since Morgan, Fayerweather, and East are freshman dormitories, and first-semester freshmen aren't allowed to operate cars. But rules are made to be obeyed, and the senior's appeal got him nowhere.

The logic was equally impressive in the case of a high-ranking radio station member who was ticketed two weeks ago for parking behind Baxter Hall late at night. He too protested his fine and, as he tells it, the conversation proceeded as follows:

—What did I do wrong? The lot was completely empty.

—If we make an exception for you, then we've got to make exceptions for everyone.

—But how many people want to park their cars in the Baxter delivery lot at 1:00 am?

—Who knows? They're not allowed to, so they don't.

—But what would be wrong if they did? No one makes deliveries at that time of night.

—Yes, but if we let people park there at night, they might just decide to stay until morning and then deliveries would be impossible.

The Williams College Bulletin states: "The College does not encourage possession of a motor vehicle or consider it a necessity in any way." But even Chief Walter O'Brien of Security acknowledges that "students need 'em (cars) to get to Williamstown. It's the devil's own place to get to." And any student who has been here more than a week knows that it's the devil's own place to get out of too. But, continues O'Brien, "We discourage the use of cars on campus in the daytime."

Such discouragement is embodied in a series of inflexible rules, which are patently ridiculous when applied in Williams' rural locale. The College has established three categories of parking zones:

1. The Student Union lot, the Chapel lot, and College Place (west of Stetson) where students may park from 6:00 pm. until 2:00 am on weekdays, and 12:00 pm. until 2:00 am on weekends.

2. Mass lots, such as Brooks, Mears, and Greylock, in which only students assigned permanently to these lots may park.

3. Areas restricted for faculty, administration, and visitor parking.

The restrictions, which are formulated by the Dean's office, seem to be predicated on the philosophy expounded by O'Brien: "The campus is small enough for students to be able to walk to classes. On campus it's unnecessary for kids to drive." Furthermore, says O'Brien, "We definitely differentiate between daytime and nighttime parking. Parking in certain

places during the day must be prohibited to allow for visitors." In addition, some faculty members have complained about a lack of parking spaces in the science quadrangle during class hours.

The right of faculty to park near their classroom buildings during the day is never called into question by students who complain of unreasonable parking regulations. What they find difficult to fathom is the refusal of the administration to open empty spaces in the various parking lots to student use during the weekdays.

An ADVOCATE survey has found an abundance of on-campus parking vacancies. On a recent Monday the only parking areas full during class hours were College place (in front of Stetson Library), the drive east of Lawrence Hall, and the Student Union lot. Other lots, including Mears, Brooks, Lehman, Fitch-Prospect Lounge, and Chapel were to

varying degrees empty. Among the total of 185 spaces in the nine lots, there were approximately 100 cars.

Why aren't certain spaces designated for student use on a first-come first-served basis? O'Brien replies that students who deemed themselves late for class and who could not find parking space would probably park illegally. But students park illegally under the present system. Allocating undergraduates as many spaces as possible would, if anything, reduce the number of violators.

One also wonders why students are prohibited from parking in restricted lots such as West College, the Lawrence Hall driveway, and Jesup after 4:30 pm, the end of the academic day — and at Baxter, Chapel and College Place after 2:00 am.

O'Brien's rationale for the all-day restriction is that the lots in question are used by faculty and other personnel even during "non-business" hours. The

Please turn to page 5



by Andreu Axelrod and Jean Tibbetts

Sam Bronfman's father kidded him when he got into Williams. "Sam," he said, "I was the class of '50, you're the class of '75, and I want your son to be the class of 2000."

Perhaps Bronfman's father was indeed only kidding, but pinned to Ben Duke's Fayerweather bulletin board is the Williams baby sweater his grandmother knitted for him. And Tom Williams has since filled in with a "72" the 1977 Williams t-shirt he received when he was born.

Thirteen percent of this year's freshman class are alumni children, and from the looks of things, there's more to it than an asterisk before their names. In many Williams families, ties to the alma mater are strong, and consequently there's a certain amount of pressure to perpetuate family tradition.

"My father said he would pay for everything if I went here," shrugs freshman Andrew Peterson. Sentiments were similar in Trip Spencer's family. After a conversation between father and prep-school, Trip was sent, he says, "to the college of my guidance counselor's choice."

To be sure, not all alumni fathers aimed their progeny toward Williamstown. "My grandfather was forced to come here by his father who had to come here and he didn't like it," says freshman Jack Griswold. "He transferred to Yale. The same thing happened to my dad. He didn't like being forced, so he didn't force me."

In fact, two alumni sons in the freshman class applied to and were accepted at Amherst last year. Sophomore Charlie Willmott considers a moment: had he attempted such an apostasy, he decides, he would surely have been disowned by his father, two uncles, his older brother, and the two cousins who preceded him.

Many alumni children resent first-generation classmates who pooh-pooh their qualifications, chalking their admission up to a fat-cat father who gives

buildings regularly, signs blank checks, and has willed Williams the major part of his vast fortune "on condition..."

Obviously not all alumni are bulwarks of the Alumni Fund, which underwrites about 10 per cent of the annual college budget. But most alumni progeny agree that it doesn't hurt your application to mention your father went to Williams.

"Why the hell shouldn't I be here like any other kid even if my father did go here?" harrumphs a freshman. She prefers to remain anonymous admitting, with some anxiety, that just possibly she might not be here had it not been for her father. On the other hand, an athletic freshman alumni son smiles when he tells you he graduated 42 in a class of 65.

Director of Admissions Frederick C. Copeland says his staff will probably take the alumni son or daughter if it comes to a stand-off. After considering applications, "We give those from alumni children a hard second look," says Copeland. "We are well aware of our public relations position. The support of the College depends in part upon the Alumni Fund, but...it's not to either our advantage or the student's to come here if he isn't going to succeed. The admissions

office could never admit unqualified alumni people because the faculty would be against it."

What do alumni fathers think about changes that have occurred since their graduation? Coeducation seems to elicit an evenly divided response. "Dad always liked girls," offers a senior. "When he saw my double bed," says senior Jack Curtin, "my father said 'I wish I could go to school in '72 instead of '36.'"

Some fathers who had been disgruntled were won over by the thought that their daughters could now attend. "It was his school, a man's school, and he felt that it shouldn't have gone coed; but once I got in, he was really proud and pleased," said freshman Betsy Maier.

According to their offspring, many alumni regret the lack of required courses. Education in the '30's was based on a more regimented five-course load.

Politics also come into question. Senior Doug Stiles says his father, a crew-cut ex-Marine who graduated in 1940, is deeply concerned with the changed political atmosphere of his alma mater. Stiles' father was shocked when Humphrey beat Nixon in a 1968 student poll. "He thought Williams was a good Republican-Conservative school for lawyers and businessmen," said Stiles. Junior Mike Prigoff says his father regrets the move toward a bigger, more centralized, uniform housing, preferring a smaller, row-house oriented Williams.

Some of the anecdotes fathers have unearthed boldly betray their age. Freshman Ben Strout recounts the story of young men gambolling naked in the Williamstown frost in order to catch cold and miss exams. Fathers kicked pay phones to make them work gratis, the phoney credit card as yet undiscovered.

During prohibition one freshman's father ran up an incredible electric bill by rechanneling his dorm's current to warm kegs of slowly fermenting grape juice. And freshman James MacDonald's father has passed down a record set in 1944: 37 mugs of beer downed in 15 minutes.

Please turn to page 6

Alumni progeny: carrying on the family tradition?

more housing

manner "isn't being honest with itself or its students." Dennett House members now express "modest" to "very active" interest in joining fraternities, as compared to the "I couldn't care less" attitude prevalent last spring.

Certainly the most revealing insight into how the College views the residential houses can be found in Garfield's case. Finding itself hard-pressed financially last Spring, the College decided to close down one of the row house dining halls. Dean Peter Frost has argued for years that the many scattered row house dining halls are wasteful and that they should be consolidated into one Greylock-type cafeteria. And so in April, the decision was made to abolish the Garfield kitchen and shift Garfield's members into Wood House. Amid protests that the move would kill the house, the College refused to back down, and this fall, Garfield members are trotting over to Wood House twice a day for meals. The new Garfield dining room is inadequate: everyone eats elbow-to-elbow at supper - when the room is full, the normal dinner noise makes conversation nearly impossible. The new sophomores never visit the Garfield building itself, and, due to the dining conditions, many seldom attend meals at Wood House. It is safe to say that Garfield has entered a period of disunity.

The College persists in saying that it is encouraging the vitality of the residential house system when in fact it is doing exactly the opposite. Through financially-inspired moves as in the Garfield case and through attempts to construct indestructible dormitories (Mission Park), Williams betrays a crude insensitivity to the fragile nature of the residential system. Never inherently strong, due to the capricious inclusion system the houses can tolerate little interference before they collapse.

Which brings us to fraternities. Historically, students have found social groupings necessary. Even before fraternities appeared in the nineteenth century, literary societies - in nature, social as well as academic - flourished on

American college campuses. By the post-Civil War era, fraternities had grown up, as the literary societies declined. And despite their abolition at Williams a decade ago, fraternities continue to exist today and appear to be building.

The College keeps asking itself: Why do they survive? Why don't they die? And, more important: Why are they gaining in strength? The answer seems simple. Students will band together in social groupings. So long as the residential house system fails to give to students what they want, and indeed need, they will turn to other social activities and organizations. Extra-curricular pursuits are one outlet; fraternities are another. As the College continues to destroy the unity and cohesion of the residential houses on campus, fraternities will grow steadily stronger. And, as in the case of parietal violations and drugs, there is little the College can do to stop it.

The position of the College, as expressed by Deans Grabois and Frost, is that fraternities were divisive ten years ago, and hence would be divisive again today. The analogy is poor. The world has changed greatly in ten years, especially the values and mores of the student generation. While old-time fraternities discriminated viciously, it is hard to believe that the student of 1971 would be less than liberal-minded. As an ex-fraternity officer said last week, "Our frat takes anyone who really wants to be a member."

In the opinion of this observer, so long as the College pursues its present course, fraternities will continue to prosper. Barring large infusions of financial support and a liberalization of the inclusion and house transfer systems, the solution would seem to be for the College to grant permits for fraternities to exist off-campus where they would be least divisive. At the same time, the College should enforce certain regulations, the primary one being that the national Greek-letter organizations would not be permitted to force any rules on the Williams chapters. In other words, allow the national fraternal organizations to pump some money into the Williams social atmosphere, but advise them at the same time that discriminatory practices, hazing and the like, will not be tolerated.

The idea is to channel the social waters washing this campus into canals which can be closely watched by the College administration. It would be far preferable to infuse the existing residential house system with new support, but, failing this, the College should ride along with the stream, and thus control it, rather than fight against it and fail.

more reflections

"Num-ber Seventeen."
"No way," a girl yawned.
"How much...time," Delaney gasped.
"Fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes to go."

"He's going to cry," someone said.
"No way," said the girl.
He broke number nineteen in halves. Then in quarters. He seemed amazed when it was finally gone, and he poked anxiously about the plate for any remaining crumbs.

"Five minutes."
"He does have a lot of guts. Someone should give him a pat on the back."
"No. On the stomach."
"Five seconds."

Bob Delaney stared at the plaque above the fireplace, which read "In Memoriam to Horace Nathaniel Panope Class of 1898. Died in Williamstown November 24, 1894 with the rays of morn on his white Shield of Expectation." He gulped some tea and egg number twenty as time was called.

"You lose," reminds his friend Dave Green.

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Movie review:

Two gimmicks are better

by Jim Grubb

Long ago, when movie people first felt that radio and television were cutting into their profits, they developed Three-D movies, which meant that audiences wore funny plastic glasses and Tom Mix's horse and Sergeant York's gun suddenly became Terrifyingly Real. This was a nice gimmick for a few years; then people decided that the glasses were a pain to wear, and who needed that much realism anyway? Instead the public turned to bowling, Roller Derby, and Elvis. In desperation the movie people turned to Panavision, Technicolor, and Blue Movies.

Then Hollywood discovered that sex was a better lure than cheap plastic glasses. Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield seduced Americans back to the old abandoned Bijou Theatres, and made Beverly Hills piles of money; meanwhile Swedish producers decided to be a little bit more daring (which is to say, a whole lot more commercially clever), and we got ultimate sex expressed in a series of full-feature knockouts such as *Inga* and *I, a Woman*.



The Swedish invasion conclusively proved that the American movie public may be pretty stupid, yet won't accept garbage without eventually getting bored, which (I suppose) is a triumph of sorts for American cultural outh. As critic Winston Thorax once noted, "Most books are pretty much alike - even the *Kama Sutra* ran out of fresh material."

So, with their infinite wisdom, the movie moguls decided that two obsolete gimmicks were better than one, and guess what they produced? Right. A dirty movie in Three-D, which means that whenever some girl flips her chest at the camera, the first three rows flinch for fear of being crushed by mammary masses. One of these epics is currently playing at the College Cinema, and it's called *The*

Stewardesses, and you ought to see it. Not because it's any good - there's not a shred of quality in it - but because the whole process is so incredible.

The first big deal is the ceremonial handing out of the glasses, hygienically wrapped to prevent the spread of optic social diseases. The specs are hard to handle if you already wear glasses: they're not offered as clip-ons or in popular prescription sizes, moreover, the glasses are silver wrap-arounds, which makes everyone look like a greaser.

Then there is the picture, which appears as a double-image when seen sans magic glasses. Of course, viewing the show without the glasses has one advantage; at the first appearance of fluff, one wag advised the crowd, "Take your glasses off - you'll see four tits!" He was right, except that without glasses your eyes go blind halfway through the movie, so the total amount of porn ingested remains the same. Anyway, by the time you've stopped fiddling your magic glasses, the first big scene has come (come: get it? Little humor there)-as I say, the first big scene, where a stew discovers that her Mom and Dad have gone on a journey, and happily exclaims, "Maybe I'll take a trip, too-I'll take some acid!" So she downs her sugar cube with a nice big glass of LoFat milk, then writhes on her bed and makes love to a lamp made out of a Greek statue. You didn't know that Greek statue-lamps could be phallic? Well, they can; They sure can, junior Freud-watchers. Also: pool cues, bedposts, 18-inch cocktail glasses with twenty-seven ice cubes, and - in a spectacular piece of erotic symbolism - expandable coat-racks. In fact, in *The Stewardesses*, everything is phallic except the phallus. The men make love with their clothes on, even the Vietnam-bound captain, who gets politely raped, and who manages to make love in his BVD's, a gymnastic feat that probably reveals the nature of his war wound. Actually the men are all as pathetic as the girls: most of whom copulate like milking machines.

The ending of the movie changed everything, as *The Stewardesses* came through with a memorable ten minutes of hard-hitting, gut philosophy, liberally spiced with Mickey Spillane metaphysics. The little tramp stew turns Florence Nightingale, curing her date's homosexuality with faith, hope, innocence, and a quickie. The guy emerges as a Total Person, gripping us all with his torments of latent heterosexuality struggling to emerge. She in turn fulfills Destiny by braining him with another Greek statue and jumping out a window. (Suicide on Three-D should not be missed.) It is that kind of a movie: Terrible, but with the audience and those neat-o glasses, it is total theatre at it's finest.

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editorial note: rejoinder

All we wanted was a reply – just some response from the College to see whether the nutrition article had been worth it.

We felt obligated to print something. After all, so many students and faculty had come up to us to praise the piece and ask what the administration was doing about it, we were tired of answering we didn't know.

So, on Saturday we called Dean Frost and asked for a written reply.

"Sure," he said, "ever since Judy Allerhand raised the issue last year, Woodruff and I and some others have met every Monday to work on the problem. I want to introduce Pinello's suggestions at the next meeting and should have a definite answer then. They seem fairly sound to me, especially since the cost isn't too much on some of them."

Some days later we dropped by Hopkins Hall to pick up Frost's response.

"I've been thinking," he began as we sat down on the sofa near his desk, "that this really isn't my place to respond. Woodruff knows more about it than I. I'd just be paraphrasing everything he told me."

"Besides, students tend to misinterpret my letters. When Judy Allerhand wrote the Record last year, I saw an opportunity to say something I was concerned about. If students would sign guest chits conscientiously, we could afford to diversify and improve the food here. We lose so much in giving out free meals that the food-service budget is going in the red."

We sympathized with him, but wanted something substantive to print. "We'll go see Mr. Woodruff."

David Woodruff is Director of Food Services and doesn't return calls. At least, not promptly. Half an hour after his secretary had said he was on another line and would call us back, we rang the second time to find him free. Bad omen – had he recognized the name?

"What can I do for you?" a deep voice on the other end queried.

We explained our wants, about the written reply and all.

"Since the Allerhand business dragged on for weeks last year," he began, "I don't think it would do any good for me to write anything."

But that was a vague, rambling, camp affair, we argued; the ADVOCATE has presented very specific proposals based on research.

"Oh, I could find three or four nutritionists who disagree with Adelle Davis and would repudiate all you printed in that article," Woodruff replied. "It's just a matter of opinion."

Was the College going to implement any of the nine suggestions in the dining halls?

"Well, we're thinking about doing some things for the future."

We again called Frost to explain that Woodruff apparently thinks students shouldn't worry about things Big Brother is watching over and wondered whether he wanted to add anything more.

"I'll have something for you tomorrow afternoon," he assured us.

The next day Frost again invited us into the inner sanctum of Hopkins Hall.

"I've been instructed," he began, "that This Office doesn't think I should reply in a letter."

(We had heard that some walls have ears, but apparently his have a mind of their own.)

Why? we wondered.

"Because these dialogues in the media tend to degenerate into name-calling games. We prefer to announce such things to the College Council and let the media report on them."

When would that be done?

"Dean Grabo is going to talk tonight about the administration's policies on housing and fraternities."

And nutrition?

"Well, that really isn't his field. Why don't you get the comments of other faculty, like Terry Perlin, who are interested in the subject?"

But will the College implement any of those specific proposals?

"We can't designate a special dining hall for nutritionally minded students – that would go against the residential house system. We can buy some small quantities of, say, raw wheat germ or iodized salt on a trial basis to see the student response. But we just can't afford to buy special foods for a small group of people. If there were enough students who wanted these things, it wouldn't be any problem."

BELLRINGER

The bells themselves were barely audible as we climbed the long wooden staircase to the tower in the Thompson Memorial Chapel. At the top of the first flight, we heard a frighteningly loud smacking noise emanating from behind a closed door, and frankly, we had visions of accidentally wandering into the bell room and being pummelled to death by giant clappers. Instead we found a large-framed, perspiring student scurrying back and forth in front of a rack of ten four-foot-long levers, which connect, by leather thongs, to chains disappearing through the ceiling; with each note, the bars banged noisily against their stops.

"Hello," our host panted through his blond beard, continuing to beat down the levers with his palms, sliding back and forth along the oblong white floor, where years of bell-ringing had disintegrated any trace of varnish. A collection of old hymnals gathered dust on a nearby table, and we were scanning these when the student introduced himself as Pete Gundlach, a sophomore. We mumbled something about the incredible racket and Gundlach laughed. "Yeah," he agreed. "First few weeks I couldn't hear the bells at all. But you develop an ear for it pretty quick." He smiled. "Like to see the bells?"

Reaching the bell-tower is no easy feat. There are three treacherous flights of metal steps to surmount; and the bell-tower, once achieved, is startling to behold: a metal-roofed cubicle completely stuffed with several decades of pigeon droppings, and with a morass of chains and pulleys and various-sized bells, all lorded over by a massive wheel-mounted monster. The levers we had seen earlier are the only machine-aid at the disposal of the six-foot, one-half-inch, 225-pound Gundlach. "It's funny how I got into this," said Gundlach. "My old next-door neighbor, Dave Webster, goes to Williams too, and when he went off to Wellesley for a year, he gave the job to me." A final flight of stairs brought us to the roof, a climb which – on a clear fall day – was definitely worth the effort. As we admired the view, Gundlach explained his choice of music: "I play whatever I like. I just transpose guitar music into the right key – E-flat, like a lot of church music. Like today I played some stuff from Tommy, then the Beatles' 'Obla-Di,



"Obla-Da' and 'Happy Birthday' for my roommate." He informed us that another student, senior Carl Friedman, rang the bells in the evening. Who was the best? "You can't say," he shrugged. "We play different stuff."

Later we put the same question to Friedman, and received an equally non-committal answer. "That's impossible to say – you know, I can't hear it while I'm playing." Friedman is pre-med and dirty blonde, has a furry elf's face, stands five-eight, and weighs 160 pounds. He explained that he had requested the job in order to play more interesting selections than alma maters, fight songs, and other traditional campus fare. "The first one I did was 'Hey Jude,' because my roommate kept requesting it. Now I play anything I can think of that I like, and that can be played on the ten notes we've got: a one-octave major scale, with a flat seventh, and a ninth. 'Anything' means from Post Cereals jingles to the Mickey Mouse Club theme." According to Friedman, no one has ever complained about the selections.

MEETING

John Fisher of Williamstown was already a familiar name to us. We had played him many times at duplicate bridge, where he had a knack for winning, but we had always hoped to glimpse Fisher in a pose other than one involving a handful of cards; obviously, then, we were delighted when campus posters announced that Fisher intended to sound off on the Attica affair.

That particular Monday evening we had an hour test, so we arrived at the Griffin lecture about thirty-five minutes late. The night air was cool and breezy, but once inside, the Griffin classroom was not the sweltering hotbox we'd expected; in fact, there were only five people present. Noting our puzzled look, a student leaned over and whispered tragically, "You missed it. They sort of called it off."

Five students had come to hear John Fisher, and now they were too polite, or too embarrassed, to leave. Fisher, graying and middle-aged, and looking somewhat like a poster personification of an All-American hard-hat, was taking the meeting's failure in stride. At first he chatted about his career, which has something to do with marketing ladies' garments to retailers, but the conversation soon moved to Nazi Germany, where Fisher had grown up, and whether Vietnam or Attica were comparable to procedures in --

"Why don't we talk about the attendance situation?" interrupted a student.

"All right."

"All of us should have invited a few people."

"We should have had the meeting in one of the row houses."

Fisher was ironical. "It's not my habit to talk at colleges. It's like pulling hen's teeth."

A few more suggestions, then silence. Maybe next week.

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Durer in Williamstown: Renaissance amalgam



by
Sheila
Rinehart

photo by Chris Witting

The fifth centennial of the birth of Albrecht Durer, the greatest German artist, is eliciting a rich response from Williamstown, a response which reveals the surprising resources at the disposal of this small community. On Sunday, September 26, the Reverend Thomas Leamon devoted his sermon to "Durer: Colleague of God." He gave a spirited and wide-ranging view of Durer as artist and Protestant. The service was accompanied by prayers and music from Durer's lifetime; and the cover of the service program carried a reproduction of Durer's first signed engraving, the charming Holy Family with a Praying Mantis or Cricket (c.1495).

The Chapin Library of Rare Books has mounted a prodigious display of some epoch-making illustrated incunabula published at Nuremburg and Basle during the years of Durer's apprenticeship, *Wanderjahre*, and first period in Nuremburg (1491-c. 1500). Durer was directly or indirectly concerned in the printing of all these works: the 1491 *Schatzbehalter*, the 1493 *World Chronicle*, the fourth (and Latin) edition of Sebastian Brandt's *Narrenschiff* (*Stultifera Navis*, or *Ship of Fools*, 1497), and the edition of

Hroswitha de Ganderskiem's *Opera* (c.1501). Yet overshadowing these items is Durer's own *Apocalypse in Figuris*, designed and even possibly printed by him, and originally published in 1498. This was a completely revolutionary work, both in its stupendous illustrations of the almost unenviable visions of St. John's Revelations, and in its relating of text to illustration: huge, full-page, woodcut illustrations with relevant text on the reverse of the sheet. Durer's *Large Passion*, carried out between the crucial years 1498-1510, is exhibited on the South Wall of the Chapin Library exhibition room; the *Small Passion* (with a modern binding) is shown in the first case. Theoretical works, which date from the latter years of Durer's life, but which had actually occupied him since his second visit to Italy (1505-07), occupy the first part of the second large case; these works embody the results of Durer's ex-cogitations on *Measurement or Descriptive Geometry* (1525), on *Fortification* (1527; in later years,

Michelangelo pursued a similar theme), and on *Human Proportion*, the latter completed in 1528, the year of Durer's death. Also interspersed throughout the exhibition, which will continue until October 27, are some fine prints and modern facsimile editions of works and prints by, and connected with, Durer.

Another Durer exhibition has been mounted in Room 8 of the Clark Art Institute, under the aegis of Mr. John Brooks and Mr. David Cass '69, and in large part due to generous loans from local collectors and bibliophiles: Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, Professor Julius Held, the Williams College Museum of Art, and the Williams Faculty Club. The exhibition will remain open until December 5; it starts with a group of Durer's *Virgin and Child* compositions, from the *Holy Family with Praying Mantis or Cricket* (c.1495) to the sombre and monumental Michelangesque *Madonna with the Swaddled Infant* of 1520. The first item in the exhibition belonged to the famous 18th century French collector and connoisseur Pierre Mariette and is signed by him. The 1514 *St. Jerome in his Study*, one of Durer's self-styled *Meisterstucke*, is shown together with an engraved copy and an etched copy in reverse. It was Durer — rather than Hogarth, or anyone else, for that matter — who stimulated the consciousness of an artist's rights to his graphic work; that is, who created the climate of thought necessary for the passing of our modern copyright laws.

The Clark collection contains two well-known drawings by Durer. The large sheet of sketches from his triumphal Netherlands tour (1521) shows townscapes and animals; this drawing was exhibited in the comprehensive Durer exhibition held earlier this year in Washington at the National Gallery. The second renowned Clark drawing is an unusually large silver-point drawing of a young man's head; here, the glistening lips recall similar effects in Antonello da Messina's "Condottiere" in the Louvre.

Perhaps the most breathtaking of all Durer's engravings is the *Adam and Eve* of 1504; this is true not only because of the incredible refinement of its engraved technique, but also because we have considerable evidence of the struggles Durer underwent in trying to master the drawing of the nude. These trials spurred the investigations which laid the foundation for his later publication on *Human Proportion* (1528). Durer's stupendous *Adam* was completed in 1504, the same year Michelangelo finished his gigantic marble *David* for the Piazza della Signoria in Florence, and the relationship between the two works is intriguing. Despite the contrast between the stockiness of Michelangelo's figure and the slender refinement of Durer's, they would both seem to owe a great deal to the *Apollo Belvedere*, the antique statue which had been discovered in the latter part of the 15th century in Rome, and which immediately became a liberating influence for artists attempting to recreate a credible nude male figure, that is until the *Laocoon* came along in 1506

and provided an antique model of quite another character.

The Clark exhibition also shows two impressions of the marvelous *St. Eustace* engraving (c. 1501). It depicts, apart from the lovable quintet of canine creatures in the foreground, the holy huntsman's mount, and leads inexorably to Durer's study of the horse, as embodied in the 1505 engraving of the *Small Horse*, shown in three impressions at the Clark. During this artistic period, artists often found the correct depiction of a horse as insoluble a problem as that of the human figure, and Durer was keenly aware of Leonardo's research into the matter; in fact, an entire section of his later treatise on *Human Proportion* is occupied with this subject.

The exhibition closes with some prints from the hand of Durer's teacher, Michael Wolgemut, and by Durer's much admired predecessor in the art of engraving, Martin Schongauer of Colmar. Schongauer's engravings were admired by Michelangelo, who otherwise had little good to say for art north of the Alps. Durer intended to study with Schongauer when he set out on his post-apprentice wanderings in 1490, but by the time he arrived in Colmar (1491), Schongauer was already dead.

The last item in the Clark collection is a hand-coloured woodcut (1483). It enables us to realize what enormous strides Durer and his teacher Wolgemut took in just a few years. They were undoubtedly helped by Schongauer's brilliant use of the burin. Hand-colouring became unnecessary when harsh, bare outlines were filled with hatchings of ever-increasing sophistication. Wolgemut's and Durer's painting talents were also responsible for their revolutionary introduction of woodcutting, a simple relief technique that could be combined with print in the same press; woodcutting was not only cheaper than engraving, but the woodblock could produce more impressions than an engraved plate.

Yet, paradoxically, Durer has never captured the hearts of the art-gazing public, except in Germany, where he is considered an amalgam of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael. His portraits

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Oedipus potpourri

by Lois Bailey



Broken play

They drift together slowly with cat-like grace, their loose robes flowing, executing each movement with agonizing deliberation. Oedipus raises his hand to strike Laius when a boy's voice pipes up, "Wait. Take that again," and the action is severed. Cut short. Just like that. I rubbed my eyes and looked again.

A potpourri of authors, eras, styles and moods, John Von Szeliski's *Oedipus File* provided an unusual and provocative challenge to conventional productions of *Oedipus Rex*. Perhaps too highly-spiced a mixture, the recipe included a variety of ingredients. In rough figures: 55 to 60 per cent Sophocles, 25 per cent Von Szeliski himself, 15 per cent pure improvisation, and dash of Jean Cocteau.

"My aim was not to stage the original *Oedipus*," explained Von Szeliski, "but to relevel the core of the myth from its out-dated context and examine it from a fresh perspective. I wanted to invite a questioning of the myth itself -- even," he smiled, "if I didn't provide all the answers."

Von Szeliski aimed to set up a dialectic between the two principal tension-producing forces in *Oedipus*--

determinism and free will--which the original version, he felt, had left ambiguous. To accomplish this, he bisected the chorus. One half was cast as plague-stricken Thebans who come to enlist Oedipus's aid in destroying the plague. Consigned to the fatalistic vein of the play and trapped helplessly within the myth itself, the Thebans are limited by their own subjective viewpoint and can only press Oedipus relentlessly to self-revelation. The rest of the chorus consists of improvisational actors who are free to choose to play or not to play the ritual of the myth, and can thus assume critical detachment toward it by drifting, at will, in and out of the action and stopping the action where they please. Detachment, which Von Szeliski calls "the most successful aspect of the play," weaves a sense of timelessness around the myth.

"We also wanted to point out that being an audience member and a participant, as the improv actors demonstrated, are two completely different kinds of experiences," says Von Szeliski. Juxtaposition of comic and serious elements was designed to intensify the impact of this contrast. "We can laugh at the myth," says Von Szeliski, "but its participants are still hopelessly trapped inside it."

Von Szeliski describes his reaction to the performances as one of pleasant surprise. "Considering the experimental nature of the production and the relative lack of experience of most of the cast," he

commented, "I feel that the production was relatively successful. Certain aspects failed, especially on the technical side. The visions didn't work and detracted from some of the major aspects of the production." Apparently, the set was slapped together when the original failed two days before opening night. "Also," he says, "only portions of the script could be used, as I had to rework it to fit a two-hour production." Von Szeliski admits the improvisational scenes were weak, due to the dual responsibility of role-playing and commenting placed on the amateur actor. Saturday night's performance was the most successful, he says, because "the cast had acquired a feeling for the play and was playing the meaning of the whole." Also, some of the technical difficulties had been smoothed away.

"If I had it to do all over again," he mused, "I'd stick with the original script, but carry the improvisational aspect still farther, making it deeper and more probing. Six to eight months of rehearsal would be necessary."

In his review of *Oedipus File* published in the *Record* October 15, Will Buck wrote: "...the production emerges as a rather passionless pastiche which lacks the dignity and pulsing force of the Greek original and which offers only vague insights into the *Oedipus* myth and its significance."

Said Von Szeliski in response:

"You have to expect strong differences of opinion when it comes to theatre art. I can understand why some would prefer the original Sophocles. But mine is not a box-office philosophy. I never counted on producing a sell-out success. Still, I think it was a worthwhile experiment. Many people found it intriguing, and I've received favorable feedback from people whose opinions I respect a great deal." As to theatre criticism in general on campus, he had this to say: "I tend to find the reviewing of the past ten years fraught with personal bias and not widely enough

informed. I guess I'd have to give it a C minus."

Oedipus, alias Bruce MacDonald, used stronger language.

"Is a theatre review on the Williams campus anything but a masturbatory exercise in Critique Writing 101? I have not seen one review in the past five years that has been helpful to actors or directors. This review was only helpful in convincing students not to see the production before they saw it, and I found it grossly unfair to Mr. Von Szeliski and his months of hard work."

Instant replay

Crouched like animals, they lunge at each other in cold-blooded fury. Oedipus raises his hand to strike Laius, when a voice pipes up from the sidelines, "Wait. Take that again." The crowd groans. What was the penalty? Interference? No matter! The action resumes: Oedipus, playing left line-backer for the Delphi Dolts, angles in sharply from center field, and Laius, Number 7 for the Baltimore Oracles, goes down hard on the forty yard line. No-o-o! What's this? Laius appears to be seriously wounded! But coach Von Szeliski looks elated and flashes his team a reassuring smile from the stands.

Back in the shower room after Saturday's game, I caught Coach Von Szeliski giving one of his boys a rub-down. "That last play was our best" he beamed. His blue eyes twinkled from beneath his sausage-link gray locks. "The team seemed to really have it together this time and hang onto the ball," he emphasized. "There was quite a bit of fumbling and incomplete passing our previous two games--if you'll remember," he added with a smile.

"Yes," I agreed. "Today's game was by far the best. But why did the two teams keep taking time out? Especially the team dressed in white...the uh-h...the uh-h..." "Delphi Dolts" he suggested. "Yes, yes, of course" I said. "But, I mean, it seemed as if the Dolts were always taking time out for something. Couldn't they agree on a decent play? The spectators were clamoring for action out there!"

"Well, for one thing" he leaned forward and continued in a stage whisper-- "and this is strictly confidential..." --I nodded eagerly -- "...we kept losing the ball. It kept rolling out of sight under the stands." "You might say, he grinned, "that the object of most of our plays was somewhat elusive." He chuckled heartily, and one sausage curl rolled down over his forehead. "And of course we had to stop often to analyze our plays and plan our next move. Besides, one of our top-flight players, Oedipus, Number 13, was having trouble deciding whether to play offense or defense and we had to take time out

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A note on Merwin

by Jonathan Aaron

On Monday evening, Oct. 11, W. S. Merwin read his poems in Griffin Hall. Merwin is one of today's foremost poets and translators. Since 1952, he has published seven books of poetry, among them *The Moving Target* (1963), *The Lice* (1967), and *The Carrier of Ladders* (1970). For the last, Merwin was awarded this year's Pulitzer Prize for poetry. He has also published a book of prose fables, *The Miner's Pale Children* (1970) and nine books of translations. One of the many projects he is currently working on is an extensive collection and translation of Mayan songs.

The audience of nearly 300 reacted to him even before he started reading. Merwin is a remarkably good-looking man who is 44 but looks 10 years younger. His black curly hair emphasizes his angular features, but you are struck finally by the regularity and evenness of his face. He seems always about to smile, as if he knows something you don't. It's reliable to assume that he does, and that you should be prepared to be surprised by him.

He read in a warm, steady voice—first from a set of Mayan poems he is translating, then selections from his last three books of poetry as well as pieces from his book of prose fables. He read for over an hour, but few found this too long. Merwin knows what he is doing. His manner is relaxed but not informal, cordial yet a bit distant. He wins your trust immediately and thus renders you open and vulnerable to his poems. The "voice" which speaks in them comes as a shock. It is coldly and frighteningly precise—at times eerily sermonic—about the surrealistic incongruities it describes and occasionally accounts for. Merwin's speaker is a disembodied, transcendental explorer with the capacity to occupy any number of metaphysical vantage points at the same time. Hence, the uncannily consistent ability of his poems to be entirely strange and at the same time to give direction and meaning to experiences already familiar to you.

What was also striking was Merwin's apparent capacity to concentrate simultaneously on the poems he was

Mr. Aaron is Assistant Professor of English

reading and on his listeners. While he had planned the structure of his reading in advance, he chose the poems he read as he went along, selecting them according to what he intuited the changing tenor of his audience to be. The poems he read were immensely varied, but there was finally a definite sequence to them designed to sponsor a coherent encounter with a man and his imagination.

At a small party after the reading, Merwin, a vegetarian, had a late supper: avocado, watercress soup, yogurt, some white wine. Students surrounded him in the kitchen and traded questions with him until past one in the morning. Earlier, he had been firm about wanting to meet students. He talked with the same warm alertness which had been so evident during his reading and again was exceptionally quick to the differences in mood and personality among the people around him. When the party finally began to break up, several said they were going home to write poetry, and three women declared they had fallen in love.

The next morning Merwin met a dozen students in a Greylock classroom. Afterwards he had lunch at the British Maid. There he gave the impression of being as independent and as self-sufficient a man as you'll ever meet. You have the feeling he owes nothing to anyone, and that he likes it that way. What enables him to be so serenely open and accommodating and even inspiring to others is his knowledge that there is a part of himself which is entirely his own, quietly and steadily inviolate. When it was time to leave, he wanted to pay the check and argued when he was prevented. But he enjoyed the novelty of conceding. Lunch had taken a long time. He was late for Bennington, where he was to read that night, but he still delayed going outside in stopping to compliment the cook.

more play

to set him straight. He played a hard game, he did. A good lad, that Oedipus. A determined lad. Did you see how his teammates kept bucking him up between plays? A clap on the shoulder, the wet towel, a refreshing draught before the final onslaught...Ah, what team spirit!!" he proclaimed, slamming his fist down on the bench beside him. From somewhere behind us, a shower nozzle rattled. I stared at him, fascinated. "Have you ever considered going into theatre?" I queried. There was a slight pause.

"Well," he resumed matter-of-factly, "Oedipus, as I said, played a hard game. Never quite made it into the end zone, poor lad. Never does. Usually tackled by

Terisias or Creon of the Oracles, and if not by them, eventually by Apollo. But he puts up a good fight and gives those Oracles a run for their money. And that's what counts!" The fist came down again.

"Wait!" I interrupted. "How could I have seen Oedipus tackling Laius in the second quarter if he's on the offense?"

"Easy", he grinned. "He plays both. I remind you that he couldn't make up his mind which to play."

"You mean he has a choice? I thought you said you put him straight."

"Not really. We just like him to play offense, that's all. It does our hearts good to see him streaking toward the goal line, even though we all know he'll never make it. But he plays both. You see, we don't play normal football." He leaned forward tauntingly. "We - invent - our - own - rules," he whispered deliciously, breaking into an insane cackle.

"You really ought to go into theatre," I marveled. Von Szeliski cleared his throat cautiously and continued.

"Our players exchange positions frequently. It gives each player a new perspective on each position that's being played, and a new understanding of the game as a whole." He seemed pleased with this last statement and stopped to chew it over.

"But haven't you considered," I suggested, "that the spectators might still be playing by the old rules? I mean, really, it did seem somewhat strange to see Oedipus streak toward the end zone, turn around to receive a pass from Jocasta, while his own team readied to inter-interpret the play. And at other times, the Dolts would be nearing the Oracles' goal, when all of a sudden the whole team would pick up and move back to the 50 yard line for no apparent reason. Some of the plays didn't seem planned at all—almost, you know, off-the-cuff."

"They were," he chuckled, rubbing his hands at my dilemma. "The last thing I wanted was to have them all go through the motions of the game without appreciating the implications of each move. I thought spontaneity might force them and the spectators to consider some, you know, important questions, such as: 'Just what does it mean to play quarterback for the Delphi Dolts and always lose?' or 'What have the Oracles got planned that we don't know about?' and so forth." He tossed off a few more examples with a flip of the hand.

"But what about the audience?", I insisted.

"Well, what do they expect?" he snapped. "Touchdowns every five minutes?"

"No," I answered quietly. "Just to understand the process of the game."

"Oh, well if they want the new rules, just tell them to come and see me" he said with finality.

Just to change the subject, I asked about that tiny kid who got loose and wandered onto the field during the first quarter. Didn't he pose a problem for the players?

"Yes, he most certainly did," nodded the coach. "Didn't you see them lift him bodily off the field? As a matter of fact, nobody seemed to know what he was

doing there. And nobody could get rid of the little squirt—he even stayed on the field when all the players but Creon had left. He seemed to identify with Oedipus. Maybe he wants to pass the old pigskin when he grows up, too."

"And always lose," I added.

"Yes" he whispered fiercely, a strange light emanating from his eyes. "...and ...always...lose..." His voice trailed off and he seemed to lose himself in some kind of profound reverie.

"Tell me, coach," I piped up. "What do you think of the review of the game in the Sports Section last Friday?"

"Well, after all" he admitted, "it's only a game and you're going to lose sometime. I mean, let's not cry over spilled milk. And besides, not everybody has to like football the way we play it."

more parking

Lawrence lot is always filled due to events in Lawrence Hall itself, and Security has received numerous complaints from faculty about the lack of available space next to Jesup during the evenings. Even if space could be allotted to students at night and on weekends, O'Brien contends that "...if you grant students a privilege during certain hours, they have a tendency to take advantage of it all the time."

And, says O'Brien, "if we permit them to park (at Baxter, Chapel and College Place) after 2:00, they'll be there in the morning when we need the spaces for faculty and staff."

One wonders how often O'Brien has checked these lots: on a typical weekday evening there are maybe a half-dozen cars in the "overcrowded" Jesup lot, and in the West College lot even fewer. In addition, the claim that students will leave cars overnight in the restricted spaces is nothing but an educated guess, as the occasion for them to do so has never arisen. Even if they did, an early morning ticketing patrol would quickly alleviate the problem.

Of course the Williams campus is small, and many students find their cars unnecessary for on-campus commutation. But where lies the value in denying available spaces to students who, for whatever reason, prefer to drive?

O'Brien insists that parking can present an acute problem on campus and that without present regulations, "we'd have a lot of confusion." Apparently he fails to realize that arbitrary restrictions breed confusion as well.



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by Andrea Axelrod

Creating a myth in their own rites, the San Francisco Dancers' Workshop under Ann Halprin spent a week in residence at Williams. Their \$8,000 fee was paid by the National Endowment of the Arts, the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities, the Williams Lecture Committee, and the Margaret Bundy Scott Fund.

Many who encountered the group in performance, in workshop, or in passing called their art life form "the most exciting thing I've ever seen"; but more tagged it "bullshit."

To expose reality and stimulate awareness of self and community, Mrs. Halprin's dance company has freed itself of all physical and social taboos. The irony of it is that they never quite come off as authentic at all; on stage and off they carry with them a nimbus of undistilled theatricality.

Satan and the Zookeeper ... Black cape, Tarzan leotard, purple and orange crocheted helmet, red patent high heeled boots, multi-colored starred boots ... Daisy Mae shorts and midriff on a former North Carolina football player. These are streetclothes.

Above all else members of the Workshop seek authenticity in life and art. Dance, life, and art are equal terms brought into balance by the "R.S.V.P. cycle," radical dancer rhetoric created by Mrs. Halprin's husband Lawrence to meet the "conflicts, confusions and chaos" of the commune the group founded in the summer of 1969. The cycle defines the four holy aspects of the dancer's entire lifestyle, "a collective approach to creativity":

- R Resources, the base of all art
- S Scoring, the process of art
- V Valuation - the moment of Gestalt awareness of art
- P Performance - life as art

During its one-week residency at Williams the dance group was to have induced the college community to RSVP. It succeeded instead in shocking it.

Joy Dewey, the College's dance instructor, asked sophomore Jeff Johnson to be student host to the group, and to find ways to involve them with the students. "When I told them it was Parent's Weekend," says Johnson, "a few of them suggested they dress-up and really shock some of the parents. They are here to reveal reality to Williamstown."

Apparently they chose to stay aloof from what in Williams poses as reality.

Please turn to page 6



The homosexual at Williams: coming out

The Williams Faculty Minutes for September 24, 1934, report newly installed President Tyler Dennett's concern with "the value of contact with the students and his desire to do preventive work to the end that queer boys, and maladjustments, which come to the attention of the Faculty, be reported at once to the Assistant Dean." (What happened to such persons after their discovery is anyone's guess.)

That brief, ambiguous entry is the only recorded incident concerning homosexuality at Williams. But lack of recognition has little to do with actual numbers. Statistics compel the existence of a gay population in any community. Kinsey reports that at least 4 percent of any population is exclusively homosexual throughout adult life while 46 percent "engages in both heterosexual and homosexual activities, or reacts to persons of both sexes, in the course of their adult lives." (Sexual Behavior in the Human Male, p. 656.)

The question is how has the College's gay population been able to develop an identity?

"Well, some write graffiti on bathroom walls," answers Roy (a pseudonym). "The men's room in the basement of Stetson Hall, for instance, has had a good one for some time: 'Gay, young, and goodlooking' I think it says, plus a name and telephone number. One of the stalls in a Bronfman lavatory is also a reliable place for choice tidbits of local gay news and propositions."

Roy is a senior at Williams, a conscientious, no-nonsense sort, who hopes to enter law school next year. He has a nervous habit of playing with his watch to occupy his hands if he's studying or in class or talking to someone. Asked about his sexual preference, he unhesitatingly replies that he finds men more erotically stimulating than women.

"I don't want to define myself too narrowly though," he quickly adds. "In saying I'm either hetero- or homosexual, I immediately exclude about half of all my potential for erotic pleasure. Andrew Crider in the Psychology Department would call that 'the fallacy of misplaced concreteness.'"

He grinned, looked at his watch, and went on.

"That means if I assume an exclusive orientation, I do injustice to an infinite variety of interpersonal relationships, both Platonic and sensual. In other words, why should I restrict myself before exploring the limits of my social-sexual surroundings?"

Has he been able to explore in Williamstown?

"Not in the least. The students here are really uptight to conform to heterosexual mores. If there's just the slightest hint

that things aren't on the straight and narrow, ostracism, at best, is the result. The lumber-jacket, macho reputation of the fraternity days still fits."

He hesitated, then qualified his response.

"I guess it's a product of the Williamstown environment. If we were in or near a metropolitan area, things would be a lot different. First, you can get some degree of anonymity in a city to help you come out."

Come out?

"That's a gay slang term. A homosexual can have clandestine sexual experiences without ever having to come to grips with being a member of an oppressed, socially unorthodox minority. That's because he's not readily visible to the community like, say, a black person is; the homosexual himself is the only person who can show his neighbors that he belongs to the gay minority. 'Coming out of the closet' refers to the person who consciously identifies himself with that group. It's like developing a black consciousness or a Jewish consciousness or what have you."

He turned his watch around and played with its band. Getting back to the problems of Williamstown, he went on.

"So, a city can provide the anonymity a 1500-student campus cannot. Second, a place like Boston or New York or even Albany has gay bars - wretched, deplorable places for the most part, to be sure, but at least you know everybody there is gay or possibly bisexual. Look, in the northern Berkshires the homosexual has no outlet for socializing with other gays. Hell, for that matter, he doesn't know who they are since there's no way to express that gayness - except the bathroom walls, that is."

He attempted a weak smile and snapped his watch back on his wrist. A sullen expression came over his face.

"It's funny," he continued, "about all the games there are which enable you to pretend you're straight. A guy leading on some poor girl at Bennington or Smith, say, just to be able to show the Bros 'his woman.'"

"I remember in my freshman year I invited a girl I knew from high school here

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The Greek letter Lambda: logo for the Gay Liberation movement.

by Jonathan Abbott

College students, both here and abroad, have been the most vocal segment of the population. Yet what positive results have they been able to accomplish in the United States? The sum is tragically small; students' views have often been the ten-year vanguard of American thought.

The reason is clear. Students have been unable or unwilling to employ the three traditional tools popular among groups such as unions or trade associations: actual or potential voting power, actual or potential economic clout, and infiltration of the political system with their own members.

Furthermore, the student's life is punctuated by vacations, mid-terms and finals, summer recess and week-end escapism. It's no mere coincidence that all the successful peace rallies have been held either in October and November, or in April and May. This leaves eight months of lethargy.

But with the help of Ralph Nader and the 18-year-old vote, students are finding themselves in a position to effect change through the established channels.

This semester, a group of students from all 20 Western Massachusetts colleges met at Hampshire College to form a Nader-style corporation. Called

the Western Massachusetts Public Interest Research Group (WMPiRG), it's designed to meet problems of the "environment" -- defining it in "the largest sense of the physical, social and psychological environments of men."

Student Run

Though student-run and -directed, the corporation will not be subject to student time cycles, but rather will operate throughout the year. WMPiRG will be non-profit and non-partisan, but not tax-exempt since it will wish to lobby and to propose new legislation.

According to Don Ross, an aide to Nader, students are trying to form such corporations in 16 states. Two were started last year in Oregon and Minnesota. The groups focus their attention on consumer protection, resource planning, occupational safety, sexual and racial discrimination, protection of natural resources, health care and landlord-tenant relations. Ross says they've been successful in many of their projects, including a \$25,000 water pollution suit.

A key feature of WMPiRG will be the hiring of professionals -- lawyers, engineers, doctors, research scientists, planners -- to give technical help and to provide continuous input when midterms or vacations come around.

To pay for its activities, the corporation

will suggest that each campus institute a voluntary \$4 student tax. Each college would make out a check to WMPiRG for the total amount. (WMPiRG would return a small fee for bookkeeping costs.) During the third week of classes each term, WMPiRG would offer refunds to any student who does not wish to support WMPiRG. Consequently, no college nor particular student need feel he is "sanctioning" the actions of WMPiRG.

Need For Involvement

Two features of WMPiRG will be especially interesting to the average Williams student. Most of us feel the need to be involved in the outside community in some way. Those in Minnesota and Oregon have found that many of their best projects met with success and, sub-

sequently, with substantial community appreciation.

And students working on a paper or private project will be entitled to look through the resource catalogue of WMPiRG to see if anyone at any other college has done work in the same field.

Perhaps Ralph Nader sums the idea up best:

The potential for student-funded public interest research groups is enormous. The eight million students in over 2,000 colleges and universities in the United States could conceivably finance 160 PIRGs, operating at budgets of \$200,000 per year. If even a third of all students participated, a whole new dimension would be added to the political life of the United States. Groups could be formed in every state.... No longer would decisions affecting the public interest be made in isolation. Student-funded lawyers, lobbyists and scientists would be on the scene representing the now unrepresented citizen viewpoint. If a staff of 15 can dent the federal bureaucracy, a similar staff in each state (working for students) could change the direction of the nation.

Joe Budge, Clive Hulick, Chris Henry, Michele Frome and I have all been to one or more of the organizational meetings and are more than willing to discuss the proposal with anyone.

What's WMPiRG?

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editorial: the open community

You hear a lot of talk about "openness," especially on a college campus. People are supposed to verbalize all their problems, all the tensions between them and the people around them. Problems once brought to the surface can then be discussed, reasonably, by the people involved, and presumably will be resolved for good instead of being left to smolder in everyone's unspoken thoughts. It's an admirable idea, and to most appearances we are following through on it. Look at the popularity of sensitivity groups and similar forms of self-revelation.

In a larger sense, though, we delude ourselves about our real "openness." What sorts of things do we confess, usually? That we are male chauvinist. Racist. That we don't trust one another. That we have doubts about the validity of our life-style as students. These may all be true, and some of them may be worth admitting, but this is hardly openness in the sense of verbalizing deeply private distress. We as students are quite well versed in the standard sociological and psychological jargon of self-criticism; we can race through an encounter session furiously admitting all sorts of things to each other, without once risking anything of ourselves in what we admit. The trick is to abstract away from oneself, admit only those things that everyone else should admit as well.

This is the kind of talk that too often passes for "openness" around here. True openness involves a difficult, painful admission of feelings that we know are unpopular and are going to cause others to take special note of us. And this kind of self-revelation is extremely rare, even at a place as freewheeling as Williams.

Some words might be said about "taboos" or about the moral bankruptcy of those who refuse to practice what they preach. This would amount to little more than renaming the paradox, however, and would do nothing to explain why a group of people like us at Williams should be so enthusiastic about honesty yet so reticent about practicing it.

It might be more useful to consider some ways in which the peculiarities of our situation here inhibit openness. Two significant factors operate in this sense, the fact that we are all highly intelligent, and the fact that we all pretty much know each other.

All friendships are based on a limited interaction between two individuals: there are always personal matters into which one's friends do not pry, and personal matters of theirs which are likewise inviolate. A person's position in a society is determined by a network of interpersonal relationships each of which is in some kind of stable equilibrium with regard to what is shared and what is not. To the extent that few or none of these equilibria are threatened by his actions, an individual is free to say and do what he wants, including acting "openly" on this or that issue. And this in turn is a matter of staying sufficiently abstract.

Consider what happens when one makes a truly personal statement, though, when one risks something that is absolutely his own. It usually turns out that one becomes quite lonely. One's friends are surprised, and whatever their specific response to the content of the statement, be it anger or sympathy or fear or whatever, their attitude and consequently their behavior toward one change. The individual himself is no different from what he was before he acted "openly," but now all of his close interpersonal relationships are changed, are contaminated by the fact of his having expressed something different from what was expected of him. In terms of his distant acquaintances, his fate is perhaps even worse. These people did not know him well, perhaps only through a couple of stray encounters, and probably did not have much of an opinion one way or another about him. But now that he has risked a truly personal statement, they type him, they classify him according to it.

He has risked himself, and as a result he is alienated from his friends and caricatured by everyone else who knows who he is. The two special factors cited above about Williams apply at this point. Because he and his friends are all intelligent, they are unable and unwilling to pretend that no distancing has taken place. The dislocation of friendships cannot be ignored out of mutual distaste for it, since no one involved can delude himself easily that nothing has happened. The fact that everyone at Williams knows or knows of almost everyone else implies that our honest individual, having induced his distorted reputation in the others, cannot escape the consequences through anonymity. He must daily face many people he knows are thinking "That's the fellow who...."

True honesty, true "openness" thus has a considerable psychological cost for any individual, and this is made still more acute at Williams or any comparable small body of intelligent, introspective people. The presence or absence of true openness at Williams, then, is a matter of weighing the possible benefits of any candid declaration against the quite easily imaginable disadvantages. Is it then any wonder that the prevalent attitude seems to be that "It isn't worth the trouble to try to be honest. It just makes things worse instead of better." (Here is much of what is often called "characteristic Williams apathy" about many issues.)

Yet the ideal of the Open Community need not sink under the psychological load as long as some individuals remain who find it worthwhile, and thus possible, to make statements of private conviction that can lead us all to a more honest relatedness.

D.K.

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EXAM

Art 101, we had been told, occupies the time of nearly one-seventh of the student body, thus earning itself the title of Largest Course in the School. Too lazy to check with the Registrar, we waited over to Lawrence one morning and attended the infamous fall-term hour exam. Masses of people pressed against the door, blocking the exit for Art 201 students whose bemused smiles only aggravated the masses' suppressed fear. Once they were inside, the eager batches of fledgling connoisseurs and dilettantes hurried to desks at the front of the lecture hall, shed their coats, and quickly sat down, ready for action. Mostly freshmen, these early arrivers filled every conceivable information space on the front of their bluebooks, then waited tensely, poised their pencils and their minds. Professor Whitney Stoddard, who was to administer the exam, wasn't yet in sight. The upperclassmen began to drift in, and they were a more cheerful crowd, growling about how fed up with Chartres they all were, boasting how little they'd studied, chatting about some campus minutia. The seniors settled towards the back of the hall. The football team clustered in the corner nearest the door. We sat. We stifled nervous yawns and twitches. We waited.

Stoddard eventually breezed in, carrying his little box of slides, and grinning over his half-glasses at the large turnout. Then he commuted between the light-control mechanisms at the front of the room and the slide projectors at the back. Finally he paused beside the screen to explain the self-explanatory exam sheet and answer the inevitable inane questions. "And please spare the shovel," he added. (That is Stoddard's proverbial admonition: as veterans of the Art 101 factory, we would have felt cheated without it.) The lights went off and the Big One was on.

The first five slides were short examples of the "identify and justify" sort of problem. The first was an Italian Renaissance church, whose dates we completely forgot while vainly attempting to recall when Brunelleschi and

Borromini flourished, and what the differences between the two were. The second, Stoddard informed us, was "very easy" and turned out to be an ancient slide of a Roman triumphal arch. The students, too, thought it was no sweat. The third was either early Byzantine or undecorated Baroque; the class seemed more certain than we were. The fourth was the hardest: either Greek or Roman, probably the former but with some very incongruous elements. The fifth, a snap, was early Gothic. On a hundred faces, tension was giving way to determination. Battle joined.

We felt smug and secure for our part. Not only did we remember much of last year's course, but we could even, if prodded, recall the anecdotes which had accompanied the lectures, all the bits of comic relief which had brightened years of introductory art courses. Ah, nostalgia!

The identifications were only warm-ups for the heavies which followed, long analyses of monuments unknown to the class. The students began to write for prolonged stretches, only occasionally peering up to confront the work in question that glowered at them from the bright screen. A hundred Jack-in-the-boxes, bobbing and scribbling.

As the time pressure began to mount, the small murmurs of conversation were gradually extinguished; chattering students became machines which translated visual inputs into written words in an almost automatic process. Occasionally a student would break away from his furious storm of writing, luxuriously to wiggle cramped fingers and breathe deeply, and then return to his appointed task. Not until the lights came on after the exam did anyone show any emotion. Even without slides, many students continued to write, flipping through their bluebooks to find a half-answered question that needed touching up. Sporadically, individuals got up and stumbled slowly away. The departing students were silent, not overwhelmed or overjoyed, hardly reacting. It would take time, gentle time, to bring them out of the fifty-minute trance of the Big One. We left quietly. It did not seem quite right to smile.



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vogel's journal

fiction by Tom Rea

Tues. Sept. 14

I sleep more and more now. Three days ago they opened me up for an exploratory and found my bowels so full of cancer they didn't bother to take any of it out. Now they give me estimates. Different doctors only give different estimates. So far, they have ranged from two weeks to a year and a half.

So I sleep. For two reasons: first, there is no pain; and second, there are the dreams. The morphine helps. I haven't had much of it since the operation, but I know the doses will be steadily increasing along with the pain. I must confess I'm looking forward to it. Even better than its pain-killing properties are what it does for my dreams. The colors are richer, the action is more coherent and, more important, it is easier to hold onto the dream, and make it go more where I would like it to. This isn't conscious, really; mostly I've just been having better dreams, all the way around. Easier to get back into, too, after being woken up by a jackhammer or an alarm clock.

Last Saturday night, the night before my operation, I was watching a movie on the television. The previous few days had been horrible. Test, pokes, prods, shots, questions, and more tests. The worst was the barium enema, which had to be done not twice but three times over, because the nurse was incapable of any kind of improvisation. She had insisted on following to the letter the instructions on my card rather than my suggestion that she would need more barium than it said. I've had these things before. I was right, of course, nothing showed up on the first X-ray clearly enough, and since they didn't increase it enough, on the second one either. Three barium enemas for three barium X-rays. It was humiliating. Nothing like three barium

enemas plus people who won't listen to you, to strip a man of his dignity. So to keep from brooding about that nurse, and about my insides, I was watching this movie. I watch a lot of movies, and this was one of my favorites, Jimmy Stewart in *Harvey*. Jimmy Stewart plays Elwood P. Dowd, whose closest friend and constant companion is a six-foot white rabbit that only he can see.

The supreme moment in the movie is when he turns to the nurse in the sanitarium where he is at the time and says in that drawl of his, "Waal, y'know, I...I struggled with reality for thirty years, and I've finally managed to come out on top." That's not easy. But even in the five days since I saw the movie, I've found myself getting better at it. My problem is that I might have to do in thirty days what old Elwood P. did in thirty years.

Just last night, I found myself in a dream I've been through countless times since I visited Hoover Dam when I was thirteen. Twenty years that is, time for a lot of dreaming. Usually it goes like this: I am peering over the edge of the dam, and if you've ever been there and seen how high the thing is, you know how the sight can make the bottom of your stomach fall out. I drop something over the edge, a guidebook, perhaps, or a tourist pamphlet, and watch it float down and down. Then suddenly it is me, not any little piece of paper that is falling down the long face of the dam. It is a pleasant and gentle

feeling, but I am fully aware that sooner or later I am bound to hit bottom, so I always wake up. This time it was different. As I was falling I was able to say to myself, Why hit bottom, or maybe it was Why wake up? They had become synonymous. So I flew. Back up the face of the dam; it was a bright beige-yellow in the desert sun, and I could see every bump and pore in the face of the concrete. Then out East over the deep blue of Lake Mead, up to its head, and on east far above the glorious pinks and purples of the Grand Canyon. It was very simple; all I had to do was stretch out my arms and soar. Two big brown hawks flew along with me, escorting me, three feet out from each of my outstretched hands. I was just about to dive down to take a closer look at the chocolate brown of the Colorado, when I was jolted by a loud metallic crash. Our friend reality, that I had been doing so well against, had come back in the form of a nurse to take my blood pressure. She had lowered the bright chrome rail that keeps me, (they think), from falling out of bed.

The hospital routine bothered me at first; I was angered by always having whatever I was doing, reading, watching the TV, sleeping, drifting interrupted all the time. They always have to do something. Take your pulse, your blood pressure, urine tests (Now I'll just leave the room for a minute, and you see if you can't give us a nice big sample this time, professionally cheery smile) listen to your chest, your back, listen to your stomach gurgle, change the sheets, quite a trick while you're still in them, empty the bed pan (I've gotten quite good at using it now, in spite of the pain, it's not nearly the trouble it was at first). And each time there is a jarring clang when they lower the big chrome bar. I'll probably be like Pavlov's dog from now on: any metallic sound will jolt me, make me cringe and look around, wondering where the nurse is. Salivate, wondering where the steak is. But now, in spite of the annoyance, I have come to be glad of the interruptions. They help the dreaming. Like most people, I think, I do most of my dreaming during and just after falling asleep, and just before and during waking up. So I fall asleep and wake up much more often than most. Ergo, as my high school math teacher used to say, I dream a lot. Just as in anything else, practice makes you more proficient, and once a level of proficiency is reached, sustains that level. Never makes you perfect though, Don't know who ever got that idea.

My wife was in to see me this afternoon, she's spent two or three hours in here every day since the operation. It's nice to have some company, I guess. Even though we're both fully aware of it we never talk about the fact that I haven't got much time left. The fact that I'm dying, I

guess I should say. Dying. I should at least get used to the word, even if I can't get used to everything behind it. What I've been practicing is staying out in front of it. I was sleepy. My wife was talking about all the traffic on the road on the way to the hospital. She had gotten stuck behind a dump truck going up a hill. I was pulling out to pass the truck in a little car, must have been a Triumph or an MG or something, I've always wanted one of those. This big semi-trailer was coming over the top of the hill toward me, straight. The night nurse was driving it. I knew that if I didn't close my eyes myself, the truck would close them for me. But then I would never know what would have happened. I kept them open. There was a piercing screech, and a jarring clangcrash. The big chrome bar had come down again. The nurse wanted my blood pressure again.

Wed. Sept. 15

Reading over what I wrote last night, I got to wondering about what would have happened if the nurse hadn't woken me up. I've heard people say that if you die in your dream you die for real. But I also know people who've dreamed they're dead. Maybe it's a different thing, though. There is probably something in us that won't let us die in a dream. Can't face it.

My wife today said the kids had been asking for me, and she had said not to worry, Daddy would be home soon, and asked me did I think it was the right thing to say. Sure, I said, no reason to upset them any sooner than necessary. She choked a little. It was the first time we'd talked about it. I suppose that's a good thing, I guess. It was her that brought it up too, how about that. Married fifteen years, and she still can surprise me. She went on about Bernie getting put on detention again, the third time this month, and the What To Do About Aunt Liza Now That She's Getting So Old question, and I got comfortable again.

My insides feel all bound up and twisted together; I haven't used the bedpan for two days. It may be the morphine that does it. My wife said that when she was in here yesterday I was babbling something about a cork up my ass. I did remember

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the image, when I thought a little. It was a huge cork, as a matter of fact, but I don't remember saying anything about it. She said would I like anything to read, and I said sure, and she said anything in particular. No, anything you think I might like. Actually, it's getting to be all I can do to write this thing every day. Again tonight I'm writing it after they've brought me supper. A routine is a good idea. Food's a funny thing. You eat it up, and shit it out. Might as well cut expenses, avoid the middle man, and pour it down the drain. Save a lot of trouble. Especially since my shitting out systems haven't been working too well lately. Just can't seem to get rid of the stuff.

Oh, one more thing. Last night, just after an injection, this doctor was standing just outside my door, and I heard him say something about sinking fast. I was junior officer on the Titanic, and it was going down. People in evening clothes were shoving and elbowing to get to the lifeboats, which there weren't enough of. A matron with a low slung front in a pink dress was offering a diamond necklace for a place on one of the boats, and the woman next to her was saying but how do I know they're genuine. The anaesthesia girl did a beautiful swan dive off the rail, and I applauded. She's one of the few friendly people around here. One woman had been screaming so loud she was hoarse, so I offered her a Luden's Menthol Cough Drop and she whispered, why thank you sir, and smiled. The band, of course, was huddled in the very stern of the boat, playing "Nearer my God To Thee". The trombones were off key. I wonder if my wife keeps the house locked. We were going down bow first. I thought this is stupid, we don't have to sink. I shouted, hey, everybody, listen here a minute. They all stopped what they were doing and turned to look at me. Everybody gather at the rear deck, and I think we can get this thing righted. Muttering. Hey, not a bad idea at that. So we all did. The bow came right back up out of the water. I smiled at the hoarse woman. Elementary Physics I said, the Fulcrumless Lever. We cruised around, picking up as many of the people who had jumped as we could find, and all the lifeboat loads. Never did find the pretty little anaesthesia girl though. I was relieved to see her today. The water was very black, and the ship moved more smoothly through it than it had ever before. OK, Kelly, I said to the mate, you can ring the all-clear bell. Screech clank! Sorry sir but we need another sample.

Fri. Sept. 17

The orderly tells me it's Friday. Seems I've missed a day.

More tests today, a whole battery of them. Beginning to feel like a slab of meat at a butcher's shop. The pain has become a constant. Hard to remember what it was like without it. The only time it comes close to being unbearable is when I'm wide awake. One of the few times during the day I am wide awake is when I write this.

Wife was in again this afternoon. We talked, or rather she talked at great length about whether or not it was really time to get around to putting Aunt Liza in a nursing home. She even has one in mind. Guess it won't be long now.

Supper was bad tonight. Tasted like the inside of a galvanized bucket.

The big event of the day is two new dreams to report. First, a variation on an old one I used to have fairly often. A long narrow room, and I am moving forward down the length. Have to keep moving, can't stop. I hit the wall at the far end, which is padded, and bounce back to the other end. So it goes, bouncing faster from end to end. Something keeps speeding me up. It always used to be that people on both sides were grabbing, clutching at my clothes. They were ugly people I'd never seen before. Today it was all the doctors and nurses who've ever had anything to do with me here, except the anaesthesia girl. Their faces were melting, dripping off onto the floor. Then there was a window along the side of the room, and the anaesthesia girl was standing beside it. We stepped out of the window together. A long jump, and then we landed in a pool of clear blue, cool water. When I woke up they were giving me a sponge bath. Before I always woke up when I couldn't bounce any faster. Today I just decided the uglies along the side wouldn't get at me.

The second was a short one I have a lot lately. Running up a wide green pasture to the top of the hill and the long line of the sky. Uncomfortably close to the Clairol commercial. But it is very sharp. I can see the petals on each dandelion, and make a habitual but conscious effort not to step in the cow shit, both the new and steaming and the old and dried. I wasn't all the way asleep, and woke myself up jerking my legs.

And here comes the little lady with her lovely little needle.

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Spring St.

Sat. Sept. 18

The worst is drug therapy. Keemo therapy they call it, or something like that. Ruins my insides. It seems like I puke up at least two thirds of everything I eat. Heaving all the time only makes my insides hurt more. Today I was sure my stomach lining was coming up along with lunch. Christ, I'm starting to sound like an old lady bitching in her rocker on her front porch.

Dreams are starting to recur now. I had one about Hoover Dam again this afternoon, but there was hardly any of the old falling in it this time. I spent nearly the whole thing dipping, diving, soaring around over through the Grand Canyon. Even stopped on a ledge and chatted with two hawks, had a race with them and won.

A new one last night: I was walking across a highway, slipped and fell across the double yellow center line. The asphalt was black and hot. A long straight road, with nothing on it, but I could hear wheels coming with my ear to the pavement, the way Tonto used to be able to hear hooves of the bad guys' horses. Two big trailer trucks were coming at me, one from each direction. My body stuck to the pavement. Couldn't move. The day nurse was driving one, the night the other. They smiled wider the closer they got. When both were only about yards away, I gave a big push with my hands and feet, and rose straight up in the air. Trucks hit each other head on.

Sun.

Last night I was captain of the Titanic. On the bridge peering through the fog. Kelly I said to the helmsman, steer hard to port. There's an iceberg ahead. Fog is always thick as pea soup, but my Grandma used to make thick bean soup, and this fog was thicker than hers. I don't see anything sir. Just do as I say, Kelly. The berg loomed off the starboard bow. No trouble. We missed it. The anaesthesia girl was hanging on my elbow, and she smiled.

Mon., Maybe Tues.

More tests today. Wife in again this afternoon, wondering if we should sell the house. Didn't care really, but seems we did just finish paying for it. Hardly remember what it looks like. Whatever you think's best dear I said. She offered to read to me too, but I said no thanks. Make me feel like a goddam invalid.

Wed?

Over the Grand Canyon again today, with the two hawks again. A good long talk, about how the canyon has changed in the last 10 years, and what the two dams have done to the river. really screwed things up, wife today said she told the kids I was going on a long trip. sounds like a bad movie, it'll do, I guess.

talked to the two hawks, and they agreed to take me on as one of them. permanent.

the room
at the back

A LITTLE BIT OF
EVERYTHING

Spring Street

COLLEGE CINEMA

This Week:

THE SUMMER
OF '42

Rated R

Showtime

7 and 9 nightly

UP TO OUR
COME ON DOWN...
DOWN...

SKI PARKAS FROM
GERRY, TEMPCO, ROFFE
AND
DOWN SKI MITTS
FROM WEISS...
AT THE WARMEST
SKI SHOP IN TOWN
House of Walsh
Williamstown

more Roy

when Williams played her college in football. We went to the game, and I showed her the campus, and we made small talk, and I introduced her to all the guys in my entry."

He stopped and breathed a quick sigh.

"I was bored to death."

And since then?

"I resolved never again to be such a hypocrite. Let them think what they may."

Again he removed the watch and turned it end over end. His brown eyes fixed on some distant object.

"You know, I've really developed some close friendships here at Williams. Some intense Platonic relationships. And I've never wanted them to be any more or less than that for the most part. I guess I'm apprehensive to develop an acquaintance with anyone I find physically attractive. Fear is as great a motivating force for the

gay person as any other social stimulus."

Does he know any other gays on campus?

"Oh, I've heard plenty of rumors, and have plenty of suspicions, but I only know of one other for a fact -- someone I ran across at a gay function last summer in New York, just by coincidence. We have nothing else in common though."

But that's someone.

"Sure, of course. But does every straight guy find the first girl he meets to be the answer to all his specifications? Some congeniality and mutual attraction are better social motivations than just being desperate. Straight students have scores from which to pick and choose -- I should be happy with one?"

Any other problems for him at Williams?

"The loneliness. That really gets to you. People remark at the paradox of New York City: being among eight million people and not knowing a soul. Well, Williamstown is no better. In the midst of 1500 peers, I run the risk of complete ostracism, or even worse, of a clawing condescension, if I dare raise the subject of homosexuality. Williams men are all Men, you know."

"Little things, too, add up. At my Freshman Banquet, the Ephlats sang 'Alexis' to the incoming students. I sat at my table in Baxter Hall and was obliged to add to the uproarious laughter at the

song. I've heard it enough since then that some of the lyrics stick with me.

'Hearring cattle,
He rode side-saddle,
Down on the range in Texas!
He was a prairie fairy!
Well, yip ee ka yae,
He's the queen of the May,
Down on the range in Texas!'

Even before classes began, we initiates to Williams were forewarned of the consequences if we didn't live up to the school's manly tradition."

How had he been able to "come out" then if the College offers all these problems for the gay person?

"I was damn lucky. This summer I went to New York City ostensibly to find summer employment but primarily to investigate an organization I'd heard about -- the Gay Activists' Alliance. I really didn't know what to expect: maybe bomb-throwing arch-radicals or smelly, dishevelled anarchists -- definitely not my style."

The pensive look appeared again.

"Surprisingly enough, GAA turned out to be a middle-class, highly bureaucratic, political pressure group. The people I met there were an incredibly diverse lot: grade-school teachers, college instructors, Wall Street bankers, you name it. My response to them was cathartic: I learned that gays, too, are human and not

some subspecies of vermin, as society would have you believe. I buried my stereotyped preconceptions and my self-doubt and hopelessness."

What answers does he have for Williams?

"We desperately need something here for the gay students. Their experiences may not be as fortunate as mine were this past summer. I've heard the rumor that some years back one student committed suicide just because he couldn't deal with the pressures of being a homosexual in a heterosexually dominated society. That seems a ludicrously high price to pay for the luxury of intolerance."

"Williamstown needs an organization whereby gay students -- and even gay faculty and townspeople -- could come together to discuss mutual problems and socialize. The benefits of such a group would accrue both to its members in helping them come out and to the community at large in dispelling the damaging myths about homosexuals that permeate our society."

And how does he propose to achieve that goal?

"Anyone interested in forming a Gay Liberation chapter at Williams should call me at 458-8479."

I wish him luck.

Oh, by the way, I am Roy.

--Dan Pinello

Well over 50 Gay Liberation groups exist today in American cities and on university campuses. The first collegiate organization was Columbia's Student Homophile League, begun in the Fall of 1967. Since then, such groups have sprung up across the country.

An ADVOCATE reporter spoke to a founder of the University of Colorado chapter. His interview reflects trends apparent in the histories of many collegiate Gay Liberation organizations.

Some 20,000 University of Colorado (CU) students converged on Boulder at the end of August: rents soared while still more than 3,000 looked for lodging in that booming college town; likewise, traffic arteries seemed to inflate as innumerable Volkswagens and a few Mercedes with Eastern license plates clogged parking lots.

In his two-room, basement apartment on 12th Street, Byron Sullivan was oblivious that classes started that day although the previous week he had helped distribute Boulder Gay Liberation leaflets to registering students as they blundered from some administration building after their endless perennial wait to get a schedule.

"Just a minute while I finish this letter," he told me as he opened the door to his spacious living room. "I'll never get back to it unless I get it done now."

I didn't mind the delay -- the posters on his walls kept me occupied for a while. One showed a different coital position for each of the twelve astrological signs. Aquarius (my symbol) wasn't as imaginative as some of the others; but what can you expect from a water carrier? Taurus, fittingly so, stole the show.

On an adjacent wall hung Christ's image; "With love, J." was inscribed at the bottom.

The poster directly behind me last caught my eye: Popeye and Olive Oil in the regular coital position with an empty can of spinach lying nearby. Nothing, apparently, was sacred.

The phone rang. Byron arranged to meet someone at his office in Denver the following day.

"That was the Denver representative of the National Lawyers' Guild," he explained. "We helped organize their national convention here this summer, and they adopted some resolutions on homosexual rights."

He handed me a mimeographed sheet. The Guild is a dissident radical group of lawyers for whom the ABA holds little sympathy and tolerance.

"This attorney in Denver has agreed to meet with me to make arrangements for legal assistance if Boulder Gay Lib should need it in the future. We've worked a little with the ACLU before this new source of help came along."

Byron then settled back in his desk chair and began the story of the Boulder group's founding. "I got back from San Francisco last year and realized Colorado had nothing for gays except a few depressing bars in Denver, an hour's bus trip away. So I asked some people I knew if they'd be interested in starting a Gay Lib group on campus. We put an ad with

my phone number in The Colorado Daily, the campus newspaper.

A quick laugh interrupted his speech. "That is, we intended my number, but the guy who filed the ad got it wrong, and someone else got four or five calls before we could get to him to refer all callers to the right number. There wasn't much hassle, though, he was an understanding sort."

The phone rang again. Byron made arrangements to meet someone else in a few days.

"My number's become famous," he said as he put down the receiver. "You'd be amazed at some of the calls I've gotten since last November when we formed the group."

Harassment?

"Well, a little, but I mean the gays who've called up. One was about a 30-year-old guy who teaches at a high school in the state. Very uptight about meeting other gays and being found out. He called me at intervals for over a month and a half before I told him that I was tired of talking to a voice and that flesh and blood

"We've got a very loose organization here -- no constitution, by-laws, dues, or screening for membership. A steering committee, whose meetings anyone can attend, sets the agenda for the general meetings and picks different people to run them."

What about the group's size and activities?

"When the University's in session, we usually average around forty to fifty people at a meeting. The turnover is really large though, since so many students come and go at each semester."

"We divide our efforts into three categories: educational, legal, and social. The first has taken up the greatest amount of time. The ignorance of straights about gays and gay life is incredible. Boulder Gay Lib has a team that gives informal presentations to classes, usually in the psychology and sociology fields. We sent a form letter to all the professors and instructors on campus offering this service. The students have generally been open to honest discussion about homosexuality and its changing

show, too; but those are worthless, for the most part.

"Then there's the Rap-line I mentioned before. As soon as we get some sort of community center, that can be done more professionally."

Did that mean some University facilities?

"No, some place off-campus. Probably a rented house if we can get a reliable source of income. Association with the University tends to scare away some people, I think -- those not affiliated with the school who don't want to be overwhelmed by students and those students who don't want to be found out on campus."

"We tried a coffee house at the University on Friday nights with dancing, but were unsuccessful just because of that particular reason, I bet. We have to attract a broader spectrum of the gay community than just students, although presently they are our principle support."

What about other social functions?

"We've held four or five dances with a live band at a ranch between Boulder and Denver which has a large party facility. Four to five hundred people have come to them."

"The night before the one in February, there was a tremendous snow storm. Every few minutes that morning someone called to see if the dance was still on. I didn't want to take the responsibility of cancelling it and then have the weather clear up, so I told them to come anyway. Well, the mile-long private road leading to the ranch had cars piled up on each side that night, and as people started leaving at two or three in the morning they had to dig their cars out of the snow. I was told the last one got out at 7:00 am."

Where had they all come from?

"We put ads in all the school papers: CU, Denver University, Fort Collins (Colorado State University), and Greeley (University of Northern Colorado). Plus the Boulder city paper and one of the Denver papers. The ads simply said 'Gay Liberation Dance' and gave telephone numbers for information."

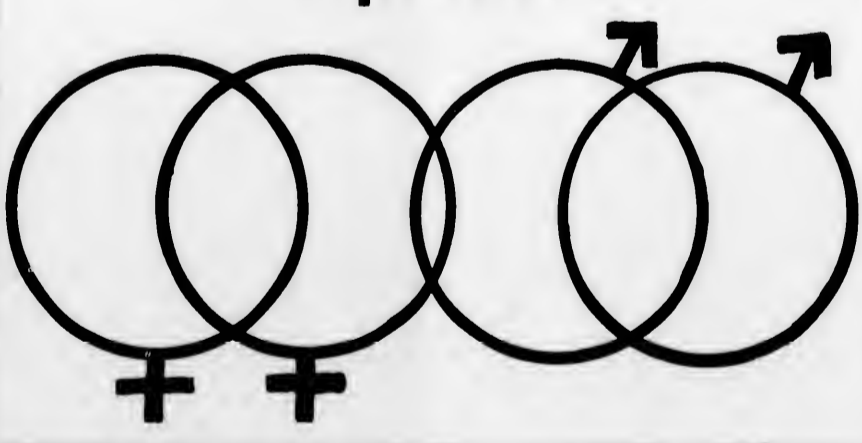
What about political activities?

"We haven't had any marches or specific political pressure demonstrations," he explained, "but we've been political in a social sense. For example, we put on a street theater production which opened with two gay kissing in public. Some witnesses then began running around yelling about this social atrocity and attracted the attention of some Pigs, who just happened to be wearing Gay Lib buttons. Then there was a scene in court where no one would defend the gays. In the end, the lovers beat up the Pigs and ran away."

Byron shifted his position in the chair again and stroked his black moustache.

"Probably the most important social politicizing we've done began when a few women in the group began dancing together at 'The Sink,' a local straight bar. The guys took some time to follow the women's example, but eventually they got up, too. A few of the straight customers were uptight about it at the beginning, but the management has never said anything to us. I guess we'll keep on doing it in larger numbers until we've completely liberated the place."

Gay Liberation: a profile



would convince me more of his existence. So we finally met and have become fairly good friends. We still talk on the phone regularly, but he's worried about his appearance and meeting other people -- the fear of being rejected, I guess.

"Another one called at two in the morning and said he had to get laid, could I recommend anyone. I tactfully tried to tell him that this (pointing to the phone) is merely a rap-line for counseling and talking -- not a stud service."

I noticed a greeting card propped up above his desk with the inscription "Valentine, Let's Have A Mad, Gay Love Affair." I asked to look at it.

"Sure," he grinned, "it's a Hallmark original. I guess they're starting to commercialize the Gay Movement, too."

Someone flushed a toilet above us. The pipes groaned as Byron went on about the Boulder group.

position in society. We've found that it's better to have the answers to students' questions come from the horse's mouth rather than from some ignorant straight writing them in a book. You don't know what they think when they leave the room though."

What about reaching the general populace?

He draped a leg over an arm of his chair. "We got a letter from the Sertoma Club of Boulder, which is like the Kiwanis, asking us to speak to them. That really freaked me out to have them write us. Anyway, we went to their morning and evening meetings, which had about fifteen to twenty people each. One guy brought along a whole list of statistics from the Kinsey Report. I guess, trying to prove some point -- what, I don't know."

"We've also been on a talk show on the local educational TV station. A radio

Enfranchising the purple people eaters

by Karen Simon and Andrea Axelrod

'This isn't a business, though'

by Robert Gross

At a meeting in Jesup Hall last month, Williams's prospective law students and business school students met to talk about their respective futures. The pre-lawyers outnumbered the executives-to-be by about 100 to six. When the latter identified themselves there was a good deal of laughing and sniggering: here were the white socks, the black tie shoes, the brewers of napalm for the war in Vietnam. One might get the impression, through enough exposure to these opinions, that Williams students are intellectual monastics, who shun material goods for higher pursuits. 100 Ralph Naders or poverty lawyers.

But a stop at the Trading Post in Baxter Hall argues otherwise. I was mildly surprised to see the variety of business ventures represented on the bulletin board a quarter's toss from the Snack Bar. They ranged from organized services like typing or sewing or auto repair, to one-shot retailings where someone was trying to unload last year's textbooks, or last year's skis, or last week's Partridge Family album. All in good or excellent condition. Natch.

I noticed the same name and phone number on four different advertisements. Someone told me the entrepreneur was trying to finance a new stereo. Or an abortion. He wouldn't know till Tuesday.

Someone once told me that Williams used to feed big businesses and the social register the way Grambling feeds pro football teams: small and inconspicuous behind the Big Three, Williams's presence was noticed only in the divine light of compiled lists and statistics. Those days seem incongruous now, though, with the changing face of Williams. Now it's ecology or Meaningful Lives; and of course business wrecks

havoc on both. In reality, Williams students have not forsaken business at all, but have just renamed it — now it's "service." Helping others, selflessly, with the lure of money only secondary. Natch.

The sign in Baxter caught my attention:

Highly Unusual, Totally Organic
Jewelry
From Europe

—Hand Made
—Very low prices
A Totally New Experience
—Anita Brewer (look me up in What's What)

I had visions of a front-tiny caps of organic mescaline concealed in hollow beads, perhaps, and linked by an innocent string? What audacity! Or maybe an ingenious method of wearing whole wheat fashionably around one's neck. I looked in What's What, and went to the appropriate place.

On the wall above the desk in Sage 3, a color travel poster issued by Czechoslovak Airlines infused a medieval church and castle and the blue sky of Prague into the ambivalent earthy browns and yellows of the bedroom. A row of pictorial travel books spanned the top of the corner bookcase. Their titles ranged from Castles in Europe, Prague, Prague in Photographs, to Pictures of Prague Today and Prague. There were also two books on Yugoslavia.

"What is organic jewelry?" I asked.

Anita laughed. "Well, I'll show you. It's kind of strange. You wouldn't believe how I got it. It came from Czechoslovakia through friends of mine who go back often and got it from an old lady. All hand made."

Anita handed me a choker made of apricot pits and seeds linked symmetrically on a string. Shaped like thick, minute pretzels, the apricots were a glossy, rich brown. The creative principle reminded me of the colored beads little girls pattern on strands of dental floss, except that the apricot pits had been carefully cut and textured, and the old lady made her own holes with a dentist's drill.

"What makes them organic?" I pressed.

"Well, they're organic because they're not made out of metal except for the

clasp. She uses things most people throw away. The only thing added is insecticide to kill termites. I thought of the name on the spur of the moment, kind of. I don't like to say it's jewelry because that connotes jewels and excess and stuff. But if you say it's made out of fruits and nuts people think it's junky."

Anita does not see herself as a capitalist. Anita has sad eyes and a long, pensive face which disappears sporadically behind droopy masses of brown hair. Her profit on the \$7.00 necklace (the most expensive item, which, she says would go for about \$20 in a store) is negligible, "except in terms of profit for the people who buy it." She feels she is aiding the government-oppressed Slovakian folk culture by helping her friends "provide and find an outlet much

Please turn to page 4



J. Elwood Lamphear's desk in the Municipal Building was cluttered with the paper-clipped business of Williamstown yesterday, though Lamphear himself was immaculate as a rnannequin. A fatherly figure in thin glasses, Lamphear is town clerk and Chairman of the Williamstown Board of Registrars.

Since September he has refused to allow Williams students to register in Williamstown unless they have been in continuous residence for six months. Which neatly disqualifies the vast bulk of students from voting in the March state and municipal elections.

Apparently, Lamphear refuses to accept as legitimate an opposing opinion handed down from Boston, which appeared in this newspaper September 23. According to Thomas Reilly, of the state Attorney General's office, the residency requirement does not specify a continuous six-month period. Lamphear says he is waiting for written notification from Attorney General Robert Quinn.

Lamphear was plainly uncomfortable. He took off his glasses and toyed with them.

"What was your reaction when you heard about the demonstration?"

"Demonstration? I wasn't aware that there's going to be a demonstration."

(Flyers had been stuffed into every mailbox on campus and circulated throughout the town. Someone had even thumbtacked one to a tree on the Municipal Building's front lawn. The Transcript had run a feature on the demonstration in the previous issue.)

Informed a demonstration would be held outside his window Thursday morning in support of immediate registration, Lamphear reiterated: "I can't say anything. I don't know anything about it."

"Well, do you think a demonstration could be at all effective in bringing about a reconsideration of the 'continuous residency' interpretation?"

Lamphear said something about being able to throw water off a bridge only after you had come to it.

This morning's demonstration was initiated by Joe Hartney, a soft-spoken Prospect House junior who insists that his group is not a political organization but

Please turn to page 4

"On the Garibaldi scale of ten, this is a minus-fifteen...at least," said Salvatore Guiseppe Tomasi Pasquale Basta with a derisive sneer. The object of his critical assessment was a half-eaten "Italian" sandwich, the widely-advertised specialty of the Purple Pub, which lay forlornly on Basta's paper plate.

Peering at identical delicacies through the miasma of cigarette smoke were three other connoisseurs of Italian cuisine, Robert Izzo, Anthony Robins, and Sally Raczka. They had assembled to sample the highly-touted sandwich and to offer their unrehearsed evaluations. Izzo, a bearded sophomore, had already made his qualifications for the assignment clear to the group. "Look, my father was born there. No one else here can make that statement. I've got the genes." Robins was the only member of the panel of

critics who could speak Italian, having spent all of last year in Italy. Sal Basta is notorious on campus not only for his uncanny knowledge of chemistry but also for his characteristic Italian wit. And Sally...well, Sally knows what she likes.

The scene of the encounter between judges and judged was a narrow table in one corner of the pub, near a juke box which alternately blared Cat Stevens and what sounded like Guy Lombardo. Behind the bar rank upon rank of orange-tipped bottles ran stripes onto the purple wall behind. Fortunately, the Purple Pub is not entirely purple; the lower half of the room is brown. The gourmets were analyzing the beer Basta had commanded when the sandwiches arrived. The four of them cost \$3.40.

The first task facing the four experts was to ascertain the exact contents of the

oblong rolls on the table before them. Basta and Izzo consulted like surgeons over a failing patient.

"What's in there? Anchovies?"

"Nope, no anchovies. Olives, pickles..."

"Pickles!," gasped Izzo in anguish.

"Pickles in an Italian sandwich? Oh, my God!"

Ignoring this outburst, Basta droned on methodically, "American cheese, lettuce..." He stopped abruptly, examined the sandwich intently for a moment, then looked up. "I want you to make a note," he grumbled. "Italians do not have onions in their sandwiches, because Italians are not great fighters but they're great lovers, and you can't be a great lover when you eat onions."

"Isn't there any meat?" asked Robins.

"Yeah, looks like a piece of ham," replied Sally. "Probably Polish ham."

"Provolone," pronounced Izzo.

At this, Sally emerged from her first degustation with a concise, slightly nasal, "I don't like it." She elaborated: "The bread, it's like a crummy hot-dog roll. It's too mushy. Nobody likes mushy bread."

"It should be hard," insisted Izzo, punctuating the assertion with his fist.

"Italian bread is hard; these are rejects from Regen's bakery."

"There would be a definite improvement if they made it on a bagel," added Basta. "Or at least on stale bread."

A smile broke from under his incipient Fu Manchu.

What about spices? "A little bit o' pepper?" hazarded Basta.

Sally considered the condiments a bit more potent than mere pepper. "I'm gonna go back and brush my teeth" she noted.

"The only thing Italian about this

sandwich is the oil," said Basta. But it must be really good for business. To cut the oil you need their beer. It's an organic solvent — methanol."

Tony Robbins further damned the sandwich. "It's about as Italian as I am," he sputtered. "I have never in all my travels come across anything that resembles this in the slightest, and you may quote me."

"Shouldn't we say something good about it?" wondered Sally. "For instance it's very colorful." But even she was compelled to admit after another bite that "the problem is it just isn't a very good sandwich."

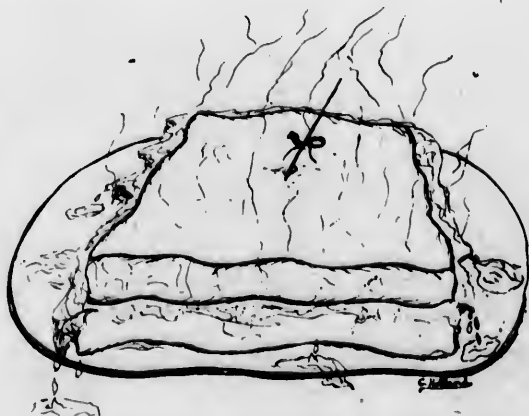
No one else took issue with this evaluation. When Sally offered her friend Jane Forelle half of her sandwich with the words, "Come on, don't be a fuddy-duddy, you've got to try it," Jane demanded to "see it in the light first." Bob Izzo was irate. "The cats of Rome eat better than this. I can't think of anything to compare with it."

"It's comparable to 'make-your-own-sub' in Fitch-Prospect," said Basta.

"Are you kidding?," retorted Izzo. "They're better."

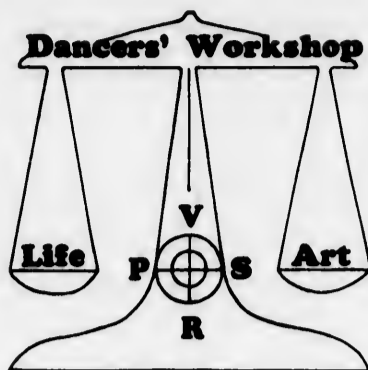
"Well I defy that guy in Perry who ate thirty eggs to eat three of these," Basta blurted out. "I'm just glad they don't make pizza here. But," he sighed, "It's a good excuse to have a beer."

Epilogue: Later that evening Bob Izzo was seen leaving a Prospect House bathroom with an Alka-Seltzer bottle peering conspicuously from a trouser pocket. "How the hell did I ever wind up down there?" he moaned. "I'm gonna write the Pope about this."



Anti- pasta?

by John Ramsbottom



more Halprin

According to Johnson the dancers "looked down on the students from a god-like view." Rather than meeting students, says Johnson, the troupe isolated themselves, pushing dining room tables together at mealtime.

When Johnson took Patric Hickey, the group's "subjunctive syzygal environmentalist" to the Freshman Revue, the lighting designer "just loved looking at the audience. Patric said, 'Everyone was so far apart, like on the moon,'" recalls his host.

The instruments weren't out for the Sunday night rehearsal, but occasionally something jingled. It was Hickey, who emerged from the lighting pit with his jangling cowboy boots, his suede-fringed jacket and his suede flopping hat. Syzygal environment: "art without therapy through the senses with light, space, and environment as materials... As if (there's the subjunctive) the unconscious senses." Hickey's art is "between polarities." "Syzygy has an interesting biological basis - that of a biped with two left feet," explains Hickey. Authentic Hickey logic.

"I like to think of the audience as witnesses," mused Mrs. Halprin at her Sunday night rehearsal. Students from Williams, Bennington, Smith, and even Brandeis sat at the AMT, wondering what form their involvement with the dancers would take.

"Your role is to be a link between the company and out there...to bridge a gap in society."

At 7:32 pm the students augmenting the Halprin group emitted the animal noises they had just been trained for. Each of us has animal instinct within us, explains Mrs. Halprin. Some are monkeys, others birds. Mrs. Halprin is a snake herself. Joy Dewey is in the audience, anxious to do her alligator.

The monkeys mix high and low notes with snorted and breathy variations. The monkeys are scared, but they're smiling.

Clint Shelby is the Workshop's main bird. And he flies and prowls and is admittedly a more authentic bird than Maya Plisetskaya was when I saw her in Swan Lake.

Benito Santiago, who does a monkey, identifies with his animal: Mischievous and happy-go-lucky, Santiago has been with the group since early summer. He relies on Newton's formula to describe his love for the workshop: "For every good vibe, there's another good vibe."

At Sunday rehearsal, Joy Dewey leans forward and effuses: "She's a genius. Williams doesn't realize how privileged they are to have her...she's doing things

with the body that should have been done for hundreds of years."

Ann Halprin is a force. Her strength is overwhelming, her control of the group manifest. Beneath the appealingly democratic "don't you think" 's and "how about" 's that she offers her dancers lurks a will that has already shaped the answers.

Jeff Johnson witnessed this grip when he brought the dancers to Common Blood last Friday. A few of them were improvising on the Congo drums when Mrs. Halprin threw them a glance suggesting they might want to leave. She wanted to leave, explains Johnson. They left, of course.

Her eyes penetrate, and as they do, you feel the force that guides them. If her body is that of a lithe 12-year-old or maybe a Gumby Man, her eyes are a cagy 51. David Rollert, a freshman who participated in the Tuesday night workshop, remarked, "Ann is like a bitch who runs a big city deli. She's constantly shooting side glances to see if someone's stealing something."

Says Johnson, "It was a pretty phony thing for her to do when she asked the audience to come and rap with her on stage, because she's so hard to talk to."

At the Faculty Club reception following Monday night's performance, Mrs. Halprin tried to make conversation with Williams and Bennington students. Clothed in a black velvet pantsuit with lapels, an open neckline down to the navel and an elaborate silver filigree necklace, she seemed to have trouble understanding the usefulness of Williams psychology courses; how could one take psychology without going into therapy oneself? She needed to have her "own head spinning on the hot seat." Mrs. Halprin works with the Esalen Institute. Gestalt therapy colors her dance workshops, behavior, and outlook. Her dance is encounter.

The big performance was Monday night. The X-rating did not deter parents from bringing their little kids, and despite an initial exodus of little feet, many youngsters remained.

The dancers came down the aisles in draping. A few gasps. "They're wearing make-up." Eyes averting center stage. A faculty member said he recognized their skill, but didn't appreciate the display of genitalia. Rationale: it was done at the beginning, explained a member of the troupe, to prevent shock later in the Transformation rite where it had to be done.

Mrs. Halprin insists that all clothes are costumes.

When Sir Lawrence Washington Jr. danced merely in iridescent blue socks and a fur hat with bouncing pom-pom ties, one sensed the costume-like quality of his attire.

When Joy Dewey asked the administration if the group could perform in the raw, a dean told her it's permissible "so long as she could justify it as an artistic experience." Apparently, she could.

But people question: Does the group have skill? Discipline? Grace? And do these produce authenticity?

At the Tuesday workshop, Mrs. Halprin

authenticized into a flying angel, a gymnastic stunt done in high school gym. I had seen flying angels in counterpoint as part of Jerome Robbins' *Goldberg Variations* done by the New York City Ballet. There the dancers were restrained, disciplined, and magnificent. Each pose had the grace of a Japanese brush stroke, the perfection of Bach's music reflected in the perfection of the dance.

Ms. Halprin's flying angel looked like the syzygal biped, a sloppy extension of legs off an arched back. Many of the group's movements were similarly crude.

Mediocrity seemed to be too frequently confused with their sense of authenticity and avant-garde reality.

ADVOCATE staff reporter Paul Isaac attended Tuesday night's open workshop at the Field House. Here's his report.

Howard Cosell with the sports here. Last night two hundred and fifty people played Creativity. Creativity lost.

We entered into the cavernous Field House in time to catch the first part of the workshop - a series of runs, passes, commands and screeches by the troupe done to the dulcet accompaniment of log drums, mangled auto parts and a primitive violin.

The audience leaned heavily toward freaky fourteen-to-eighteen year old girls who were "into" dancing. The third mobile strike force of the Williams Sensitivity Corps.

The middle-aged teeny-bop set was mercifully unrepresented.

Boredom pervaded the hall during the first dance, but then the enormous nets surrounding the oral track were raised and the audience moved in for "Imitation I", "Ritual", and "Trance Dance," or-- "I love my dervish but oh you kid!"

Members of the troupe gathered in groups about them and to the surprisingly fine music of what can only be described as an electric tenor flute began the exercise.

The audience went from circular swaying groups to sinuous snake dances, to dead quiet, to a frenzied run; the idea as expressed by one of the sponsors was to invoke a "trance-dance." (Ghost dance? Catharsis for emotionally disturbed children?)

The sponsor sounded disappointed, the

audience was "too individual". The audience was spinning off, however. Some were rolling on the floor, doing cart wheels or undertaking pas de deux. Exuberant running, jumping and yelling erupted a while later. It was cathartic-like "Rock Around the Nave" with Spirit in Flesh two years ago, or some soggy collective big-weekend orgy.

About midway through the exercise, I ran into a few friends who had just seen *Triumph of the Will*, a cut-down Nazi propaganda film, which is the Political Science Department's re-release answer to *Gone with the Wind*. Certain physical discrepancies between Ann Halprin and Josef Goebbels notwithstanding, this student was struck by the similarity between the vacant goose-stepping at Nuremburg and the blank-faced meandering of the participants at the workshop.

Eventually fatigue, lack of novelty, and time, brought the show to a close. Most of the participants appeared tired, but they seemed "artistically fulfilled." On the other hand, if looks could kill, Walter O'Brien's would have been measured in megatons. And a friend of mine left the field house wholly convinced he'd stumbled into a remake of *Night of the Living Dead*.

People kid themselves. A blow-out is held under the guise of art. Manipulation masquerades as freedom and we are all supposed to praise anything that uses the right catch words under the threat of being labeled Philistine. The "counter-culture" has become broad-based and conformist. Babbitt is alive and well, and wears work-shirts to class.



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editorial:

Reaching the Big Time

Detroit came to Williamstown. In a silver-haired, short, bouncy Swede named Ehrling with a quick, irreverent temper and a 102-piece orchestra. And a huge, breath-taking sound. New York was there, too. Lili Chookasian from the Metropolitan Opera brought her voluminous, vibrant voice to fill Chapin. And fill she did.

The Hall swelled at the rehearsal Monday and overflowed at the Tuesday-night performance. The audience stood at the end of Nevsky to cheer Roberts, Knell, Chookasian, and Ehrling.

A few students cursed — first their luck when the free tickets ran out well over a week before the anxiously anticipated event, and then the College for its stinginess and failure to publicize the dates of distribution of the student tickets. They vowed that only friends of Choral Society members knew to pick them up.

The Music Department contends, nevertheless, that only 250 of the 1000 tickets were tagged for students since only a quarter of the financing came from general college funds.

The federal government complemented the College's expenditure with paying a third of the extravaganza's high cost — the first such cultural appropriation for any school. Quite a plume in Williams' cap.

Despite some minor difficulties with ticket distribution and publicity, which the school should improve for future events, the Detroit Symphony's three-day residence was indeed an overwhelming success. The ADVOCATE applauds the Music Department and the College for their effort in bringing the Big Time to Williamstown.

Reflections

Henry V

We went to the movie of *Henry V* in hopes of two memorable performances: one from Sir Lawrence Olivier and one from Prof. Clay Hunt. During last spring's Marat Sade we had been exposed to Hunt's wild, maniacal laughter at completely incongruous moments in the play, so we hoped to find here some new sources of humor in Shakespeare. Olivier has always been great, even in this Lo-Budget Extravaganza done some twenty years ago.

Both masters were decidedly off form. Hunt waited for the start calmly, and during the show displayed nothing of his legendary raucous sense of humor. Without his cackles the audience was tame, not rowdy like the crowds for the garbage flicks, or studious like the people at the Russian art films. Everyone was simply there to see a movie and get something out of it, nothing to get inspired about. Dull: it was like seeing *Fuego* alone.

And Olivier: he got the shaft. At the beginning of the credits there was a dedication to Britain's commandoes, followed by a panorama of medieval London painted by somebody's third grade. Then followed all the Epic Battle-movie gimmicks ever invented: the

announcer disappearing into the mists of time, the peasant mobs giving off "Huzzah for King Harry" on cue to their heroic leader, never-miss arrows for the Good Guys, the hardened, philosophical boy who is killed by the Dastardly Dauphin, and all the rest.

The audience debates helped clarify the subtleties. We fought over whether the Scotsmen were from Arizona or Ontario, whether the French princess learned her language by correspondence school or at Idaho Tech, and whether the background was painted by the Limbourg Brothers (c. 1417) or Grant Wood. We were never allowed to forget the glories of the sound-stage before the advent of location filming.

Olivier tried his best and was predictably superb. Still, the air of total unreality which suffused the setting and the horrendous direction split the movie into two parts, Olivier vs. the rest of the show. Sir Larry lost.

But he at least woke the audience up. Nobody could have seen the fiasco with the usual Williams detachment, not with those wallboard battlements reflecting the watercolor sun, with one of the finest actors in the world struggling against the French on the plywood fields of Agincourt.

Whither the Arts

They were going to talk about the Future of the Arts, and about 90 people had shown up for the occasion in Bronfman Auditorium. Important People Who Know (and Care). Well, actually not — a couple dozen of the audience were Detroit Symphony members or Williams students, but the majority were Less Important People Who Don't Know but Care Anyway. Everybody was elegantly dressed, in any event, so we felt almost guilty as we showed up in jeans and a T-shirt.

The first few panel members talked finance in their opening statements. The president of the board of directors of the Boston Symphony spoke about the special responsibilities of American orchestras, now that they were among the best in the world. He was a large red-faced man, with white hair and an occasional twinkle in his eye, but the twinkle disappeared as he gave a gloomy statistical survey of Music's current financial plight. He was followed by the expensively-attired Director of the Massachusetts Council of Arts and Humanities, a woman who proclaimed purposefully, in her refined voice, that "There is no way that the Arts can survive with private support only."

An associate conductor of the Detroit Symphony then read his statement, almost apologetically, in a lilting European accent. He was upset about the diversion of youth from serious music to rock and "commercial music" (he used the terms interchangeably). "Unless something is done outside the concert hall," he concluded, "Music will remain a pleasure for the few." With clipped, businesslike severity the first bassoonist of the Detroit followed with a statement on behalf of musicians. Musicians' salaries, to be precise (his union will begin wage negotiations next week). He directed his comments at our moderator, the General Manager for the Detroit: "Beethoven might have decided not to write a Fifth Symphony. Four was enough for any composer, and besides, concertos were commanding higher prices." The moderator was slightly ruffled by the charges. Looking out determinedly through his heavy-framed glasses, he denounced the introduction of rock into Music concerts as "superficial." (He said the word "rock" like your English teacher in high school might try to read the word "fuck" without seeming affected.)

"I don't know as I get your point as to the ethics of the business sector, in what way?" inquired the B.S.O. man of the bassoonist. The musician came back with a tightly composed rebuttal about a study by the McKinsey people of 25 orchestras about to die and that people just said, well, if McKinsey says so, I guess it's true, so I'll set up a checklist in my room and scratch them off one by one as they

die, and that such resignation would never happen in England where the BBC thinks of its Third Programme (which will be, but now won't) be done away with, which brings me to this story I have in my wallet about the British cabinet.... "Sorry to take up so much time, but I really wanted to say this."

The Mass. Arts and Humanities lady asserted calmly, in her measured tone, that "We must do away with the musician's elitest image. We are for the people." Her large bejewelled earrings sparkled as she spoke.

The Detroit G.M. stuffed in another three-minute speech asserting that businessmen involved with Music were guided by idealism. But the talk returned quickly to money as a former union steward asked about government support.

"Subsidy is still a dirty word in this country," replied the Mass. Arts lady, "with the exception of the oil subsidy, the farm subsidy...." She could barely suppress a satisfied smile as she ticked them off on her fingers. She earned a three-second burst of applause.

A musician interrupted that political control is just as great a danger for Music as anything, and the statistics came out once again. If just three or four miles of highway were not built annually in the entire nation, the combined debts of all American symphonies could be paid off. "The same day I was reading about the Boston Symphony in the paper, I read where Senator Fulbright said Vietnam was costing \$70 million a day," offered one of the musicians. "...and I was thinking, if only they'd give them all a day off over there...." A few more laughs.

An athletic looking middle-aged man, who "plays music, listens to music, supports music, and used to play tennis with Detroit bassist Bob Gladstone" inquired about the fading popularity of rock at Tanglewood. "Well," came the reply, "the bloom is off that. Well, it's not a rose but...." He smiled, the assembly chuckled.

A Williams choir member suggested that perhaps the formality of the concert, the air of a social affair for the rich, would keep students away. The Detroit associate conductor exclaimed something about doctors wearing uniforms too, while the Boston man said that students are now allowed to go to a special series of B.S.O. concerts without ties. Some looked uncomfortable at this, but when a musician agreed with the student Kenneth Roberts, director of the Williams choir, made an enthusiastic prediction about the electricity that would be generated at the concert that evening when all the sloppily-dressed Williams students would jam the aisles to hear Wagner, Prokofiev, and Brahms.


Six o'clock, we had better be going, said the Detroit general manager. Thank you for coming.



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Musical politics: the turned-on vote

by David Rice

You can always judge a nation by its music, particularly Woodstock Nation. Remember bubblegum? Remember the political somnolence when bubblegum became popular? Or let your mind float back to acid rock, and Chicago '68 -- things were a little different then.

In short, the Movement's political mood is related pretty directly to the tone of the popular music in vogue at the same time. I'm not talking about underground America and the progressive FM stations: they move on more ethereal planes than the political. No, it's AM America which interests me, because by listening to any pop AM station you can get a pretty fair idea what the mood of the average American kid is. Don't worry whether the record companies control teenage America or vice-versa, that's not the question. There is a connection between music and politics. Music, like phenolphthalene, is a good indicator of the acidic strength of the minds of the younger generation.

When dope started infiltrating even the most conservative bastions, for example, and the dopey atmosphere began to tear kids away from their old, steadfast political opinions, what could have been more natural than for the nouveau dopers to turn to music that reflected their new hobby and its politics? Iron Butterfly, Jimi Hendrix, the politicized Rolling Stones: "The time is right for fighting in the streets." But at the same time there was a mellower, more reflective strain that went hand in hand with the "burnt out" feeling that the new frequent dope users quickly began to develop: Buffalo Springfield came along with "For What It's Worth."

By the spring of 1969 people were getting tired of demonstrations. Many of us were burnt out and we knew it. Time to relax, to look for Good Times. So we got "Chewy Chewy" and "Yummy Yummy" and "One-Two-Three Red Light" as a new wave of revitalized bubblegum pushed the political warriors off WABC and CKLW.

Last summer was a time for soft, James Taylor types on the airwaves. People were ready for something more

than bubblegum, something more than Silent Fifties, but the general feeling was that strident political noises were pretty hopeless. A lot of people were heading off toward the "roots" and a whole new approach: Country, Jesus, the traditional wisdom in simple things.

Enter at this point from stage right the 26th Amendment. Enfranchisement of 18- to 21-year olds; we've got a whole new ballgame. And so we find the Beach Boys, symbols of the surfing syndrome, have turned in the fall of 1971 to system politics, politics withing the existing structures. Rolling Stone reports that the Beach Boys will not play at any hall that is not equipped with a mobile voter-registration booth. Furthermore, and to the delight of everybody, they plan to refund \$1.00 from the ticket price to any purchaser who has a certificate showing he has registered. And their record company, Warner Brothers-Reprise, has pledged to donate a good deal of money to disseminating voting information.

Chicago's new quadruple album contains a chart detailing the voter registration laws of all fifty states. The chart is optimistically titled *The Return of the Power of the Vote*. Its title page begins: "Last year, the System made a mistake. It gave eighteen-year-olds the right to vote". It ends with "Since the System would like to make it difficult for you to register, we're going to make it a lot easier." The last page of the picture-book included with the album spells out the words Terry Kath intones in "It Better End Soon -- 4th Movement":

If we want to have the whole world right
We got to put up a fight
But a peaceful fight
Can't go around killing -- and contradicting ourselves
We gotta do it right -- within the system
We gotta take over right
But within this system
Please understand what I say
Everybody understand what I say.

It's worth noting that, of course, none of these groups takes a stand. The Beach Boys have said that they do not want to recommend candidates, and they urge people not to vote in an election with shitty candidates. Left-leaning, anti-War Chicago never requests anyone to vote Democratic. The Counterculture's entertainers aren't leading their legions to the polls like John Wayne and Bob Hope.

But the point is, here is an instance where music is not just reflecting the mood of its audience. Whatever the relationship was between music and politics was in the late sixties, the pop music of fall 1971 is trying to take a leading role in guiding the consciousness of its people.

Will it work? The 25 million newly enfranchised voters could easily elect the next President. With the help of music, the common denominator in every young person's life, the Counterculture just could beat the politicians, the System, at its own cumbersome and tedious game. Can Rock Lead?

And ten points for your name on the blue book

by Susan Reid

One hundred fifty-six students double-spaced in Bronfman auditorium -- no margins allowed. The after-dinner hour test begins with the aroma of a pot roast supper lurking on those who decided not to finish off their meal with a cup of coffee. A Salada tea bag fortune is looked at for the last time and is then thrust back into a warmed pocket.

A nervous scratching is audible. Bic pens tapping madly and the chewable blue plastic tops pacify the writers like after dinner mints. If you are sitting in the middle of a row, it is not advisable to use a pencil, but there are those who make mistakes. Sharpening your pencil could absorb vital time that should be spent on question three. No matter, he sharpens his pencil anyway, in a sharpener that revs up like an MG-BGT in the corner next to the blackboard.

You can't help looking up. Then it is all over. Your train of concentration has been broken. You've forgotten what you were going to say. So you look down over the vast number of people and notice that all the left-handed people are sitting in left-handed desks, and that three out of five sport Topsider Boat Mocs, four out of six are wearing hiking boots of some sort and one out of 73 is audacious enough to wear penny loafers with quarters in the slots.

You try to reread the last question you were working on, but your concentration has been diverted elsewhere. The fifth row has all blondes and the only two red heads are sitting together in a side row.

And then you wonder if you can get planter's warts by sitting two seats away from the boy who is diligently scratching his sockless foot. An odor passes your way, in a stifling current of warm air forcing you into the forward right lean position. Pressing your face close to your paper, you praise God for the fact that you took General Science in the ninth grade and know well that hot air rises. A fart

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could be disastrous, especially if it's not your own. Alas! for now you must play sleuth and figure out the culprit, and you only have 15 minutes to do so and write two essays. The best way to find the guilty one is to look around as soon as you smell the demon. Farters usually try to remain anonymous by ignoring the fact that they've farted. But it is not that simple to do. A sudden blush and a quick glance around is the tell-tale sign. Or, if someone has his legs pressed tightly together, as if to suffocate something he was sitting on...you've got him pegged.

It is just that simple, but sometimes it takes longer than you think. It would be impolite to mention your discovery to the farter, as it would no doubt prove of great embarrassment to him and great disturbance to the six people you have to climb over to get to him (unless they have all gone to sharpen their pencils).

And now you start to get nervous because your sleuthing took longer than you had expected. You now have 12 minutes to write two essays. You rock back and forth in your seat and curse the effects of that extra cup of coffee you had. You simply don't have time to go to the bathroom. You think back on how terrible it was in your high school days when you couldn't go to the lavatory during a test because you might have written the answers on a piece of paper towel furtively tucked away in the corner behind the trash can. Or you might have gotten a clue to one of the answers to the questions by reading the graffiti to the right of the urinal. Here you are now in college and you don't have time to make that trip for a justifiable reason.

Things couldn't get much worse, but you console yourself with the fact that you still have seven minutes remaining and you could get partial credit for jotting down a few phrases that come to mind during that time. But in answer to the first essay about the price of milk fluctuations in the United States, you can only think of the old jokes you used to tell about the cow who jumped over the barbed wire fence: udder distress. You ask yourself what that has to do with the price of eggs and then you start to laugh, but you turn your laugh into a sneeze to be considerate of the others taking the test. Your palms have been sweating slightly all along, but now they are starting to ooze. You wipe them on your pants in a downward thrust and lock your hands on your knees, squeezing them tightly. You concentrate very hard on the fact that you don't have to go to the bathroom, you really don't.

You think back to the six-hour non-stop car trip to the Adirondacks when you were five and your power of concentration for "holding it in" until you got to the next gas station. But then you were traveling dirt roads all the way and the gas station that your father kept promising you around the next corner never came.

You turn to the last question. Time is running short and you remember you haven't written your name on the blue book yet and you heard one of those rumors that you get 10 points for writing your name. The mathematical wizard you are, you add up all the factors and sum total it into your rationalization that it would be easier to write your name on the booklet and you would probably get the same amount of credit, if not more than if you had decided to write a dissertation on "The allocation of resources as seen by the modern economical system of the proverbial Yukatan Trailer Park".

You finish writing your name with an extra flourish on the last letter of your last name, which you now realize could be the last resort of your one hour of hard spent work. You bite the eraser off your pencil and spit it onto the floor: To think that this is the culmination, the zenith of your academic career! Glancing nonchalantly around at your classmates, you wonder why they are all grinning with satisfaction for you know that no one had farted in the last 12 minutes.

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State why in several sentences

by Vladimir Hopsakovitch

Last week the ADVOCATE received an anonymous letter from a gentleman in Poughkeepsie who claims the Williams English department administers a comprehensive examination to applicants for teaching spots. Said the correspondent:

"The exam is debasing, flatulent, and singularly sesquipedalian. It recalled to me Chuang-tze's lines, 'What does the wise man do when the sun doesn't shine?/ Where do butterflies go in winter?/ O poor armadillo, O lonely crocodile.'"

Reclining in his square-back, tilt-around, silt-black wooden chair, English department chairman Arthur Carr had this to say:

"Comprehensive exam for applicants? Balderdash. Why, that's one of the silliest things I've ever heard. It's risible. Smieshnoi is what it is. Smieshnoi? 'Funny' in Russian. I assume you know a smattering of Russian. Why, it's simply indispensable for Fathers and Sons. There just isn't a decent translation around. Remember when Bazarov says..."

We were awakened by the telephone. "No, Mr. Tinsley," whispered the mustachioed professor. The examen comprehensif for the candidats facultaires is absolutely obligatory. No, we simply cannot and will not make exceptions. Oh that? Well, you see, we don't make a practice of telling people about this examen. It's not for la consommation publique," he stressed, "and there's an etudiant in my office."

"An old army buddy," chuckled Carr, when he'd hung up. "Fought in France together."

Suspecting duplicity, we checked his story with a junior member of the department. Fingering the slits in his bell-bottom Wranglers, he admitted that the exam does, in fact, exist. "Just keep my name out of it," he warned. The next day in our mailbox we found a copy crumpled inside a 1953 issue of Partisan Review.

Which of the following Great Truths has never been uttered:

1. Life is one thing.
2. Life is another.
3. Life is one thing or another.
4. "Hemingway is an asshole."

Which of the following famous remarks did Papa Hemingway make to Scotty Fitzgerald at the railway station near Bordeaux:

1. "The bombs are falling."
2. "The bombs are falling, and the sky is packed with red fire."
3. "Train is late."
4. "Goddam trains never run on time."
5. "Gertrude Stein is an asshole."

What is wrong with the following title: The Sun Also Rises?

1. There's no question mark after Rises.
2. Sonne is misspelled: like Donne.
3. Still, Son is an interesting reading of the lines.
4. The Sun Rises, Also.
5. The Sun Rises, Too.

Intellectuals all know that Hermann Hesse is:

1. ineffective
2. transparent
3. irritating
4. dead

Defend this statement: If J. D. Salinger had not written Franny and Zooey, he might have composed the Jupiter Symphony.

Perhaps the most commonly accepted definition of artistic license is:

1. what the hell
2. since you're an arto, you can pull all kinds of stuff
3. E.E.Cummings, with those phony little letters
4. MBS-622, Illinois

"What can you say about a beautiful, twenty-four-year-old girl who died?" is the opening line of Luv Story (preferred spelling). Answer the novel's question in a short paragraph beginning "I can say THIS about a beautiful, twenty-four-year-old girl who died." Include at least six of the following in your answer: National Velvet/Act One, Scene Three/Eliot is right in saying.../anti-Freudian/My beer is Rheingold, the dry beer....

"True art cannot be thus forced," comes from which of the following masterpieces:

Please turn to page 4



Giacometti's "City Square" illustrates Hampshire's problem: isolated individuals.

Paradise lost?

by Lois Bailey

Dean Francis Smith of the School of Humanities and Arts at Hampshire, in an interview reprinted in the Record last week, described the Hampshire enterprise as "an attempt to make each student a more complete, more joyous human being." In revisiting my former alma mater last weekend, however, I saw few joyous faces. The dining room was just as I'd remembered it - remarkably silent - an eerie contrast to the rowdy, high-spirited, mealtime atmosphere at Williams. I encountered few smiles in walking across campus, and youthful joy and spontaneity were conspicuous in their absence. The optimism and sense of sharing, so crucial to Hampshire's self-image, similarly were lacking. Individuals seemed isolated and socially unresponsive. One glance last week convinced me of what I vaguely suspected last year: if a Hampshire community exists, it is a perversion of the original conception.

Please turn to page 4

Hampshire's unique and somewhat dubious idea for community finds its origin in a revolutionary attitude toward the student and his academic environment. Ideally, the school fosters individual growth and creates an independent, self-motivated student through the removal of the barriers to creativity which traditional structure and requirements impose. The bulk of responsibility for his education thus rests on the student himself. Such a system - in which prerequisites become obsolete; where independent, esoteric research replaces "common bodies of knowledge" provided elsewhere by syllabi and textbooks; and in which known objective standards (traditionally embodied in such absurdities as grades and examinations) are avoided - necessarily provides more freedom and choice for the student than traditional institutions. But this increased latitude for independent exploration and probing, aimed at spurring academic initiative and creating joyous, active, fulfilled human beings, has failed miserably in reaching its goals.

Inculcated Patterns

The faculty's almost complete disavowal of responsibility for the student's education last year assumed the students' inherent abilities to handle academic freedom constructively, and ignored the academic habits and backgrounds of most of the undergraduates. Upon entering Hampshire, I thought the faculty would expect students only gradually to outgrow inculcated learning patterns of a reactive

Saturday morning senior Dale Riehl was eating breakfast down at the WCFM studio, counting off the seconds with his fingers.

"It's 10 o'clock. This is WCFM in Williamstown."

He swallowed the rest of his roll and smiled at the mike. Then, in the pleasing voice of the Gimbels Santa:

"Good morning, boys and girls. This is your Uncle Dale with Tiddly Winks."

There is a half-page ad in the semester's WMS-WCFM fall program guide which informs us that "Each Saturday morning at 10:00, Leo crawls into his magic box and emerges in the Wonderful Country; Mrs. Church, Mitchell School librarian, reads stories such as Last One Home is a Green Pig; and Uncle Dale talks with Armand Anteater and Dixie Duck."

Station President Chris West boomed across the studio: "Marching time! It's MARCHING time! O.K., boys and girls. Everyone MARCH!" The phonograph squawked, "Marching along together, sharing every smile and tear..."

Uncle Dale tapped his foot in time to the beat.

"Isn't this great? We're going to put on the alphabet lesson next." He indicated a homemade tape which, he said, was prepared the night before, and switched back to the mike.

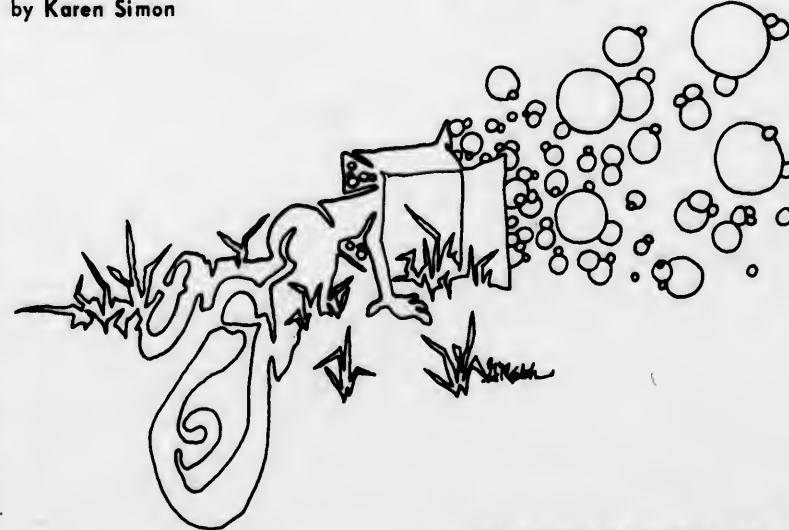
"O.K., boys and girls," he enthused, "Here's a real treat. This morning we're going to do the letter 'C.'"

He glanced around nervously. "Is the tape on?"

"C," sang out a familiar voice, "stands for crocodile."

'C' is for crocodile

by Karen Simon



"Grmpph!" said someone pretending to be a crocodile.

"C is for cough medicine," said the first voice, and two voices wheezed a duet.

"C stands for China," insisted the tape.

"No lice, no rice."

"And C ... stands for crybaby. Waaaaaaah!"

"Wasn't that fun!" Uncle Dale asked the mike. "Now here's something that I used to like when I was your age but you probably won't remember."

He snapped his fingers. "The tape!" "It's Howdy Doody Time with Buffalo Bob Smith! Well, Howdy Doooddy to YOU!"

Chris West waved a children's record cover in front of Uncle Dale's face. Uncle Dale looked at it doubtfully. "What's this? I don't think we'll have time to play it!"

West squirmed inside his blue and green lumber jacket. "No, no," said West. "I took apart this jigsaw puzzle on the back and now I can't figure out how to put it back together."

Now it was time for The Great Vacuum Cleaner Marriage. It seems an obscure legal entanglement prevented Vincent Vacuum Cleaner from marrying Shirley Sponge Mop. Wearied by it all, Shirley complained "I'm so tired. I lost a lot of sponge when I got caught in that fence." She broke into sobs. "And my pole is crushed." They decided to take matters to court. "Plead insanity," they were advised. "It confuses everyone."

John Sayles, P. J. Morello, Tom Tea, Eliza Woodin, and Julia Rose burst into the studio ready to enact Rea's original radio drama, "Grandpa Gopher." They were just in time for a cut from "The Wizard of Oz."

"Judy Garland is Dorothy," says the authoritative voice. "Her house has landed on the Wicked Witch of the East - and kills her."

"Ding dong the wicked witch, the wicked witch," sang Sayles and company.

Uncle Dale's Uncle-Dale smile fell off. "Hey, you guys, now cut that out."

Whose idea was a Saturday-morning Kiddie Show?

"As a matter of fact," says Chris West, "we were talking about it all last year but no one ever got around to actually doing something. So when I was scheduling programs during the summer I penciled in Dale as 'Uncle Dale' in this time slot. His initial reaction was, 'What's that supposed to mean?'"

West says he has not yet gotten any feedback from the local children. But an exchange student from Garfield House admits "it's great stuff. I'm going to get up and listen every week."

more business

more lucrative than the Czechoslovakian market."

"I was a business manager for a newspaper last year and I hated it. You have to put so much into business to get anything out of it. This isn't really business," she explains. "I haven't sold any yet . . . but I haven't really tried. I'll have to sit outside on a bright, sunny day and put them on a white cloth so people can see them."

"This is Williams. There aren't too many sunny days left," I told her.

"Then I'll sit in Baxter."

Electric Ladyland boomed out of the Rectilinear speakers and ricocheted like electric bullets off the walls of the small room.

"You want to do a story on me? Far out! Call me Pusher Man. Ever since Easy Rider I've dug that guy in the Rolls. That was Phil Spector, you know."

I didn't.

Electric Ladyland was over. PM leafed through a pile of records on the floor and chose "American Beauty." Then he changed his mind and flicked on WCFM. The news was on so he went back to American Beauty.

PM does not consider his trade a business. More of a service to keep people happy.

"I don't keep books or anything. Like, people usually come to me. I mean it wouldn't be cool if I went around like a Fuller Brush Man. Door to door and all."

PM does not look like the sleazy, sunglasses pusher who gets outwitted by fourth graders on the public service spots on television. He looks like James Taylor. Sort of. Aesthetic, pensive, arty. Fourth graders would gladly turn over their lunch money to him.

"What do you sell?"

"Mostly 'dope. Hash and grass, depending on what I can get. Not as many people want to mess with the harder stuff, but I can get that too."

The phone rang. PM waited three rings, answered it, said "Sure... sure... O.K. ... Right," and then hung up.

"Is your dope all good or does it vary?"

"Well, it varies. Sometimes you can only get weak shit, like, you'd have to smoke a truckload to get stoned. But I always say it's dynamite. Some people could blow their minds on parsley if you tell 'em that."

Prices vary. PM asks more when the market is dry (PM calls this phenomenon a "dope scare"), and in January. The market is always good in January, when it is too cold to ski or go to Greylock for dinner and when the pages of the Playboy foldout have been thinned and dulled by eager thumbs.

"Winter Study is the best time. Like, people get really bored and listen to a lot of music and see whatever skin flick is at the Cinema and shit. Even that gets boring after a while unless you're stoned."

I'd heard someplace that pushers cut their dope to make more money.

"You can't up here. Because you sell a lot to your friends. You can do stuff like that in the city. Not here. Like, if word gets around, no one would buy from you."

*

Babysitters were always better than mothers because they would let you stay up late to watch "Twilight Zone." And mothers liked them because they were such cheap labor—50 cents an hour plus access to the refrigerator (and unauthorized use of the couch after 11:00 pm when their boyfriends generally happened by ...).

The sign at the Trading Post advertising for babysitting jobs was rimmed by cute, squiggly, penned-in fringe. It reminded me of a sitter I had when I was ten, who looked like a post-adolescent Hayley Mills (circa "Parent Trap"). She grew up to become a cheerleader at the

University of Maryland. She dated Gary Collins for a time while he was an All-American. She eventually married the second string left guard, who was not an All-American. He now sells life insurance for Prudential.

Deb Marshall embodies all of the freshness of the cheerleader. She has long, straight blonde hair, a quick, Maclean's smile, and a fresh, wholesome complexion. She radiates the type of girl that you could take home to mother without worrying about making a good impression. Her room is also healthy and outdoorsy, with posters of skiing (Aspen and Crystal Mountain) and racing sailboats (Intrepid and Gretel II) dominating the walls.

If Deb Marshall were your sitter, she wouldn't let you stay up late. Nor would she have her boyfriends over after you have gone to bed. And she most assuredly does not raid the refrigerator.

Deb does not charge a standard hourly wage. She takes whatever parents can offer, which usually hovers around a dollar an hour.

"This isn't a business operation, though," she explains. "I just really love kids. And it's not practice for having kids of my own. I look at it as sort of having friends younger than I am. You can learn so much from a two year old that you can't from a warped 19-year-old."

What type of lessons?

"Oh, you can't ask me a question like that. You learn so many things. How can I say? I guess, I mean different ways to look at the world. Like a leaf pile, or carving a pumpkin. The other day I was outside with a two-year-old named Dean right after the fog had risen. It was so neat to be outside and hear him describe what he saw."

Deb learned the rudiments of her trade by looking after her four younger brothers and sisters. Her employers vary from professors to families in North Adams who have no connection with the College.

"It's time consumed from work. I mean, you have to go and take care of kids instead of study. There are so many jobs for me to fill. And not too many girls around here like to do that sort of thing."

*

When I was in high school, everyone trooped down to the cafeteria in the spring of junior year to be fitted for a class ring. The lines were tediously long. But the sales representative only came once, so you figured the momentary inconvenience was better than risking eternal social ostracism. The sales representative, who was greasy and pockmarked and who deplored teen-agers because he had a dozen of his own at home, shoved a case of alternatives at you, told you to hurry up and make up your mind because there were people waiting, slipped a lot of sizing rings on your fingers, scribbled something down on the card you had filled out, and took your money.

Now if you were truly cool you never actually wore your ring when it came. It was usually too small anyway. No, you gave it to your girlfriend to display on a chain around her neck. (My girlfriend's ring fell down a drain in the ladies' room of the Hotel America during the Senior Prom. My ring dropped out of my pocket into a snowdrift in the Greylock lot at 3:00 am after a midweek roadtrip to Smith in the middle of WSP freshman year).

So—I was mildly interested in a sheet posted in Greylock advertising rings as "a permanent reminder of your years at Williams." I had not actually thought about ever needing to be reminded of Williams.

Toby Talbot is not greasy or pockmarked. When you meet him you immediately like him. He looks like he should be petting a dog. Or painting a fence. He came into the business as more of a pastime to help people who wanted school rings, since he already knew a friend in the jewelry distributing line.

"Do you want to buy a ring?" he pitched.

I hesitated, "I'll get one eventually."

"See, that's the thing about this stuff.

People are always saying that they'll buy one eventually. But no one's buying them."

I looked at some sample rings. They were heavy and solid. Well-made. Next to them, my high-school ring was of Cracker Jack origin. On one side of the ring, the year of graduation and Griffin Hall were carefully carved. The other side had "1793" and a glove and the Williams motto in Latin. "Williams College" surrounded the center stone, which could be either smooth or faceted at no extra cost.

The cheapest ring goes for \$45.

"The price seems pretty high," Toby apologized. "When people hear the price without seeing the ring it scares them off. They relate to their high school rings, which were a lot cheaper. These things are guaranteed for life. That probably goes into the price."

Toby does not find business too brisk at the moment. He attributes this to the fact that college rings have dropped out of vogue, that, in fact, people hardly wear rings at all any more, and to the pessimism of freshmen and sophomores who are not sure they will graduate.

"Hopefully, business will pick up. I'll have to go door-to-door to seniors and juniors, and maybe I can convince them a little better."

Fashion-minded Williams women, unfortunately, will have to wait. Williams rings do not yet come in the smaller sizes.

*

Gene Basanta has allied himself with big business and the machine is a modest effort to pay for graduate school. Managing the Hopkins House Coke machine, he makes sure a full stock of the Real Thing is ice cold and on hand at any time, ready to roll out at fifteen cents' notice and slake even the most man-size thirst.

Once there was competition in the guise of a Royal Crown machine, which was demolished, literally, by some house members looking for, and finding, a good time. They had not been drinking RC. But Gene has had no such problem with his machine. Things just seem to go better with Coke.

The machine sells 30 to 40 cases of soda a month. After paying the bill, Gene's percentage approximates 60 cents a case.

"Coke is still the biggest seller. But Tab is right up there because of the girls. They really tank that stuff down. Don't understand it myself."

Gene rather enjoys being part of the Coke empire. "It's no hassles. Takes little time. And the stuff sells."

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more test case

simply an ad-hoc group of people with an interest in voter registration. He says he senses a positive attitude toward the cause among townspeople.

Hartney does not regard the rally as a display of political activism, but merely hopes it will bring attention to the fact that J. Elwood Lamphear refuses to register students immediately in Williamstown. And if Lamphear proves intransigent?

"Then" says Hartney, "we will continue to fight through the Attorney General."

Hartney is the unofficial head of the campus McGovern supporters but he emphasizes that voter registration is still his main concern. "In fact," he says "that's how I got involved in the registration work in the first place. If people want to vote for McGovern they have to register to do it. But I'm trying to keep it as non-partisan as possible. If students register with the intent to vote for another candidate it's fine with us."

Hartney says students must recognize the potential of their own voting power. A bloc of student votes, he points out, could elect a Massachusetts Congressional representative or send a peace candidate to next year's presidential convention.

It's ten am and five newsmen frame the three demonstrators waiting outside the Williamstown Municipal Building. Junior Joe Hartney, the organizer of the demonstration in support of students' right to vote, comes a few minutes later, lugging twenty-two amusingly provoking posters:

EPH FOUGHT FOR THE LAND, HE'D
WANT US TO VOTE
TURN ON LAMPHEAR, LET US VOTE
WE'RE NOT PURPLE PEOPLE EATERS

Not all the posters were used. Indeed, the demonstration reached its peak with thirteen marchers. Professors buttressed the march as did Mr. Ralph Renzi of Williamstown, who thought the demonstration should be aimed at Boston.

Mr. J. Elwood Lamphear couldn't have agreed more. The town clerk stayed in his office, his blinds partially drawn so that the demonstrators could be seen in horizontal sections. He had "no reaction" to the demonstration. He had "nothing to say to them." He was "not a bit" affected by the demonstration. Lamphear was waiting for an answer to the registered letter sent to Massachusetts Attorney General Robert Quinn asking for an ng on the registration requirement is. Momentarily abandoning his dispassionate official pose, Lamphear sighed, "It's entirely in his hands." These students have to go to Boston and speak to the Attorney General. Maybe a demonstration at the State House, but it won't do any good here."

Professor Terry Perlin sympathized with Lamphear's indefinite stance. "There's a conflict of laws, a conflict in interpretation," said Perlin. Lamphear told Perlin that a special effort would be made to register students during a twenty-day grace period before the March 5 town meeting and March 12 town elections. By then, most students would have fulfilled the six months' residency requirement.

Professor James MacGregor Burns said the basic problem was that "people have not yet really learned to share the vote . . . Democracy requires a tremendously wide vote." He criticized the "begrudging attitude" of townsmen toward the student vote at the same time they denounce rioting. Students must share in the "glorious responsibility and task of democracy."

Marchers called it quits at 11:30. Professor Perlin had already gone inside the building to turn in a parking ticket. Some students had classes. And it was getting cold, rainy, and Lamphear had seen and been impressed as much as he would by 13 marchers.

Register and vote.
It's a telling mark.

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editorial: who's the leader of the club?

It makes a feller proud to be an Eph.

The ADVOCATE extends a hearty congratulations to Roy Pollock and Marcel Moreau, the students who recently affixed Mickey Mouse's smiling face and white gloves to the Lasell Gymnasium clock. Pollock and Moreau apparently executed the task, although - the November 5 Williams Record disclosed - "The whole idea was originally conceived by Apocalypse, Inc., a group of sophomores of which Pollock and Moreau are members." Ordinarily the ADVOCATE would have enlarged its felicitations to include the entire Apocalypse team, but since that sterling Record sentence seems to indicate seniors Pollock and Moreau are sophomores, we're not really certain who was actually involved, or who conceived the idea, and when.

But such is a silly censor's prattling, as we like to say around the ADVOCATE office. Even more than Mickey's cheery visage, it warmed our bellies that President John E. Sawyer ('39) chuckled, "I think it's great fun," and deemed the funny mischief "a very creative act." Since President Sawyer ('39) has never taken time to deem the ADVOCATE a very creative act; has in fact termed us destructive and outrageous; has generally severed his "lines of communications"; has counted obscenities on our pages; and shielded the alumni from our vulgar filth - well, his unmodified support of happy Mickey can only be taken as an encouraging omen. Has the creativity ship finally come in? Or will President Sawyer merely wave it out to sea again, quicker than you can spell Mickey Mouse? M-I-C, K-E-Y, M-O-U-S-E...see you reallll soon.



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Reflections Reflections

Moon Rocks

Left with a few spare minutes one morning, we meandered around the Bronfman lobby and happened onto a display of Moon Rocks. Not just rocks to skip across a pond or kick down a street. Moon Rocks. At Williams College.

We knew they were Moon Rocks because the sheet of Exel-Erase paper was entitled "Moon Rocks." The paper read:

"Samples of lunar basalt brought back by Apollo astronauts after their historic exploration of the moon.

"Scoracious nature of the basalts is indicative of the molten origin of the moon.

"These rocks are on a special loan from the Lunar Receiving Laboratory. Please do not disturb."

The Moon Rocks were in a plain wooden case, covered with a slice of plate glass. Someone bumped the glass. We shuddered and told him to be more careful. The four Moon Rocks reposed on gold imitation satin, puffed to look luxurious and impressive. Underneath the gold imitation satin was a backdrop of purple imitation satin.

Someone made a green-cheese joke. We glared at him. He tipped towards the corner like a can of flat root beer.

We stared at the Moon Rocks with awe, almost expecting something supernatural to happen. Like a Moon Rock reproducing into generations of Moon Rocks. Or a Moon Rock suddenly consumed by an ethereal glow, emitting rays to turn us all into mutant Marvel heroes. One rock flickered briefly, but it was just the reflection of a bearded Psych major lighting a Marlboro with "Finish High School" matches.

The bearded Psych major shook his head and chuckled. We waited for another green-cheese joke.

"You guys are dumb as shit," he commented as he left for class.

It had not occurred to us that the rocks might be bogus. We quickly decided not. They were in a case for people to see. In Bronfman, not the Snack Bar. The Science Center.

Still, maybe it was mildly bizarre to imagine that billions of dollars and man-hours had been spent to bring this display

to Williams. It didn't seem like a very giant step for mankind.

The wooden case from the geology building was not locked. Just a piece of glass slapped over the top. The Smithsonian takes better care of its Moon Rocks. All you had to do here was lift up the glass over the wooden tray and a Moon Rock was yours.

We lifted up the glass over the wooden tray and a moon rock was ours.

It was shaped like a tall piece of pie, with a rough black filling like a cross between charcoal and slate. In the back there was a licorice-layer of jaggedly slippery crust.

Someone had painted a small turquoise rectangle, enclosing the inked notation "n1," on the underside of the Moon Rock. It occurred to us that the Moon Rock closely resembled part of the collection of the geology building. Something funny was going on.

Maybe we were part of a social-psych experiment? We looked around for hidden cameras. Or a one-way mirror at least. Nothing.

We had been had.

All we saw at 7:30 am the next morning was a wide broom dragging a sleepy janitor up the hall of Bronfman. We stealthily avoided his glance, slipped over to the case of Moon Rocks, and sneaked a golf ball, a Titleist 3, into the place of the vanished Moon Rock.

The janitor suddenly shot into the lobby. He was trickier than we had anticipated. We figured he would find the golf ball and turn it in to Rudy Goff.

After the Jane Goodall lecture that night we decided to look in on the golf ball. We knew it was still there when a baby-faced, blonde freshman passed us in the hall outside, commenting to his friend, "That's stupid, putting a golf ball in with the Moon Rocks. Warped."

"Yeah," his friend added, "and I hope they return the other Rock that was there. It could give Williams a bad name."

A bearded Bio major and his girlfriend were examining the display. He had put on his glasses to get a better look. The girl glanced at the display, yawned, and scratched the back of the bearded Bio major's arm.

"It's pretty ridiculous with that golf ball there," we prompted.

The bearded Bio major turned to us, paused a moment, and spoke.

"What do you mean? That's probably one of the golf balls they were hitting around the moon."

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Movie review:

Silver
threads
among
the
Gould

by James Grubb

The College Cinema has had so few legitimate films this fall that a legitimate review is about as scarce as an empty turn table in the Reserve Room of Stetson Hall the night before a Music 113 hour test. Flicks like *Maid in Sweden* and *The Stewardesses* involve only our eyes while we gape at premeditated mediocrity, polishing our wits into razors of urbane sarcasm. Merely a fraction of our critical potential can draw from such crap everything it can give us; we are soon dulled and lose the precious ability to watch with discernment the serious, skillful films which sometimes sneak in.

In about three minutes Ingmar Bergmann, director of *The Touch*, now playing Spring Street, brought us back to a full involvement with a film. His newest work requires our full concentration to piece together its network of exquisite small moments into a full statement about the lives and interplays of three fully realized characters. In the process we ourselves are drawn into the various dramas: our own feelings, drives, weaknesses are all juxtaposed sharply with those of the actors.

Bergmann makes three major departures from the general format which characterized his earlier works. Initially the most obvious is his use of color, a sharp change from the brooding, bleak tones of black, grey, and white to which he had previously confined himself.

While by no means fully developed, Bergmann's handling of color is skillful, concentrating on contrasts of vivid blocks of strong intensity to achieve starkness of confrontation, sometimes blending close, soft shades to underline ambiguity or inner confusion. Visually, as always with Bergmann, this work is intense and spare, breathtaking in itself yet fully supportive of the overall drama.

A second innovation is that the movie is in English. The screenplay was obviously written by a Swede; its translation seems to have been done by Swedes armed only with dictionaries. The dialogue of the small moments is true and sensitive (Bergmann above all directors has infused his films with a love for supporting detail worthy of Breughel or Bosch) but the speeches of the big scenes are stilted and artificial, loaded with triteness and worse.

Thirdly, Bergmann has added an American, Elliot Gould, to the Swedish team of Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. We gradually come to realize that such a rough, brazen type is a necessary contrast to the gentle, restrained Swedes, but Gould is so badly cast and his acting is so poor that his characterization never achieves even minimal credibility. He should have stuck to Hawkeye.

The plot situation differs little from some of the earlier Bergmann films, notably *Shame*. We have another of those marriages (between Andersson as Karen and von Sydow as Andreas) in which something is terribly wrong but never verbalized, individual passions trapped below the surface. The viewer is drawn into the tangle, willing either the destruction or the rebuilding of the relationship as long as the unseen issues are brought out into the open and resolved.

Enter the complicating factor, Elliot Gould as David, the visiting archaeologist, trying to look like a scholarly Rasputin. His lines are among the worst of the movie, cliché on cliché, yet Bergmann creates around him a forcefield of inevitability, of destiny. As in the Greek tragedies, fate is inescapable: Karen and David are drawn into an affair which ultimately breaks apart all relationships among the three characters. We cannot explain why they fall in love, or why she continues to love him after

discovering his destructiveness; but Bergmann's passions are clearly irrational, and his skill in joining the pair together is so great that we can never question the validity of the affair.

It is Andersson who holds the film together and shows us what Bergmann is capable of. She is a remarkable actress, able to show in the tiny gestures of her face and body a vast range of conflicting emotions which Gould, for all his bull roaring, cannot give to his part. At her best when she is most afraid and vulnerable, she talks too quickly and too long to reassure herself, constantly subject to self-doubts and weakness, battered around yet ultimately proud and independent. Magnificent.

Andreas the husband is a supporting figure, deliberately subordinated to the central liaison. Only at the end does he show his true nature, with the viciousness of a gentle man who has been imposed upon too often. Von Sydow is a wise man and a good man; he is a very fine actor, shaded perfectly.

Gould as David is tolerable only when allowed to be his most American, crude and cynical and uncaring. His handling of the tender scenes and lyrical passions is clumsy and dreadful.

Perhaps unsure of himself in a largely new medium, Bergmann has introduced a number of cheap gimmicks which further weaken the fabric of the intricate triangle. The worst is the identification of David with the Portnoy castrated-by-Mama impotence trauma, which supposedly explains his silly psychotic rages. The symbolism of the insects, destroying from within the beautiful old statue which David has found hidden in an ancient church, is likewise heavy-handed.

Such moments destroy a good deal of the quiet eloquence of Bergmann's direction, and are in fact unnecessary. Frequent moments within the film amply demonstrate his genius for character portrayal through minute catalogues of tiny details. The imposed gimmicks attempt to compensate for Gould's lack of talent and only succeed in exaggerating his defects: it would have been better simply to subordinate him and concentrate on the superbly handled Karen and Andreas.

Still, see the movie. Try to ignore as much of the dialogue as you can, watching and listening to Andersson and von Sydow. Watch the scenery. Enough of this film is pure Bergmann; the parts that aren't can be attributed to his venture into English and his choice of Gould. We can only hope he can return to his earlier techniques and choose new areas for experimentation and creative growth.

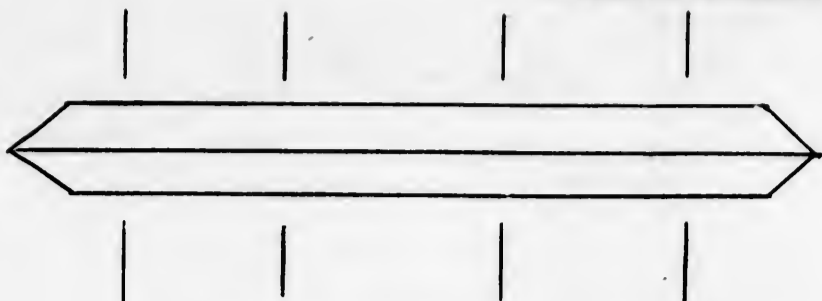
The ADVOCATE is pleased to announce the appointments of John Ramsbottom and James Grubb as Features Editor and Literary Editor, respectively, replacing Mitchell Rapoport and Charles Rubin, who have resigned.

The ADVOCATE needs drivers. If you have a car and want to earn some easy money, call us at 458-8479.

the
at the room
back

A LITTLE BIT OF
EVERYTHING

Spring Street



Fish's-eye view of the crew team.

Don't let my mind know what I'm up to

by Ellen Anderson

(Editors' Note: Although fall crew practice ended two weeks ago, some members of the girls' team are still catching up on lost sleep, berating their overzealous rowing roommates, and generally recuperating from the unforgettable experience of early-morning practice sessions on Lake Onota. Here is one first-person account of such an excursion.)

5:00 — Never... At least my clock is three minutes fast.... Come on, just a few more inches and you'll have stood up. Now you can share your misery, and wake up your roommate. Knock, thump. Hey, Lynel, wake up. It's 5:00.

—Okay, okay.
(At 5:00, conversation is absolutely minimal.)

Spring Street, 5:30 am—We decide that the only advantage to getting up so early is the indescribable smell of the bakery in full swing. All the more so because you haven't had anything to eat. The sky is vaguely glowing, but the weather hasn't yet made up its mind.

—It's easier if I just don't let my mind know what I'm up to.

—My old friends would never believe this. They should just be coming home from an all-night party.

—Imagine what the policeman thinks of us; two girls in sneakers, shorts, and winter jackets, chomping on apples.

—Watch out, for God's sake. It may be 5:25, but there's already traffic on Route 2.

Well, there they are. There really are others. Murmuring in languid morning voices, a ragged cluster of girls in front of stately Chapin Hall, just emerging from the pitch. George Marcus, the coach. Even he is looking a little tired. Six girls and a coxswain. Steve Laird, a varsity crew member. Behind these, an orange Alfa Romeo and a pick-up truck. But we still have to find two more oarsmen or we'll all be sent back to bed. Steve volunteers, and Nancy decides to risk the everlasting enmity of her roommate; she leaves to wake her and insist that she come. As soon as both of Jan's contact lenses are in place, we clamber into the two vehicles for the half-hour (con-

siderably less in the Alfa) drive to Pittsfield. Suspended animation; only our ears function.

"...the People's Republic of China has been formally admitted to the United Nations....Bringing you the Baltimore East shore hurricane report....And now for the Chicago stockyard report...." I could almost go back to sleep if she would only get her knee out of my back. A sharp jolt. Slow return to consciousness.

—What does that red light mean?
—That we have less than two gallons of gas.

—I think I see the sun.
Early morning attempt at humor elicits little response.

Finally we pull up beside the John A. Shaw boathouse. (Did the guy really pay \$80,000 for this? Only to have it defiled by aimless female footsteps.)

—(under my breath to my neighbor) We can barely maneuver this thing in the daylight. (Its weight evenly distributed among eight people, the shell bears down on each girl, creasing her shoulder with its sharp gunwale.) We stagger down to the dock, weaving onto the neighboring property as we go. Now to get the thing into the dove-grey, opaque water without following it too precipitously. "Over the head...down to the side... and in...." Plush. "Starboard side, ready, one foot up and in." Don't put your dainty stocking foot through the fragile bottom of a \$3,000 shell.

Then out on the water, which is utterly calm. "Head up, back straight." Gentle admonitions from the coach's launch. Really gliding now; no time to catch a crab. Back at the dock. Dull pain mingled with satisfaction as we lumber back towards the boathouse under the load of the George E. Marcus.

Anyone will tell you that our trips home (passing contests) are as integral a part of crew as rowing. The leaves are gone and so are the leaf-freaks, so we can turn our attention to conversation on the way back. Too bad the season is almost over.

There is a repeat performance on Friday morning. Again we need another oarsman. No problem. In crew, one simply drives over to her dorm at 5:30, wakes her up, and expects her to forget the entire traumatic experience. That's interdependence, right George?

The coach's launch is completely enveloped in the fog. It wheezes invisibly, coming nearer and then seeming to drift away. The girls bound for eight o'clock classes leave, but still no sign of the coach. Finally a desperate chorus from the rescue squad on the dock, "1-2-3, GEORGE!" Meek reply from off to the left. "George who?" Eventually the small boat emerges from the mist... one slightly soggy coach, for once without a quip.

The girl crew members are easily identifiable during the fall. Their hands look like candidates for the "before" portion of a Jergens commercial, their calves are bruised by violent collision with the rails of the seats, and their gaze never deviates from directly in front of them. But who say members of the crew team can claim to have contributed so much to the entertainment of the fish in Lake Onota?

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Amherst weekend revisited

by David Kehres and David Rice

When you have a good thing, run it into the ground! We've all done that already with Amherst Weekend, of course. But The ADVOCATE never was one to quit while we're ahead. We don't care how often you've heard about the Game, the plays, the concert, etc. We're gonna tell you about all that again! After all, you can't hate it!

A small knot of subdued students congregated in the smoky, dimly lit hall outside the AMT studio theater Friday night. "Father Uxbridge Wants to Marry" and "Line" were on their agenda. The self-conscious, unaccompanied ones, who flanked the walls, smoking, waiting, and staring at each other, had chosen not to brave the row-house hurricanes. The doldrums at the theater, nevertheless, may have caused them to rue that choice.

One ticket-laden loiterer, however, acquiesced fairly readily to the shows at the "X":

"Who could really expect me to stick around Garfield and listen to Joe and Bing?" quipped a beaming exchange student.

A gaunt, middle-aged man with long, kinky, grey locks, wire-rims, and tassled suede jacket, looking more every minute like a freaked-out Tonto, contemplated an array of photos from previous productions. One of an hysterical woman in a lace undergarment seemed particularly to enchant him. Tom Alleman, the

assistant stage manager, passed by him, strutting around like Chanticleer in a red, white, and blue bow tie.

The doors finally opened. A pack of pasty-faced phantoms oozed into a row of seats, their hypnotized stares suggesting zombies imprisoned in the Stetson Reserve Room for five days, sans bread and water. A brillo-haired girl and her middle-aged, fatherly escort exchanged glances of mutual endearment while settling into chairs. Three snowy-haired, pink-scalped old ladies claimed the port side of the first row with their ample frames, chattering like the Merry Wives of Windsor or the accelerated sound track of a Chip and Dale cartoon. One grim couple sat in stony detachment, casting hostile looks at neighbors. The tight-

Please turn to page 4



Ollie-ollie-oxen-free!

by Dan Pinello

(Editors' note: three weeks ago the ADVOCATE raised the issue of the homosexual at Williams. The following article is a progress report, of sorts, touching on the Tuesday-night lecture-discussion by members of the New York Gay Activists' Alliance and the attempt at starting a Gay Liberation chapter at Williams.)

Rich had said not to worry. That if I didn't hear from him before the big day, I could assume that Arnie, Marty, and Arthur would show up by six o'clock Tuesday, in time for dinner. So why should I worry? My God, Rich is chairman of GAA's National Gay Movement Committee. If I can't depend on him, well...

Yet, it's 6:15 now. They can't speak on empty stomachs. Dean Grabois himself said he'd be there. They have to be in the best mental and physical condition. I've got some roasted soybeans and some peanut butter and wheat germ. That's plenty of protein. But I've only got two bowls. I guess I'll have to ask Mrs. Gonzalez for a couple.

"Dan! Your friends haven't come yet, and we have to take the kids out to eat. Why don't you come down and wait since you can't hear the bell in your room. I'll put Spock in the bathroom so he won't bother you."

That damned dog! Won't he ever stop barking? A muzzle ... Where are they? It's almost seven. They've got my number, I wrote it in the letter with the map.

What will I tell the College Council? That I spent \$35 of their money on advertising and uncountable hours stuffing mailboxes, and the speakers didn't show?

Please turn to page 3

by Vladimir Hopsakovich

The only way to teach in this place and still make a lot of dough is to moonlight. Some of the faculty win the Pulitzer Prize, which is good for a bit of spot cash, and some assign their own books to their classes and rake in the royalties that way. But the rich professors, the furtive ones, are the ones who write garbage in their spare time. Face it, which sells more copies, *The Lion and the Fox* or *Thor 73*?

Figuring that the further down you rank, the better you're loved at the bank, one enterprising prof has become the Howie Hughes of journalism by composing the most frequently read words in the English language: "Close Cover Before Striking" and "No High School Diploma? FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME." These pithy and cogent phrases are found on the covers of 39 percent of American matchbooks. The guy is making a bundle off smokers and Mad Bombers.

Not content to rest on past works, the gentleman has also become head of the English department of the LaSalle Correspondence College and director of its marching band. Unfortunately he was overly loose-tongued about his accomplishments one day in the dining hall, and our 2 stool pigeon, Bowser the Dalmatian, who was slobbering over his Haddock Stew at the time, quickly passed the news on to us. Bowser is smarter than he looks.

Blackmail was easy. We confronted the professor with our information, threatened to expose him to his Creative Writing students, and demanded a sample of his work. Cursing and sweating, like a trapped tiger, he handed over the following Final Exam for his advanced students (the ones who lick their own stamps).

The horse runs shy, the brook runs red (1)
The captain crosses on his sled: (2)
I think grandpop is nigh past dead. (3)
Sing ho, sing ho. The tulip bop. (4)
(5)
To think that life slips by so swift (5)
To think that man his star must drift (6)
A piece of bread: on a turtle's wift. (7)
Sing ho, sing ho. The tulip bop. (8)

This intentionally obscure slice of poesy should recall numerous Elizabethan poets, but the real author was actually the contemporary versifier, ———. Defend your choice, then skip down to the short answers.

- "Horse runs" and "brook runs" in line 1 are:
a. Active verbs
b. Running verbs
c. Instant proof that Shakespeare was really Sir Francis Bacon or Walt Disney.
- From the evidence cited in the poem, the "sled" used by the "captain" is crossing:
a. the Bronx River Parkway
b. New Zealand, in an airplane
c. New Zealand, via kangaroo
d. The "sled" is really a vacuum cleaner.
- Now think about lines one (1) and two (2):
a. Franz Joseph Haydn
b. rabbit stew, with honey
c. "President McKinley, the ambassador has arrived."
- In line 3, the "I" thinking about "grandpop" is obviously:
a. grandmom
b. grand-auntie
c. Grand Union
d. Bohack's
- "Sing ho, sing ho. The tulip bop" closes both the first and second stanzas.

Moonlight and tulips

Evidently:

- The poet was stuck for lines.
- A line has been left out.
- A line has been left out, twice.
- The poet is Polish.
- Waltz of the Flowers, from "The Nutcracker."
- The poet is singing.
- Line 0 indicates the poet's unwillingness to:
a. write nine-line poems
b. stand up for prison reform
c. withdraw from the senatorial race
d. come to grips with himself, and head for medical school
- "The tulip bop" is:
a. a new type of dance
b. Yeats's nickname, before he changed it
c. Japanese for feathery peektures
d. the mascot at Ed's Service Station

- The feeling that most nearly approaches what you feel when you read line 5 is:
a. a wet dream
b. "That's two sausage grinders, and a half a meatball..."
c. lust
d. four abortions
e. 6:37 am, with your mother asleep in the chair
f. the Jewish New Year
g. Vanity Fair, chapter XXVII
h. Sinclair Lewis
- The use of the word "swift" in line 5 connotes:
a. quick like a bunny
b. Swift wrote the poem, and is cleverly disguising himself
c. three into two won't go
d. The tulip bops
- Read lines 5-6-7 carefully; then read them backwards (ie, 7-6-5 -- no credit for 7-5-6.) What do you discover?
a. God.
b. That woolen glove I've been looking all over for.
c. They rhyme.
- Why must "man his star must drift"?
a. Proust said so.
b. Life is a dream.
c. Hemingway, with his brains on the floor of the barn.
d. esophagus
e. Man is like a star, shooting through space: his friends like planets, his foes like meteors.
- "Wift" (line 7) is a clever pun on:
a. infanticide
b. literary criticism
c. a very private area of the female body
- A good title for this poem is:
a. "Silas Marner, a good booke"
b. "What the Milk-Maid Found"
c. "The Well-Made Play"
d. "Inside Yugoslavia"

more Hampshire

instead of an active nature, and that professors would still assume the responsibility of helping students acquire discipline and direction in their work. But Hampshire's abrupt departure from a system students had been accustomed to all their school years, accompanied with little or no transition, whipped the rug out from under them. Painfully awkward moments at the beginning of classes abounded when the more "structureless" professors threw out such openers as, "Well, what did you think of the reading?" Coughing and nervous shuffling were the response. No one knew quite how to react, and often half of the class period passed before a good discussion got rolling. But most of the time, when the professor was non-committal and hesitant to speak, the students followed suit. Hampshire's "independent", "motivated" student body, despite its reputation, expected leadership from elsewhere - only to have difficulty in finding it.

The initiative the faculty so eagerly awaited failed to materialize last year, particularly in less structured courses that placed a minimum of explicit demands upon students. Most undergraduates, particularly in the first semester, seized any opportunity to avoid the hard work that academic self-discipline requires. The number of papers written was as surprisingly low as the number assigned. An atmosphere of intellectual lethargy reigned. In the absence of objective academic standards, a highly intelligent student body produced incredibly inferior work.

Fortunately, during the second semester, the faculty finally realized, however slowly, that perhaps the students might need a gentle prod. Since then, a steady progression toward increased academic structure and more rigorous standards has developed, accompanied by an increasing student commitment to serious study.

Frightening Seriousness

But still, no joyous faces. And no community. Everyone's off on his own studying. Even last week's brief exposure to campus life convinced me that the unhappiness, anxiety, and dissatisfaction of last year was not merely the transient disillusionment of an overly optimistic entering class, nor the shattering of unreasonable, utopian hopes and expectations. These elements were undoubtedly influential, for any enterprise as revolutionary as Hampshire's is bound to suffer growing pains. The humorlessness and sense of isolation keenly felt last year, however, have persisted, and the increase in academic structure does not seem to have mitigated them.

The fault lies, rather, in the nature of Hampshire's self-image. Hampshire's rejection of the established academic institutional structure, which historically has cemented student social relationships, has served only to isolate undergraduates one from another and has failed to create "joyous, more complete human beings." And perhaps more significantly, Hampshire's conception of the student as independent and self-sufficient has placed enormous pressure on undergraduates to "produce" on their own. This has only replaced the intellectual lethargy of last year with perhaps a far worse evil: a gruelling intellectual intensity and hyper-seriousness. Students now view themselves and their roles at Hampshire with frightening gravity. Their sense of purpose seems less joyous than slavish.

The sheer intensity of the atmosphere drained me after my two-hour exposure last weekend. I met a friend while

walking across campus and asked him how he was finding his second year.

"Oh much, much better than last year," he hurried to assure me. "Hampshire's giving me an opportunity to develop myself intellectually to the greatest extent that I possibly can, and I'm determined to do it this year." Pretty grave and lofty rhetoric for a 19-year-old. It seemed he felt secretly bound, trapped by Hampshire's philosophy: in giving him the run of the field, the school placed him out on a limb where only he could be held accountable for failure to produce. Behind the determined rhetoric was someone lost and desperately groping for help. Talking with another friend in the cafeteria, who was trying desperately to wake up over a cup of coffee, I recognized the same gravity of purpose. What was he doing this weekend? "Oh, reading a five-hundred-page art book in the library." When I mentioned that I was going to the Amherst-Trinity game that afternoon, a shaggy-headed boy at a nearby table raised an eyebrow. "Football?! What's that?" Such social frivolity was evidently incompatible with Hampshire's noble purpose.

Not that Hampshire students don't need or want a social life - they simply don't have one there. "This place is dead on weekends," moaned another friend of mine. "Everybody splits and goes elsewhere to find their fun." No medium for socializing in this "familistic enterprise." Some irony that.

Student Cocoon

The severe isolationism, academic anxiety, and hyperseriousness from which Hampshire suffers stems directly from its conception of the student as entirely self-motivating and self-sufficient, and from its rejection of the institution as a catalyst in his growth. In a New York Review of Books article in October 1969, Schaar and Solin said,

The most powerful emerging tendencies are treating the undergraduate student as a candidate for graduate or professional school, or arranging things so that the student can have the greatest possible latitude for personal search and experiment. Both tendencies, of course, intensify intellectual fragmentation rather than genuine sharing of knowledge and experience... Each tendency hurries the student toward his own cocoon.

The cocoons spun by virtually all Hampshire's students last year, and by many of its faculty, became nearly impenetrable. After all, if students came to Hampshire to do their own thing, what could they possibly want with each other? A student addressed the community in a letter to the campus paper in March of last year:

For the first time since I've been here, I sat down and talked with a person. Not just the usual crap about how classes are going or some such, but really talked. It is strange that that should have been such a rare experience, but the more we talked, the more we doubted that my situation was uncommon here. I'd really like to get to know some of you, but you're locked away in a small group of people you've grown accustomed to, and obviously enjoy relating to. I'm afraid to sit down at a table with a group of people that I know doesn't expect me to be there... Lot of talk about community et al. I'm leary of the Hampshire concept of community, and I envision a lot of someones trying to push, form, hack, carve and-or shape us all into one happy family. Inevitably that family would be one of lies and false faces. A real community needs no carving. It just needs people to take one step beyond their fear, or one step outside their security.

He's right. No carving - a superb metaphor. As he suggests, the ultimate responsibility for creating a sense of

community can only lie in individual will and initiative, not in institutions. But where the majority of students feels social inhibitions to the degree felt at Hampshire, the milieu, and not the individuals, must be the cause. Somehow Hampshire had managed to omit from its plan any catalyst to encourage interpersonal communication, sharing, and trust. The school only aggravated the student body's inherent social problem: how to weave a tightly knit community from a group of rugged individualists whom the admissions office had deliberately sought out. Left to their own devices, these naturally isolated, independent students followed their instincts, going off in different directions. Yet a conglomeration of separate spores does not make a community. Thus the institution becomes all the more necessary, providing an external standard to mediate the students' experiences and to provide a common denominator for sharing, trusting, and interpersonal understanding. That standard also permits people to objectify their experience, allowing constructive self-appraisal and change.

Hampshire forgets, then, that students, especially rugged individualists, need each other and can only achieve true community through some shared external environment or institution.

Yet people continue to be amazed at my decision to leave Hampshire.

- 1) Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream.
- 2) I have a dog, his name is Fido.
- 3) Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet.
- 4) Jack and Jill went up the hill.
- 5) London Bridge is falling down.

- A) Honi soit qui mal y pense.
- B) Aldoximes dehydrogenate to nitrile N-Oxides.
- C) Sodium and water go boom.
- D) Boys and girls do babies make.
- E) He's alive in Peru, he lives, he lives, he ...

Rearrange the following sentences to make a complete story, and delete the one sentence which is extrinsic:

- 1) Then, said the mama bear, you're going straight to bed.
- 2) Baby bear was a good little bear except for the fact that he was slightly spoiled.
- 3) "I hate porridge. I just detest it," said baby bear.
- 4) "Get your hands off my breast or I'll scream."
- 5) The porridge was on the table, and it was nice and warm and nutritious, but baby bear wouldn't touch it.
- 6) See what happens when you don't eat your porridge.
- 8) So baby bear went to bed and read his Uncle Vanya, which he'd tucked away beneath his pillow.

more exam

- 1) Julius Caesar, by Shakespeare
- 2) Caesar and Cleopatra, by Shaw
- 3) Anthony and Cleopatra, by Shakespeare
- 4) Black Boy, by Richard Wright
- 5) Cleopatra, the movie - the 1920's version. (That silly thing with Elizabeth Taylor isn't a masterpiece. If you disagree, state why in several sentences. We will not read more than fifty words on the subject.)

"Once upon a time, and a very good time it was, there was a moocow coming down along the road..." is the first line of what great work of literature:

- 1) A Day at the Farm
- 2) Milk and Honey
- 3) Volume 35, Number 5, My Weekly Reader
- 4) Oklahoma
- 5) The Senate subcommittee report on farm subsidies, March, 1966

Children's rhymes often convey important truths that a first reading might not reveal. Match the following nursery rhymes with the corresponding truths:

"A Bottle of Wine
A Loaf of Bread
My Touring equipment
from the House of
Walsh Ski Shop.
So who needs
thou?"

"You
will, after
drinking that
whole bottle of
wine?"

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editorial: pressure values

Walk around campus and in the dorms the week before finals in December. What will you hear? Joyous chatter at the prospect of going home for the holidays? Perhaps, but more likely a number of choice curses at having to face those treacherous exams almost immediately after classes end.

Williams is one of few colleges without a reading period of respectable length. Sure, we have two days this semester — count them, a Saturday and a Sunday — but that only gives you barely enough time to catch up on lost sleep. Then at 8:30 Monday morning, the prof, for whom you clapped the loudest the Friday before, greets you with a wide grin and a forebodingly blank blue book. You only pray your mind isn't equally blank.

With the school's heavy academic workload, many students find themselves forced to choose between academics and extracurricular activities, without really being able to mix the two. Those who take grades seriously have insufficient time to participate in any but the most superficial or frivolous activities. Those who want to take advantage of extracurricular opportunities not available anywhere but at college — like sports, or the theater, or work on one of the news media — are forced either to take gut courses or to accept mediocre returns from challenging ones. Thus a broad educational experience is quite constricted for those who try fully to realize it.

Professor Theodore Mehlin, chairman of the Calendar Committee, contends that Williams' twelve-week, Monday-through-Friday semesters are now close to being too short, and that further shortening would threaten the school's academic strength. Undeniably true. But Mehlin also claims that widespread summer commitments of students and faculty preclude any lengthening of the two terms, into early September and early June. Not undeniably true. Penn starts classes before Labor Day, and Dartmouth runs through the second week of June. Neither of the schools' students or faculty suffers undue hardships.

Williams indeed could lengthen both semesters with little difficulty. An extra week in September would eliminate essentially wasted class time after Thanksgiving, when most students are doing little but catching up anyway. Both classes and "tying-it-together" study would be made more effective. An extra week in June would relieve pressures of a tight schedule combined with virulent spring fever.

The ADVOCATE believes most students would greatly welcome week-long reading periods, "pressure valves" to allow them full benefit from their Williams years. We urge the Calendar Committee to reconsider its objections to the extension of study periods here.



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Reflections

Bridge Club

They advertise "traditional prizes." We've never seen them, and we're not sure they exist, but such is the lure for students to descend to the Rathskeller to play competition bridge Wednesday nights.

Innocently we blundered in to observe a match, only to find a small band of regulars, huddled together, discussing possible candidates for enough men to complete the third table. Urgent pleas from Baxter Hall ruthlessly invaded the privacy of the conscientious souls who had decided to forego bridge for hour tests and papers.

Meanwhile, seniors Ira Mickenberg and Dave Martin, the club's president, were closeted in an argument over the scoring system for the evening. After heated debate, they tentatively settled on IMPs, which we, in our ignorant bliss, had always thought were second cousins to pixies and sprites. Noticing our bewilderment, Dave explained the International Master Point system. He himself has won hundreds of points.

Under pressure, however, Dave conceded to consider the victory point system. The contestants cheered. Rich Levy summed up the crowd's feeling, showing the club's peculiar jargon and sense of humor: "You're a swell turkey, Dave."

Having failed to entice any bookworms from their cells in Sage or Williams, the recruiters fell upon us: either put out and play or no story. What could we say?

We sat down at a table, resolving not to be satisfied with mediocrity. Either the top or the bottom, but none of this faceless, middle-of-the-dungheap stuff. Mind over matter, we muttered to the cards; let's think.

At the Bridge Club, duplicate bridge is played, which means a change of partners every few hands. So everyone got the benefit of our amazing team play. Unfortunately, everyone took advantage of us, using all sorts of unconventional and unorthodox tactics. We discovered that the only bridge player in the country who plays strictly by the conventions is Charles Goren, mostly because they're his conventions.

We were using a tricky form of the Standard American Inscrutable style, starting with a quick psychic bid. We got burned. Likewise on our clever use of take-out passes and pre-emptive doubles. Still, in its own way our play was truly outstanding, and we were awarded numerous "bottoms," which sounded pretty solid until we found out such prizes are basically derisive and pejorative.

We needed a massive comeback. Quickly changing our motto to "Bottoms up!" we charged into the fray with a kamikaze verve that soon had the scorepads smoking. And again our opponents double-crossed us, foiling our finesses, slamming us in spades, overtrumping our certain tricks.

We needed a Roget's Thesaurus as well as a quick lesson. Short clubs, vulnerables, knockout bids left us nodding politely and dropping further down in the standings. Even obvious commands like "Squat on that one" and "Mongoloid oaf!" brought us no closer to comprehension.

Despite valiant, almost suicidal attempts to arrest the slide, we continued downhill from the start. Our last opponents gave the final blow, blow-torching us off to climb into first place and cement us into last. Still, how comforting to know we were consistent. In the Welfare State, it takes hard, persistent work to be a total failure: we had done it. And, having done nothing right all evening, we had escaped mediocrity.

Sweaty, nauseous, embarrassed, red-eyed, flushed, we left Baxter, kicking ourselves for learning to play the game in the first place. Around us were the other players, baying at the moon, cursing, crying out the stupidity of the game. "Never Again!"

Then: "See you next week."

Onward the Mud Brigade

According to the Times it was 75 degrees and sunny in Galveston. But for New York itself the radio grunted 43, and all we could see was rain, the grey kind which brings on pneumonia and rheumatism. Paul Skudder skidded the cross-country team's Chevy wagon into Van Cortland Park, almost wiping out one of the competition. Slogging across the turf, we eventually found Coach Plansky, who directed us to pick up our numbers—two apiece. The IC4A is a big-time meet.

After the varsity began their five-mile slosh, Paul directed us around the course, which he admitted having run in high school. An unrelieved brown coated our eyes and shoes as we walked, fell, and slipped through, in, and under the mud. The roller coaster hills only added to the problem of staying upright.

Lost numbers were scattered along the course.

"Well, it looks like old two-forty-six never quite made it."

"Naw, that's seventeen. Look for a hand or a foot underneath it."

We returned to watch one of the other races chew up the course, groaning a little as the last blade of grass disappeared. The College Division J.V.s run last, the real peasants.

Still, we all warmed up just like they do in the big races: even Marty Liquori and Jim Ryan take their sweatpants off one leg at a time. The officials herded us towards the starting line, technically an "inscribed equiradial arc," but really a staggering lime ribbon. We chatted with a lonely runner from Boston College.

Suddenly the starter fired his popgun and the day's last band of lemmings surged forth. Mud flew back at us from the spikes of the sprinters ahead; we kicked it back to the plodders behind us. Eighty-three people converged on a post only two hundred yards away. Luckily it was a relatively small pack, so there wasn't too much infighting and elbowing. Not quite as bad as Macy's Special Sales, but better than Times Square on New Year's.

We splashed through a dirty brown mini-marsh and up into the woods along the dirty brown path. Some people were forced onto the slick grass border. Others played steeplechase through the underbrush. Scrambling over an incline, we neatly sidestepped a harrier in green and white who had attempted the downslope sans plect before being stopped by a rock.

Friends and foes careened along unsteadily. The guy we'd been following lost control on a tight curve and crashed through the bushes. Somehow most of us successfully fought our way around the indicated turn.

About a mile and a half through we began to compose our letter of resignation from the team. This was fun, getting pleurisy from the damp and terminal exhaustion from destroying our bodies? But there were more hills and more turns and always more mud to break into our reveries. Our aching lungs and numb legs instinctively gathered for a final effort even as we realized the insanity of the enterprise and decided to take up walking.

History passed before we recognized the finish line, about as close as Topeka. The obnoxious, pushy, and fresh runners behind us clamored to pass; some succeeded in making their point. At last the finish judge called out a dull "Four forty-four" as we stumbled across a once-white line. The coaches greeted us with the ritual chant, "Keep moving, keep moving, don't stop now."

There were no crowds, no groupies, no glories, no solace.

We staggered off the course, searching out our sweats and some small measure of warmth. Damp clothes were pulled over our half-soaked frames as we munched off to an overcrowded locker room and showers. Exactly why we needed any more water remained unexplained. Still we were all grateful for the lukewarm stream, washing off the mud, the caked blood, and all the other short-lived souvenirs of the occasion.

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more
ollie

The phone!
"Hello, Dan? This is Lois. About that article ... Did I interrupt you?"
"No, (pant) Lois. I've just run up two flights of stairs. I'm waiting for someone ..."
"Damn! Why does the staff have to bother me just now?"

I ought to go up and put that dog out of its misery with a ...
The door!
The Gonzalezes. "Haven't they come yet? That's too bad. What are you going to do if they don't show up?"
7:30.
"Informayshun for what borough, puhlease?"
"Manhattan."
"Yes?"
"May I have the number of an Arthur Evans on east 97th Street?"
Footsteps coming up my stairs.
"That number is ..."
"Thank you, operator, but I don't need that number now ..."
"Arthur, I thought you'd never ..."
Morty? Morty Manford?
"From Columbia, don't you remember? And this is Cora Perrotta and Charles Burch."
What in hell has Rich done to me? Oh, God, will they speak well? That audience is going to be wanting blood ...
"So, let's have a briefing on the situation."

The situation, he wants to know? In half an hour he thinks they can learn what has taken me months of planning, scheming, and guessing? They show up an hour and a half late, three completely different people than I expected, to face a devouring audience in 45 minutes, and he wants to know the situation!
"Calm down, Dan. Everything will be all right. These crowds are all the same. We can handle them."

Not much of a crowd for Jesup: about 20 students trying to look as inconspicuous as possible. Gay Liberation? Just intellectual curiosity, that's all. Just came to see the show, that's all.
It's only 7:20 - the hordes have still got 10 minutes to show up. Then we'll start 10 minutes late to make sure we catch any stragglers.
All right, Zarcos, cut it out with the camera. Do you want to make people paranoid? Hell, you're making me paranoid.

Where's Grabois? Where's the faculty?

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I stuffed notices in all their boxes. Did the title turn them off? What about all the people who came up to me and raved about my article?

Well, at least more students have come. Maybe as many as a hundred or more. One in fifteen. What an interesting statistical coincidence.

Christ! Wouldn't it be something if he is gay. Wouldn't that prove the stereotype wrong. Naw, you're just imagining things. Then, again, you never can tell ...

C'mon out, all you closet queens. Ollie-ollie-oxen-free! Now stop that, you're being oppressive. That's all we need.

"In your estimation, what causes homosexuality?"

I was wondering when that one would come up. Show him, Morty.

"Let me answer that by asking you what causes heterosexuality."

"I meant my question seriously."

"My answer was equally earnest, although it may have appeared facetious. The simplest response is that no one knows what determines sexual orientation. Sure, plenty of theories exist, but there are innumerable case studies to throw any one of them seriously into question. The psychiatric profession has always assumed to find an answer with the purpose of inventing a 'cure.' And that approach simply is not valid. A gay orientation is an alternate mode of sexual and emotional self-expression which is not open to psychological analysis as presently defined."

Bravo.

It's gone on for an hour and a half.

"Morty, don't you think we should break up to another room for those who are interested and out enough to start regular meetings?"

"You read my mind, Dan."

My God, ten to fifteen people in Griffin Hall. Even a few from Bennington. It worked!!

the great wall of china

a dim outline of allegorical figures emerges from the bluffs suggesting romance like trains follow the river into advanced ages of mountains veins of a terrestrial arm almost over the heads of one distinct in elevation embodies a map's separateness This person later introduces herself in telephone jargon, later inducing creativity. Later an ineluctable intimacy develops, stimulating conversation & manual dexterity. Soon one is merely uncertain. Finally pain arises in the hubbub of an urban insurrection. Before that extremity, only self-imposed creativity alleviates the pain (end) (love) of love. Before love, there is usually childhood or fascination, or both. At the outset, scarcely a hint of the cultural splendor to come escapes from the underpainting of the grid.....

(seizing luminous objects at will)

on the steps river animals have been cast into a register of the tides their halting figures compel us to love the actions of love & the correspondent motives revolve clock weights of permanence as if to perfect the hand race or puppets taking tea where the leaves resolve the map of china in their teacups

--Jamie James

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Minus one week and counting

by John Sayles

Charles Rubinz and William Finn are expecting. "SIZZLE is our baby," announces their first-night, special-invitation card, "Our work of love." December 9 is the big day: at 8:30 pm, on the Adams Memorial Theatre mainstage, delivery is due for the full-length, completely original "musical paranoia." I dropped in the other night to check on the gestation.

Actually, the posters around campus say "Jules Alan presents." But really, Charles Jules Rubin is writing the book, and William Alan Finn is composing the music and lyrics as well as doing the direction. Maybe you've seen the two (unlikely in the last few weeks -- producing a large-scale musical is like joining a monkey): Bill Finn, aside from possessing the self-described lowest crotch in the East, sports curly hair and eyes that belong on the dark, intriguing hero of a Gothic novel. Heathcliff. Finn directed "No Exit" in the Chapin basement earlier this year, played the Marquis de Sade last year in "Marat/Sade." Rubin looks like the guy who always won at spelling in my fourth-grade class, if that's any help. Charlie probably knows all the definitions too, for "ichthyornis" and "nuncupative." He wrote last year's Freshman Review and is former editor of the ADVOCATE.

By attending all the rehearsals, Charlie rewrites the play as problems crop up, as he gets new ideas and is disillusioned with old ones. In this situation the writer has real people to move around, to speak through -- which is both an advantage and a pain. You know how your ideas are being fleshed out, but at the same time actors aren't plastic: unlike characters-in-the-mind, they have limits, stubbornness, ideas of their own. The writer can play God on paper, but on stage he's only the Pope.

I asked Charlie who he wrote for: himself or the audience? And how broadly or narrowly? He told me he tries to work on both levels, first to produce something he is proud of and believes in, at the same time trying to affect a particular audience. He wants to do more with the musical than is usually attempted -- to use ideas, not just tacked on here and there to make people feel intellectual, but as the foundations of the play. "I'm demanding a hell of a lot from an audience," he said. "I'm not sure we could do this outside of a college community." At the same time he wants people to laugh through 80 percent of the action. As for his troubles in writing during rehearsals, he praised the cast's adaptability to rewrites and said, with an "all bullshit aside," that this was the best group of people he had ever had to work with.

I asked Bill how he directs. "I tell them how to breathe, where to move, when to fart." So rather than suggesting a quality

or having the actors work out a character by improvisations, you get up and show them what to imitate? "That's an understatement." I said that Bill Finn would be stamped all over this show, and he agreed; Finn believes this should always be so: the director's personality and style visible throughout a production.

I imagined this would cause problems with the writer, but Charlie sees it as essential to the success of his play. Bill is his ideal actor: "His movement and delivery are perfect for my writing, I had his style in mind when I wrote the play." So what could be better than a stage full of Bill Finn, manifested through the actors' bodies?

There are disagreements, the age-old "That's not what I wrote/That's not what I read" gets into the director, but they get evened out. By the performance the differences between writer and director will be a fraction of the gap that usually exists.

The amount of dedication "Jules Alan" has in SIZZLE is admirable. Charlie puts it that he is literally staking his academic career for this play: he hasn't been to class in nine weeks or something and may have to change his major or transfer. Bill too is on or over the edge of taking the bag in his classes. (Bill asked me to mention Messrs. Hendrix, Hegyi, Barrow, and Hyde; for Charlie it's Crosman, Dalzell, and Labaree; to say that they miss them and think they're wonderful people.)

A play like this becomes a world in itself, it gets into the dreams. Charlie called it his "ultimate educational experience." It's using to the fullest the facilities and people a college provides, for the purpose of self-expression. Every kid ought to have one. I asked them what they valued more, the work of putting it together or sitting back at a performance. They both told me that the big moment was when they had completed their creation; for Charlie having the final draft typed, for Bill when he freezes the play, says "That goes on stage, I'm done." Bill didn't know whether he wanted to watch the actual performances or not.

Ego and personality are very big factors here, they influence everything that reaches the stage. For instance, I personally couldn't act (for free) for Bill Finn. Bill probably couldn't act for a director like Bill. There are people, however, who can and do. Charlie and Bill are both secure in the ego department; Rubin can say "I'm the best critic on campus," and Finn can say "No Exit was a fantastic job of direction," and you're sure they believe it. Which is fine.

But objectivity is always a big problem in an ego-game like the theatre. Often ego can outrun talent; it can turn about and choke it, or (in rare cases) can be insufficient to support the talent. Ego is fed from inside and out, the balance varies with the individual. Where does the individual start to drift away from reality into delusions of grandeur; how does he make certain he's not his only fan; and how much does he have to pander to others' opinion? Maybe straightening out this question should be the job of the critic.

Now that I'm started on Williams College criticism, is it, to quote Bruce MacDonald, a "masturbatory exercise," or does it serve a purpose? I've noticed that people in this college are super-analytical; it must carry over from their courses. Anything that lives, moves or just sits there gets a review. I expect "More Amherst Weekend, cont." will last into Winter Study. I've seen reviews of

THE WILLIAMS



Quod Dixi, Dixi

Volume 2, Number 21 / Friday, December 3, 1971 / Williamstown, Massachusetts

Anybody got a nice inn?

by Bradford Paul

with Tom Alleman and Brad Roberg

"Tell me, did you have any reaction to the results of Monday's special town meeting at which the townspeople voted to rezone the College-owned Kappa Alpha site as a tourist business district, allowing the Treadway developers to go ahead with plans for a new Treadway Inn on the Kappa Alpha site?"

"No, can't say as how I did," replied the student, "but just out of curiosity: What's a Kappa Alpha?"

Responses like that and "What's wrong with the old Williams Inn?" greeted many of the ADVOCATE's inquiries concerning student reaction to the Monday-night vote in Mitchell Gym. The old Williams Inn is being taken over by the College in the Spring of 1973 for use as a women's residential unit. Treadway leases its present building from Williams College. Not wanting to put the Inn out of business, or to remove a substantial contributor from the Williamstown tax roles, the College offered to lease to Treadway the Kappa Alpha site (corner of Routes 2 and 7) for the development of a new Inn pending the site's rezoning by the town. (Signing of the lease depends on trustee approval of final plans.) Monday night, with 77 votes more than the two-thirds majority necessary, the town voted to rezone the site.

The majority of Williams students appear to be fairly ignorant concerning the issues involved in the rezoning question. For reasons of architectural design, siting, and environmental damage, those who were interested, however, were almost unanimously opposed to the use of the Kappa Alpha site for a new Williams Inn. They protested the use of the word "inn" since current plans call for a poorly designed motel in the early Howard Johnson Motor Lodge style.

Faculty, townspeople, and local businessmen voiced more diverse reactions. Professor William Boone said he was not surprised. He felt the op-

position to the rezoning fell into two categories: "People like myself who live near the KA site just don't want a motel near their property, while another group hopes to preserve Williamstown's environment and pristine beauty." Boone thought "everyone in town would have liked to have kept the proposed site an open green, but faced with the prospect of no Inn at all and the consequent substantial economic loss in tax money and jobs, they voted for the rezoning." Before the crucial vote John Treadway made it very clear that a defeat in efforts to rezone the site would mean an end to plans for a Treadway Inn in Williamstown.

Spring Street merchants were divided in their feelings on the issue. Rudy Goff had thought the rezoning would pass but not by the margin it did. Initially he opposed the site, but after two months consideration he had to agree with the developers as to its economic desirability. "There are three important things in business," Goff explained. "One is location, another is location, and the third is location. The KA site is good." He felt that another design from the developers, one that was architecturally superior, would go a long way in consoling those who found themselves on the losing side Monday night.

Pharmacist Phillip Hart was "very happy about the whole thing," and would have hated to see Williamstown go without a nice, centrally located Inn. When asked whether he considered the third set of plans for the proposed Inn to be "nice" or what most people would consider an "inn," Hart thought not, but pointed out that it was the use of the land that was voted on, not the architect or the plans themselves. "That vote doesn't guarantee the Treadway developers will be the ones to build the new Inn. Although the College would like to see Treadway do it," Hart continued, "the Trustees should be prepared to bring in other architects and developers if the present corporation can't come up with an acceptable plan."

Almost everyone agrees on two things. First, fear that the defeat of the rezoning proposal would cost 75 jobs and tax money brought victory to the proponents of the zoning change. Second, that the President and Trustees of Williams College have a responsibility to the town to see that the Inn which finally goes up on the Kappa Alpha site is one that everyone can be proud of. A college that secures the services of architects as well respected as Ben Thompson, Giurgola, and Mitchell cannot accept a second-rate design for a building as important to the town as the Williams Inn.

write for an audience with the idea that you have something to share, maybe even to teach, takes a great deal. For students to write an original musical, cast it from a college population, direct and finally offer it as production with no excuses to fall back on is to lay your ego on the line, your balls on the chopping block. A sensitive and compromising position; even polite applause may sound like The Axe. Charlie and Bill are not so sensitive, they say, but Unlike a class paper that comes back with a bad mark, SIZZLE is not a required assignment; they didn't have to take the risk.

A performance is a series of risks, dares; you have to make yourself vulnerable (risk being hooted off the stage) so the audience will let itself become vulnerable (to be moved, to learn). It's existential (my big word for the day), movement into unknown territory. Finn said simply, "Theatre is for the audience." I'll hold him to that. A work is written and directed to affect an audience in certain ways, if it fails in that, it fails.

Will SIZZLE fizzle (sorry, couldn't resist) or succeed? The baby leaves the womb, and it's cold-cruel-world time. If you choose to be in the audience you get first crack at the kid. Great stuff, the arena -- a moment (countless moments) of truth: you are the bull, Charlie, Bill and the actors are the matador. They have challenged you to be entertained, not

Please turn to page 2

more
weekend

lipped, buxom matron glowered at the babbling coeds next to her, leaning all the more conspicuously toward her ruddy-cheeked husband and tightening her grip on his lapel. Her knuckles became white.

Then a few personalities made their grand entrances. Bruce MacDonald, director of "Line," breezed in with his glowing, fur-clad date. P. J. Morello glided in, in coat and tails - a student director, too, you know, who summarizes his job as "the giving of direction."

When all had eased into a chair, "Father Uxbridge" began. And ended.

Then "Line," which separated the sheep from the goats - tastewise, that is. Various quips received an enthusiasm whose increment was inversely proportional to the increment of age of the viewer. Consider, for example: "I remember how I met Molly. It was at a party. I felt a hand reach between my legs..." The tight-lipped Prussian tank and husband curled their lips in sneers, while the three pink-scalped Merry Wives turned quieter and pinker. The younger bastion, however, broke out in raucous guffaws of laughter and fits of stomping.

*

The name was "King Tut" but everybody called her "Ma." Carter House calls all their pinball machines Ma. Ma has long yellow flippers, an orange post that pops up and down between them, and gimmicky gates at the side channels. While nobody would think of comparing her with the great Dixieland ('70) or the ever-popular Shoot-the-Moon ('71), most people who know her will tell you that the current Ma is "a good machine on the whole." In addition to the usual terms of "Lazarus", "Pock," and "One-Two Flip," Ma '72 has enriched the Carterese dialect with such gems as "Zucker", "Margo", "Franklin Effect," and most important, "Christmas." Ma has been good to Carter House, and once they found the right tools for ripping off free games - it's minor surgery involving a bent coathanger and a key - Carter House has been good to Ma. The long autumn evenings have been filled with happy cries and shouts of "More! I want more, Ma!" And acquaintances have been made and friendships have blossomed in the benevolent atmosphere of the ringing bells and flashing lights.

Friday night looked no different from any other night in Carter House. The beer was in cans instead of a keg, maybe, but

otherwise the festive crowd in the living room and lounge was a basic halfway-blitzed Carter crowd. But something was different. There were makeshift bleachers around Ma, and the usual bunch of regulars emanated an unpinball-like tenseness. "She's slow tonight." "Isn't she playing more pingpong than usual?" "Oh, God, my U-shot doesn't work anymore!" This was the night of the semifinals and finals of the All-Carter Match Play Pinball Championships.

The winner seemed pre-destined from the start. Bill Eyre, "Roast Beef" to his admirers, plays a flashy, crowd-pleasing variety of pinball. During the big matches he would often shoot a ball, then turn and banter with the crowd while it bounced around under the glass; then he'd turn back casually to make an effortless but spectacular flipper shot or save. K-I-N-G-T-U-T letters lit amazingly quickly, one right after another. (These guys were all good - any one of them could get a Christmas by the third ball. But it was Beef's night, all the way.)

A 2-1 victory in the semifinals and a runaway victory in the fifth game of the best-of-five finals, and Beef was Carter House's first official pinball Champion. The crowd returned to its beer, and pizza, and vodka-cider punch. Beef staggered off to celebrate with some friends, and Ma was given over to the regulars again. "Damn! How in the world did he get it to hit the K?"

And so we had our first big winner of the weekend.

*

So finally it was Saturday afternoon. You'd watched the soccer and rugby games with only about half a mind, that morning. It was nice, they both finished undefeated, they were both Little Three champs, but... what did these matter, after all? Even the soccer and rugby players must know what the really important game is.

You got to Weston Field about ten after, unfolded your blankets, set the wine bottles down within easy reach, and tried to convince yourself you were confident. Sun's out - you were willing to consider that a good omen, at least it wasn't the pregame blizzard like in Maitland's senior year.

You found yourself running up against a lot of strange contrasts, as though you weren't nervous enough. Like, all during the season you'd been sitting in the same place and getting to know the same bunch of people who always sat there: the guy in the Army jacket who always started those hoarse "W-I..." cheers; the two sophomores who sent around the Ball-Hai in the third quarter; the two girls who always hesitated over the song's line "...through Amherst's line" because it wasn't Amherst out there. Today you spent fifteen minutes looking around wondering where all those people were, because your usual seats were now Section 7, Row J, and filled with Class of

'47 alums and their wives.

You noticed that almost the entire class of '71 was milling around. You made your usual wisecracks about "Don't they know they've graduated" until a senior behind you interrupted: "Hey, fella, after this game that's us too..."

Things got under way. Sort of. Five fumbles, three interceptions, a blocked punt later, you could only note that it was half over. Of course it was tied, that was the way God had orchestrated things. Somehow this time you weren't worried, though, even with Williams' customary last-play-of-the-half fade. We'll get 'em second half.

Right. You bet. You debated making your usual halftime King's Liquor run: today of all days you needed it, but you'd never make it back here in time what with the thousand other guzzlers stocking up. Okay, just watch the band, watch the band.

The coed next to you commented, "Last year I remember I sat on the Amherst side and rooted for them 'cos my date was from there. This year I'm here rooting for my team. This is my team, not somebody else's."

Okay, my team, let's do it this once.

And our team did. You didn't dare think about it while it was happening: a seventy-yard screen pass play makes you a little cautious in shouting "It's over!" But it kept happening. "Tempus Fuget!" Ha,ha. (Hic!) Everybody was standing up a lot, and even that obnoxious loud kid behind you was just one of the gang now. This is bigger than any one of us...

Start eyeing those goalposts. They are wood, if we got about eight guys on either post.... And Obie can't possibly catch us all.... Then it all dissolved into mob hysteria. Here came Fitzgerald with the insult touchdown, running right through there in front of you. And you were off the bleachers, empty wine bottles crashing and clanking down behind you. You gotta like this!

*

A lot of people were sceptical about Pink Floyd. The \$7.00 for two seats probably had a lot to do with it, but more than that, it was the group's reputation for electronic effects. Nobody knew what they were going to be in for.

The preparations in Chapin around 7:00 certainly looked big-time. Several people were yelling back and forth from the stage to the rear of the hall, trying to

balance an amazing number of speakers. Six-channel sound, so to speak. The usual stacks on either side of the stage, and then one stack of speakers on either side of the hall in the middle, and two more stacks up in the rear balcony. Organist Richard Wright could control these speakers from stage with a "stick-shift" lever, and so could the guy perched among the mixing and lighting-effects gadgetry in the back of the hall. Somebody was filling Chapin with various shrill sound effects as he checked out a tape machine on the rear console. This band had gone to a lot of trouble, it seemed, for a concert at Williams College.

The group on the front steps had grown larger as the sounds inside grew louder and louder, and at 8:00 the doors opened and people moved on in. (Hmm... what does your average Floyd freak look like?) And you realize what a shame it would be to move rock concerts to the Hockey Rink. Chapin Hall is intriguing, for groups and for fans. Everyone can see the band, the band can see everyone, and the sound is amazing.

The lights went down and out marched Pink Floyd. (Overheard: Pink Floyd was playing at a concert in England once, next to a fish pond, and they played so loud the fish all died. Well, here goes nothin'.) The first set sounded like Alvin Lee jamming with Soft Machine. Lots of uncomfortable squirming and looking around, and at intermission a lot of people went to the snack bar and didn't bother to come back.

But some of us did come back. (No great loss, the types who walked out - what Williams wants is a good Top 40 radio station....) The second set was more like it, more the Pink Floyd of Umma Gomma. Nobody moved much during "Be Careful With That Axe, Eugene," and with all the crowd noise diminished, all the talking in the audience quieted down, the electronic sound effects did sound pretty good after all.

Then it's over and you wander on outside. That's Amherst Weekend, pretty much. Except for the house parties. You head over to one of the dance parties, wondering what the live band is going to sound like after what you've just set through. You'd whistle something as you walk along, if you could get your mind back to where you could carry a tune....

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Freshman social life

'Town environmentalist'

by Jonathan Abbott

Small towns are accustomed to a fairly static pattern of community life. Everyone has known everyone else's family through two or three generations, and the town's history and character owe a lot to every store and every business establishment. Naturally enough, town officials hesitate to make changes that will upset the essential balances in the community. But sometimes a town's caution causes it to miss a valuable opportunity.

Michael Shay is Williamstown's new "Town Environmentalist." He was hired in connection with a Federal grant to the town to study methods of recycling solid wastes, and is officially defined, to his amusement, as the man who must "establish procedure applicable to any town of 5 to 10,000 people for salvaging and recycling all solid waste." Shay, outgoing and articulate, with longish brown hair and full sideburns, would like a little more leeway to operate as "Town Environmentalist." How does he define himself? "As researcher. An experimenter. A coordinator. Part of my job is education... to educate people into new ways of thinking about waste." He frowns. "I hate waste."

Shay is a former Air Force resource-management officer, and a former college English professor. He is enthusiastic about his work with solid waste recycling: he quotes from a little book of statistics that about half of Williamstown's newspapers are being recycled each week. A new program of glass recycling has netted about five tons of glass in three weeks so far. (Shay makes

a special point of mentioning that the nearest glass-collecting station to the College is the town building on Water Street.) And one of the most promising plans is for a program of leaf collecting and composting; if successful, it will be an innovation for towns the size of Williamstown.

But Shay does more than plan and supervise. "My job is to communicate, to read and research, to write, and to develop programs. If I need technical assistance, and sometimes I do, I know where to go and get it." Shay feels, furthermore, that a job like his should involve day-to-day contact with the people he is working for. He has taught a fourth-grade class about the environment, and has spoken to the League of Women Voters, the Rotary Club, and has appeared on several nearby radio stations. In fact he has appeared on the Williams College radio station, and is an almost daily visitor to the Center for Environmental Studies.

When asked about the role the College plays in terms of helping or hindering his efforts, Shay replied that the presence of Williams and its personnel in town makes the town more amenable to new ideas than it otherwise might be. He believes Williamstown has the opportunity to become a model small town in terms of environmental control. "I think the citizens of the town will cooperate. The advantage of working with a cooperative town is that it will attempt more innovative solutions, such as the leaf composting, which could then be sold to more conventional towns."

But there are quite a few important environmental issues that Shay in his present position cannot touch. The town insists on calling him "Town Environmentalist," but thinks of him primarily as a "solid waste man," and so is not really getting its money's worth. Shay cannot move in new directions without specific authorization from the Town Manager, and so cannot treat problems like the proposed development of Mt. Greylock, or the question of the sulfur content of the town's fuels. As a true "Town Environmentalist" he should have, and believes he could handle,

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by Martha Cookley

Make-it-yourself submarines are among the most palatable of Baxter's lunches. And rarely is dinner more exciting than when everyone's innate desire to be a soda jerk surfaces with make-your-own-sundae night. There are inherent hazards, however, in any do-it-yourself enterprise. The red pepper may be mistaken for oregano, and sprinkled accordingly. Or some freshman may never have experienced the nausea after transferring hot fudge and butterscotch from the same dish to the same stomach. But such fare is a learning experience and certainly an occasion to which the Williams freshman can rise.

Freshman social life is also a do-it-yourself enterprise with concomitant benefits and hazards. Hopkins Hall is responsible for academic spheres of activity only, and delegates the ambiguous position of "Social Director" to the vice president of the Junior Advisors until a temporary Freshman Council is set up. Vice President Dick Lammert promptly arranged tickets and buses for the fall mixer at Skidmore this year, bequeathed a debt of 80 dollars to the Freshman Council, and delegated his function to the Social Committee of the Council. The Committee consists of four freshmen, one of whom is unknown to the other three. (That was not planned; although there might be real advantages to having a mystery social committee

member who could organize all sorts of secret activities...seances at the graveyard? Counterattacks for revenge against the marauding Spiderman of Morgan?)

Ultimately, then, organized social activity falls to the Council. Vice President Frank Davis defined the Council as "basically an organization for funding and activities." The Council has no financial means of its own, and sought to levy a tax of three dollars upon freshmen. According to Secretary-Treasurer Amanda Van Dusen, under 25 percent of the class has co-operated; many entries have already established their own funds. Thus on a very small budget, the Council tentatively plans a class Christmas party in Baxter, the social center of the Freshman world, to end the social season which never actually got under way. The Council has been dragging its feet, admits social committee member Peter McChesney, but partly because of the laissez-faire attitude of the class as a whole, the entry representatives' failure to attend meetings, and the desire of the Council not to infringe upon entry activities.

The upper classes have their houses; the freshmen have their entries, arbitrarily chosen groups planted under the care and guidance of their Junior Advisors. And Junior Advisors vary in their own views as to their roles, from the

Please turn to page 2

Moles

Moles. Moles are rodents, like gerbils except with longer noses. Moles live underground in long tunnels which they dig under your lawn because that's where all the goodies are. Sometimes they surface and make holes or else their tunnels cave in and make trenches. Moles are like small gophers. Except that gopher holes kill cattle and mole holes kill grass.

Moles are very intent animals. Once we saw a mole run down a bank, through a fence, swim across the swimming pool and disappear without even stopping to test the water. And the whole time he didn't deviate more than two degrees out of a straight line, not even when we threw rocks at him. As though the water weren't there, we weren't there, and the fence weren't there. He just went straight.

In being determined and obstinate about lines moles are like lemmings. Lemmings also are rodents, but larger and Norwegian. If one ran into your swimming pool he would be followed by 300,000 other lemmings, and they would all drown.

No, moles are more like rhinoceri. Rhinos also run in very straight lines, only they are not intent, just stupid. Both rhinos and moles are legally blind. But there is no reason for them to see well: moles don't have to see in order to undermine your crabgrass, and nobody is going to take money from a rhino's tin cup.

Moles have sensitive eyes. When they come into the sun, they blink and wrinkle their noses but are too proud to ask for sunglasses.



Moles seldom appear in the winter. They prefer to do whatever they do far underground, so if you lived with one you might not see him for weeks. Still they are better roommates than rhinos, who are very hard on doors, and far better roommates than lemmings, who double in population every three weeks.

Back to moles. If you have an urge to observe a mole in action, go to places where people are very intent. Bronfman is not bad, although the Reserve Room in Stetson is better. But wherever you go, they will always blink their eyes in the sunlight, and they are always stubborn about straight lines.

Graves

Five graves belonging to former Williams students lie in the Westlawn Cemetery on West Main Street. Since it was a week full of pressure and we were feeling desperate, we walked down one day to look at the place and think a little about not surviving the term. It is something people warn they will do. Here were five people who had actually done it.

The five markers were together in a row, sandwiched in between an 1843 with weeping willows and a 1794 with a death's head and a frightening epitaph. They

were made of tall white stone, dolomite our friend called it, squared off at the top. Compared with the stones around them, the students' were simple and about average in size.

There was one senior, two sophomores, and two without classes. One was from Connecticut, one from Massachusetts, one from New Hampshire; two homes weren't listed. The ages ranged from a sophomore of 19 to the senior of 28. It didn't say what they died of.

The letterings on the stones were in diverse styles because the students had died in different years, somewhere between 1820 and 1860. Around the little row were graves of infants and grandmothers; some of the tombstones had small metal markers commemorating a veteran of the Revolutionary or Civil Wars. There were no tracks in the snow.

It took us a while to find the College graves because the little hill where the oldest stones are had no order. There were many strange names like Love Loeazear Alica and Peleg her husband, and many ordinary names like Julian Jones, who was only two years three months when she died. Most of the stones were rectangular but some were tall columns like the white piece in a

Monopoly set. No trees grew on the little hill, and the wind drifted the snow up against the markers and hid the lettering. It was very cold and harsh with the wind; maybe the people finally tired of fighting the winter and died of exhaustion.


The five graves didn't tell us much about the students except that they were promising and God-fearing and earnest. We hoped they weren't as good as the epitaphs said because it was hard to imagine such perfect people doing such an imperfect thing as dying. Somehow dying at such an age is very wrong: it lacks symmetry and balance.

We tramped around the stones for a while and tried to imagine what the people were like, but failed because assigning these students arbitrary qualities - calling them selfish or charming or athletic or lonely or satisfied - insulted them. After a while we walked away, thinking they were no more or less than we were, envying them a little because they had managed to finish the whole dreary process without getting hurt very often.


What a fine view we found from the other end of the cemetery, looking onto the Dome and then the long ridge which connects with Pine Cobble. A family thoughtfully had put up a bench there for us to admire the valley to the north. When the wind stopped blowing everything became very calm, the kind of silence found only in winter.

The mountains made us smile again, and we walked back to the road past the hill with the graves. On the way back to campus the pressure was still there and things were still desperate, but we waved good-bye to the five Williams students. They were our comrades, being on the hill to see the mountains stretching out to the north, and somewhere they had taught us the calm: smile of acceptance.

Reflections



**THE WILLIAMS
ADVOCATE**



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letter

To the Editors:

Your editorial of November 19, entitled "Pressure Values," brings back to me the discussions when I was a member of the Calendar Committee so often quoted in that editorial, when we were debating the change to a calendar which dropped the post-Christmas continuation of the first semester, and added the Winter Study ("so-called") Period. Then, as now, the idea was to reduce the number of specific courses which the student was taking, this last change dropping the number from five per semester to four, all of this information may not be a part of the present student generation's memory or experience.

What I wish to point out is that there are pressures upon the faculty, too. We have assumed a new month a year of teaching; true, each third year we are free to think up new and student-attracting projects. However, we as a faculty did this without

any raise in salary ... voting ourselves a few extra weeks of work (when one counts all total teaching weeks in the year now in comparison with the pre-WSP calendar). I find your suggestion to lengthen the present two, long, regular semesters intolerable without granting significant extra remuneration to the faculty, and I ask you are you, as students, willing to pay for extra time of a faculty already beset (sieged, perhaps) by the wondrous gift and frustrating reality of adding 600 new "customers" without a significant addition in numbers to the faculty have you the money to pay higher tuition for these weeks of our time? Frustration is, as they say it, on both ends of the celebrated Williams log.

Kenneth Roberts
Associate Professor of Music, and
Director, Williams Choral Society

more sizzle

enlightened. You can't lose; even if you dislike the show you get to send psychic waves of boredom or annoyance up at

them, gore their egos and other vitals. Audiences hold back here; bring both your brains and your guts.

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Reflections

The Morgan Mission

Ducking between snowflakes on our way to the house Morgan freshman could now call home, we followed the trudge to Mission Park from that Route-2 bastion of waterfights, falling plaster, broken bannisters, and mysterious Spider Man who attack on the darkest nights.

No one remembered to pipe in the theme from Dr. Zhivago or Wagon Train as open trucks provided by the College transported furniture, clothing, and stereos. "They should have provided us with covered-wagons instead of those open-faced sandwiches," complained some of the pioneers. The move was a challenge.

"A pain." "Just another inconvenience." One Southern ex-Morgan-Middle-Westerner chimed, "Ah'd like to thank thuh administration for theyah kind consideration, movin' us at the busiest season of thuh yeah. They should've moved us either at thuh beginning of thuh semester or durin' Winter Study."

A slew of Morganite/Missionaries griped that they shouldn't have had to move before the building was "completely completed." Still reddening, a newly-moved in freshman told us "workmen walk through at all times and my curtains still aren't in." His room faces the windows of bored invalids at Thompson Infirmary.

One toilet was so excited on its first night of use in Samuel C. Armstrong House that it overflowed. We've been assured by reliable Armstrong Missionaries that the rearend-to-toilet

ratio is down from 9:1 at Morgan to 2:1. Everyone loves the bathtubs, the occasional hot water, the free refrigerators, and the stoves. The lighting is great. "I was living in a reconverted closet at Morgan. Now I'm in a new, larger closet with a view," said a dazzled student on his way to the four-minute, thirty-five second walk from Baxter to Mission Park.

But the beds are awful. Hard. Three inch mattresses on a wooden frame. No springs. "If you jump on a bed, it knocks the wind out of you," panted a breathless, sleepless freshman. The beds are four inches narrower than the Morgan beds; "That's a valuable four inches," panted a breathless, sleepless freshman.

We heard complaints about the isolation of certain suites. "When the doors are closed, we won't see anybody. It's almost 'enter by invitation only.'" "It's anti-gregarious," decried one outgoing Morgan Westerner. "And we'll miss Marge, our cleaning lady." That same student camped out in his suite a few weeks ago with his future roommates. They decided playing hall frisbee would be the number one advantage to living in Mission Park. Hall frisbee -- the official Mission Park game, replete with roofers and wall ricochets in the bowling-alley corridors of the Samuel Armstrong and Samuel Mills houses.

But who are Armstrong and Mills?

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Photo by Alex Carroll

Ralph Nader asking the harder question

by Andrea Axelrod

Ralph Nader walked to the Chapin Hall lectern Monday night shortly after being introduced and asked the WMNB reporter to please withdraw the giant flashing camera he was brandishing directly in his face. "I've been looking at G.E. long enough," he said.

The compulsion to speak his mind to any audience, receptive or not, combined with a constant preoccupation with "industrial violence," has propelled Nader's life and career. His determination makes him perhaps America's leading consumer advocate and, in the words of a recent article in *The New Republic*, "the most interesting public figure in American life today." That same article, however, criticized Nader for an "irritating tendency always to call a spade a dirty, rotten spade."

Monday night Nader denounced what he claims to be a governmental deck loaded with rotten spades, which is dealt out to an apathetic citizenry. Nader called on college students in particular to rise from the "cocoon of boredom" in which they use "the open book for a hard pillow." Potential is pigeon-holed in narrow academic pursuits. According to

Nader, academic excellence requires a philosophy of applied human knowledge.

"It is through such organizations as the PIRG's (Public Interest Research Groups), on whose behalf he spoke, that Nader hopes to galvanize citizen action. In his opinion, an aroused citizenry can and must dispel the myth that 'a few individuals can't form the leverage to turn things around, the myth that you can't fight city hall, the myth that you can't fight General Motors.' Moreover, in reassessing the nature of citizenship, Nader has concluded that the individual is obliged to dedicate part of his energy to changing the economic and political structure of his country. If they fail to undertake this responsibility, Americans in their twenties will be living 'an extended adolescence.'"

An involved citizenry would be advised and represented by full-time, qualified professionals, but part-time volunteers would form a large portion of Nader's "simple, unbureaucratic institution."

Nader prefaced this call for student commitment with a lengthy, juicy description of industrial collusion, food adulteration, and deceptive advertising. Nader envisions capitalism as a system in which, ideally, one "blows the whistle on a competitor's frauds." Instead, he now

THE WILLIAMS



Quod Dixi, Dixi

Advocate

Volume 3/ Wednesday, February 9, 1972/Williamstown, Massachusetts

sees a trend toward mutual accommodation: "You scratch my fraud, and I'll scratch yours." In addition to this vitiation of the competitive market by industry itself, the government has intervened. Thus "government protects business," and "business runs government." A case in point is that of the oil industry which "overthrew capitalism fifty years ago" and turned the Department of the Interior into "accounts receivable." Presently "urban renewal" becomes "corporate renewal" when cities grant excessive tax credits to companies willing to sponsor new building.

Industry has arrogantly disregarded the true needs of consumers and substituted imagined ones through vigorous advertisement. Nader cited as an example the automotive manufacturers, who have made driving safety secondary to the industry's contribution to the gross national product. Nader feels that it is no consolation to the injured driver to know that he has helped vitalize the economy through the accident and injury industries and through supporting automobile "cosmetics," such as grilles that "grin in one model and grin in the other."

Elsewhere, declared Nader, advertising, "the most effective form of applied social science," determines "the ferocity with which we treat certain odors." In the furor created by the competition for the consumer's attention, the public becomes more sensitive to the evils of halitosis than of pollution. "One gets more upset about a rash of burglaries, a rash of pickpockets... than about smog," said Nader. Inconspicuous hazards like carbon monoxide and radiation pass unnoticed.

Finally the lowly hotdog came under Nader's scrutiny. According to him, people will buy food if it is palatable, visually presentable, and tender. The hotdog fills these requirements, but "if you saw how it was made from A to Z, you wouldn't eat another unless you were a self-confessed masochist." The government-approved "all-beef" hotdog, said Nader, is probably, at the most, 50 percent beef. The other half contains a large proportion of fat, filler, possible nitrates, and "miscellaneous debris."

Does this vitriolic indictment of modern

corporate mores mean that Nader is unalterably opposed to participation in the business world? Apparently not, although he remains sceptical. His advice to a young person trying to change industry from within would be to "have people outside the business sector to support you when you take your stand." More important, in Nader's view, would be daily commitment to responsible and active citizenship.

Uphill battle

by Martha Cookley

Perhaps because it was time to give the dog his Ken-L-Ration or possibly because of an urgent craving for a hotdog at Teo's (although unlikely after Nader's condemnation of the tubular meat), the response to the WMPIRG invitation to meet in Van Rensselaer after the speech was limited. Of the twelve to fifteen Williams students present, at least nine were already members of WMPIRG.

Low enrollment is not the only plight facing the burgeoning PIRG. Since the College Council denied it funding through the method employed successfully in Oregon and Vermont, WMPIRG has had financial difficulties as well. The plan, rejected this fall would have provided for a tax upon each Williams student levied automatically through his term bill, but refundable upon request. (Nader estimated the tax as roughly equivalent to sacrificing a round of beer one Saturday night during the year.) The Council, although not averse to the concept of the organization, will not fund it. Therefor WMPIRG has filed an application with the Internal Revenue Service for non-profit, non-political status.

The fundamental problem is, of course, what is rapidly becoming a Williams tradition—student apathy, particularly with regard to political movements. It is apparent that the WMPIRG chapter of Nader's Consumers' Revolution has an uphill fight ahead.

Mathematics possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty.—Bertrand Russell

In mathematics, there is such a thing as an elegant proof; clever, concise, not gimmicky.—Victor Hill

I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me.—Terence

When I was about four, I discovered I was a penguin.—Victor Hill

Victor Hill surges up the narrow aisle in Griffin 3 toward his harpsichord, reaches the instrument, and pirouettes to face one of the largest audiences his recitals have drawn. But even when attired in a tuxedo, Hill does not look like a penguin, despite his firm assertion to the contrary. (If someone expresses his scepticism as to the physical resemblance between the professor and the flightless bird, Hill is likely to retort, "I beg your pardon, I should say you need your eyes checked.")

Perhaps the discovery of this fundamental dissimilarity comes as a disappointment to some members of the audience, especially those who scarcely appreciate Couperin, Scarlatti, and Duphy. For Hill is probably best known to many students as "that math professor who says he's a penguin." One student swears that every problem sheet Hill distributed in Math 140 included at least one penguin problem. Bizarre anecdotes circulate among students about unnerving visits to Mr. Hill's office, or even more traumatic ones to his home. "They were everywhere." "Wall-to-wall penguins." "Big ones, small ones, wind-up ones, fat ones, skinny ones, fuzzy ones, bald ones." Hill returns test papers inscribed with his unique blazon. (See Below). The assessment of one senior epitomizes the conclusion reached by many: "Either he's a little cracked, or he's pulling our flipper."

"Why penguins?" asked Hill quizzically, as though it were only natural for everybody to have at least one animal alter ego. "You might as well ask Elwood P. Dowd why Harvey was a rabbit." His particular affinity with the charming, arctic bird became apparent to him at an early age, he says. The revelation involved a Walt Disney movie called *The Three Caballeros*, which included an episode entitled "The Cold-Hearted Penguin." Young Hill found the awkward-looking birds far from repellent, however; they appeared to him quite amiable and endearing. Later he started doodling stylized penguins during his boring high school classes. Friends began to send him toy penguins as presents. His passion for the creatures became notorious. Once, he recalls, a psychology student attempted to analyze his case. "He simply couldn't get it through his head that I am a penguin. He said that perhaps I was just very fond of penguins. I told him I was a penguin. Then he suggested that maybe I believe I was a penguin. 'No,' I said. 'Oh, now I understand,' he said, 'you identify with penguins.'" Hill gives every outward sign of conviction in his avian ancestry. In answer to a question about his birthplace, he responds, "I wasn't born, I was hatched from an egg, of course." So was his young daughter, according to the announcement that was circulated at the time; it depicts two penguin parents smiling down beatifically on their offspring as she emerges from the fragmented shell. One of Hill's greatest satisfactions would naturally be a trip to the Antarctic at the head of a group of interested students. Financial support for such a venture has been, he admits, hard to come by.

Such plans do not, of course, interfere

Please turn to page 3

Untempered cavalier

by John Ramsbottom



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letter

December thuh 4th, 1971

To thuh Editors:

Ah'd like to thank thuh fine reporter of thuh ADVOCATE who did such a fine job of expressin' mah feelins about thuh move from Morgan to Mission Park. Ya'll really know how to make a Suthuhn boy feel real happy puttin' me in such a prestigious newspaper. It only goes to show that all Yankees ain't effete, impudent snobs -- only those at Williams.

Mastuh Kirk Victor

This is the last issue of the ADVOCATE for the Fall semester. We next publish in February, using Winter Study for revitalization, inspiration, calculation, and jubilation.

Theodore Mehlin

(Editors' note: the ADVOCATE offers a word on the death of Professor Theodore Mehlin from someone who knew him through their shared avocation of photography.)

When death comes to a member of the community there is a natural tendency to compensate for the shock and sense of loss with an untoward effusiveness and eulogizing of the deceased. This would be very inappropriate for Ted Mehlin, for few people took their own measure as well as he did. He was a glutton for work, a man of simple and complete integrity, and devoted both to his subject and his students; in a period when such old-fashioned virtues are passing, we are all poorer for his loss.

Charles Fuqua
Associate Professor of Classics

sizzle

Thursday }
Friday } 8:30 p.m.
Saturday }
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DOWN...
COME ON

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GERRY, TEMPCO, ROFFE
AND
DOWN SKI MITTS
FROM WEISS...
AT THE WARMEST
SKI SHOP IN TOWN
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more Shay

broader problems than those of just solid-waste recycling. Williamstown should consider giving Michael Shay the authority he needs to help the town in a completely comprehensive and innovative fashion on matters of environmental concern.

more social life

passive we're-here-if-you-need-us philosophy to the slightly-more-experienced-friend philosophy. But since the JA program has little or no continuity over the years, and since JAs have little or no organization once they assume their entry duties, the responsibility rests upon the individual to define his own role to his entry. Tom Weed, President of the JAs, is confident that most, if not all, of them are well-intentioned; the status of Junior Advisor is sought because it "feels good; you remember how your JA helped so much your freshman year."

If the JAs are no source of comfort, the entry itself may provide some sense of belonging. Some freshman entries are notably stronger than others: Williams F and Morgan West have attempted entry parties while Sage C holds birthday parties with the leftover punch from Amherst weekend. Williams A treated parents to a cocktail party in October, and held an open house the following weekend to recuperate. But even organized entry activity is on a marginal basis, perhaps supportive of Tom Weed's reflection that the impetus for social activity, after the first few Freshman Days, "should come from the class or the individuals themselves." Spontaneous or at least not highly structured activity is the Best Thing.

Left to his own devices, then, the freshman has several options; noses inevitably wrinkle up at the mention of mixers, generally regarded as a Bad Thing, although Fayerweather, for one, has a hard-core road-trip contingent. Packing into Bronfman for Friday night at the

movies, or stopping down in Common Blood offer other alternatives, not to mention the spontaneity of the pool room, the football game on TV, the exploration of the steam tunnels beneath the campus. Activities may include, on any given Friday night, changing the restroom signs at Bronfman, attempting attendance at a house party (which is not too hard, according to a co-ed in Lehman, if you have an older sister on campus), or biking madly to The Friendly with the ice-cream lovers of Sage C. The laundry room at Sage is a perpetual source of new adventure and rum parties; in Sage A relatively good chamber music is available for listening to or joining with in performance. Inter-entry and inter-room visiting is probably the most frequent social activity, however, and is generally agreed to be a Good Thing.

With organized social activity a "drag," freshmen then are left to the mercy of the JAs, the entry, and finally, to themselves for their own amusement. One bespectacled freshman from East College, rating the social situation on a scale from one to ten, optimistically placed it at eight; while a blond coed from Sage B immediately said five. She reconsidered, however, and said it was not that bad, and admitted that more structured activity would not necessarily be a Good Thing.

And according to Dean Stevens, the figures for first semester warnings ran about 20 percent for freshmen. Perhaps there's some consolation to know that one-fifth of the class might be having too much fun.



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Reflections

February Song

It was Yale, Williams, or Berkeley. Were high school seniors dreaming about the College Experience which peered like a benevolent sergeant over the folds of a listless summer. Our last semester had become mere formality—only the Prom, senior dinner, extended study halls, and fraternizing. Senior slump was a reality.

In college we would find the answers to all our questions. For the erstwhile politicians, who talked of the Movement, the Establishment, the Revolution, there was Political Science and Economics; for those who wanted to order their life in a larger context, there was Philosophy; for those who rambled on the machinations of the human mind, there was Psychology and (Freud). And rumors excited our erotic egos by telling our frustrated, third based desires that college girls were liberated, that a double bed would be a prerequisite for comfort.

So we decided on Williams, even if everyone south of Philadelphia mistook it for William and Mary. After all, Yale and Berkeley were so huge, so impersonal, and the Williams interviewer had tempted us with the promise of small classes, stimulating discussions, and intellectual growth.

Our freshman classes were, for the most part, oversubscribed, more crowded even than high school. But, after all, we

were only freshmen, and what could we expect? We learned that the only difference between freshmen girls at Holyoke and Skidmore from those we knew at home was that the college genre was a year older and that women's schools had no athletic teams, hence no formal cheerleading squads. "Upperclass girls are different," upperclassmen assured us with a leering grin. But upperclass girls, and the majority of freshmen, refused to talk to us, so we resigned ourselves to waiting.

Most of our upper level classes now are almost as large as their 101-102 counterparts. Someone told us to be patient and wait for graduate school, the type of advice we now accept at face value. Nixon is president, apathy crawls everywhere, we've taken four courses in Poli Sci, and we still have no practical suggestions. There are no jobs because of the sagging economy, and Economics has proffered no answers short of writing a definitive text. Freud is a male chauvinist, we are all existentialists of some sort, and most of us are still waiting to make it with a Bennington girl.

The only thing we can be sure of is that there are no final answers to anything, so, if Williams wants to turn into a University, to ask "Why?" is an academic question, and nothing more.

Bubbles rises

by Chris West

During January, the coalition government collapsed and continuing inflation irritated consumers, but for at least one day, Williams Freshman Lisa Berkley commanded the attention of all Italy as she snaked her way up the construction scaffolding and emerged on the dome of the Pantheon.

"I just wanted to see what the roof looked like," confessed a bewildered Lisa after her descent. "I never expected anyone would care."

Earlier in the day, Lisa toured the Pantheon with Art 21 Winter Study colleagues and Professor Eugene J. Johnson. As the group was leaving the monument, Lisa overheard junior Steve Werbe jokingly challenge a friend to climb the scaffolding.

Lisa near-by, said nothing, but the seed was planted.

Shortly after lunch, Lisa excused herself, changed into a dark, snugly-fitting climbing outfit and slipped off to the Pantheon. "I wanted to climb up unnoticed," she said, "but a little knot of people gathered and started cheering every time I made it up another level on the scaffolding."

Once on the roof, Lisa vaulted up the side of the dome and peered down through the circular oculus at the peak. She made her mistake when she waved to the tourists hundreds of feet below; among them was an over-zealous sacristan.

"I was really enjoying myself up there," said Lisa; "I had even decided to come back the next day and bring a picnic lunch with me. It was so peaceful on the dome -- until the sirens broke my serenity."

Con brio she started back to the scaffolding, taking in the sea of upturned faces filling the piazza below. But a

contingent of uniformed police, who had rushed up a private stairway, beat her to it. "Buon giorno," she said. It was all the Italian she knew, and it didn't help matters much. They escorted her down the stairs and out the portico through a crush of popping flashbulbs and whirring television cameras.

Hours later, back in the hotel, Prof. Johnson collapsed on the floor, his head in his hands, convulsed with laughter as he heard the story.

Lisa explained how the police were kind enough to stop by the hotel and pick up Tony Robins, a Williams senior with a superb command of the Italian language, before they rushed her to a psychiatrist. They apparently thought she was trying to commit suicide. The psychiatrist pronounced her sane, and, in fact, congratulated her on the stunt.

After the escapade was over, Lisa wondered aloud, "What should I climb next?" Responded Johnson: "There is a good Italian word. It's pronounced basta, and it means 'enough.'"

Carnival

by James Grubb

The College only changes when it really has to. The frats were abolished, and the girls were admitted, but mostly in response to inexorable forces which everyone except the old grads and their student disciples could plainly see. The students learn to adjust to new times, but they don't push very hard to upset the present comfortable scene.

But, this has been a winter during which some natural laws have been suspended at Williams. The squash team was trounced by Trinity for the first time ever, 8-1. Course changes were accomplished in a relatively effective, if impersonal fashion. And most conspicuously, there hasn't been a snowfall worthy of the name since Thanksgiving. This state of affairs has jeopardized Winter Carnival itself. Until two days ago, there was no snow on the Berlin ski jump; now enough has either fallen or been carted in to permit the event to take place. The alpine courses have, however, been moved from Berlin to Brodie Mountain. The move has entailed serious logistic difficulties, such as the transfer of the communications network.

Some formerly integral features of Carnival have succumbed entirely. The tradition of a Carnival Queen crumbled before the women's lib movement last year, and no attempt has been made to reinstate it. The bicycle race around the treacherous freshman quad driveway has been "bagged," according to Bob Gordon, a member of the Winter Carnival Committee. The snow sculpture contest will continue even in the face of a possible thaw. Prize money of \$100 has been allocated.

The Outing Club having duly planned out this binding agent of the weekend, the rest of the usual activities can now proceed. Friday night, 8 o'clock, Chapin Hall, \$2.50, is the setting for our basic All College Entertainment Committee-sponsored concert. The scene is all that you remember, but the cast has changed to commemorate the New Year. Dan Schwartzman, co-chairman of the ACEC, is very pleased with the entertainers booked for the night. The featured act, meaning the most expensive act, is Little Feat. The group, led by two old Mothers of Invention, was described by Schwartzman as a "combination of the Byrds, the Band, and the Stones, yet with a sound all its own" playing "gospelly Gershwin" music with "brilliant lyrics." Whatever they are, they were a hit here at the free concert last spring.

Appearing first on the program are the Persuasions, a 5-man, a capella soul group which also does gospel. The consortium, which triumphed at New York's Apollo Theater last spring and summer, "should have people berserk, tearing the

house down." Security has been warned.

Competing with the concert on Friday and the Middlebury hockey game on Saturday is the already adequately-publicized production of Cabaret. Outside professionals seem to be running the show, perhaps necessary considering the cast's lack of dramatic experience. From the rumors leaking out of the well-guarded theater, it appears to be a high-powered show: dancing girls, wit, European sophistication, charm, a real musical gala. Unfortunately Lotte Lenya, who made the original show what it was, will not be seen in the Adams Memorial Theater version.

Trivia

by Karen Simon

The Free Tumblers, led by sophomore Dave Durrell, won Friday night's twelfth annual Trivia Contest. The competition, broadcast from midnight to 8:00 Saturday morning over WCFM was masterminded by last year's winner, senior Jerry Carlson.

Carlson is famous for his own range of trivia knowledge acquired from he says, a sickly childhood. "I had chronic bronchitis until the fourth grade and had to stay home from school often. I used to read and watch t.v."

He was enthusiastic about the participation in this year's contest, having earlier expressed some anxiety that '72 might be the last of the trivia-oriented classes. "It's a very good thing when there are enough people dedicated to any competition willing to stay up all night," said Carlson.

In comparing the quality of the contest to that of last year Carlson noted, "This one was more intense. There was a keener sense of competition, especially in the early hours." He exuded admiration for Durrell. "Dave had what Mathew Arnold would call 'proper high seriousness' for the contest."



Photo by Alex Corroll

Dove Durrell as Teeny-bopper

How old was Durrell at the time?

"Six to twelve."

His sister was in the adjoining room watching television. She had flown in from Virginia for the contest.

Unlike many trivia juggernauts Durrell did not sit dutifully before a television night after night, pencilling down famous last movie words. He traces his erudition to a large collection of records.

Nor had he stored up on sleep in preparation for the event. "Really, the opposite," he said. "I pulled an all-nighter two nights ago and Thursday I had only six hours of sleep, but I was speeding through most of the contest, so I managed."

Durrell spent most of Saturday night in his Carter House room listening with friends to a tape of the contest. Host of a weekly golden-oldie radio show, Durrell attributes his own passion for trivia to the fact that his next door neighbors had a juke box.

"I became acquainted with the top forty when my sister became a teeny-bopper."

Flotsam

NEW NEWS

Starting Monday, WCFM will broadcast national and international news -- plus Howard Cosell speaking of sports -- from the ABC radio network as a supplement to its own local and campus news coverage. The station will remain off the air until 2:00 p.m. Sunday to train its d.j.'s to use the news hook-up. During the week WCFM will also link Brooks House and Spencer House into the carrier-current AM circuit, WMS, and prepare for the March 16 debut of "Focus", radio's answer to television's "First Tuesday."

HIGHER MATH

Thursday's student voter registration added seven townspeople and five students to the Williamstown voting list, says town clerk J. Elwood Lamphear. Last week's take matches that of the first special registration held January 28. Since January 1, 53 Williams students have registered in town, a figure well below that anticipated by the clerk. To be eligible to vote at the town meeting March 13, a resident must register at the municipal building by February 14.

PLAY DOUGH

WCFM's little-publicized radio play contest has elicited only one entrant. But rumor has it she isn't sure she wants her play aired after all -- despite the \$50 prize. She has reportedly offered one of the judges \$5 to return the manuscript.

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Just that uncertainty

by David Rollert

"Write to your Congressmen and Senators. If enough people do, maybe they'll make the system more desirable. Have the lottery at the beginning of your eighteenth year instead of months later." The college draft adviser, having delivered himself of these weighty words, sat back in his chair.

The freshman looked out the window at the cloudy fall day. "I don't know," he said. "It seems that the more palatable they make the draft, the less likely people are to do away with it."

The counselor glanced at his appointment book. He was already behind. "Perhaps you're right. Still it's worth a try." Another non-answer. Just this uncertainty.

The lanky figure hurried down the icy walk. "Did you hear?" he called out. "The lottery is next Wednesday." The two walked along nervously, trying to recover from the unanticipated immediacy. "Well," said the tall one. "If I get a low enough number, I'm going to Bangladesh."

The other feigned laughter. "No, I'm serious," insisted the first. "They must need teachers or something."

"What good will that do? They'll probably start conscription soon."

"Maybe I could be exempted."

"Help make Johnny's first step into the Mekong Delta a little less unpleasant," read the sign, in part. The scheme proposed was to collect one dollar from each draft-eligible freshman, 40 per cent of the pot to go to the gambler with the lowest number, with the rest buying refreshments for the others at a "consolation party."

Two freshmen moved furtively into the WCFM office on a snowy Wednesday morning to look at the UPI teletype. The junior on duty granted permission with a trace of a paternalistic smile. "I know what you're going through. I went through it last year--no, the year before last. . ."

The numbers started coming in, other news interspersed between sections of

numbers. The room filled rapidly. Soon freshmen were gathering in the hall outside. Inside, two volunteers compiled a master list by birthday as the dates came off the teletype.

They began trickling out, most with grins, a few with blank stares. Don't worry, someone said. They're only taking up to 50 or 60 this year, I read it somewhere.

"Found your number yet?" He looked up, saw a friend walking toward him in the corridor. "You can find them at the station."

Soon a group of five or six began an almost jovial walk toward Baxter. Joking, talking about anything else. Don't worry about it; it doesn't do any good.

The line was longer. Many dates were missing, and lottery numbers had stopped coming over the teletype. "They must be out to lunch," someone suggested. Everyone tried to laugh.

A fidgeting student began to survey the list for the first time. Suddenly he screamed and began laughing. "317! 317!"

More and more cigarettes were lit. Those who left lunch lines to just check one last time decided to stick around and wait for their missing numbers. The room filled with smoke.

The boy who spoke about Bangladesh walked across the dining room, nothing on his tray but a bowl of tomato soup. "What happened?"

"Fifty-two."

"Maybe they won't get that far in the call."

He ignored the comment. "In a masochistic kind of way, I'm almost glad it happened. It's a chance to test myself."

Another boy with a number in the two hundreds sat down. "It's sure good to know that my life is mine again."

The boy with the low number looked at him with surprise. "My life has always been mine. Now more than ever."

"Yeah, maybe. Yeah, I see what you mean. It's just that I don't want to leave the country."

"Yes," he replied, "neither do I."

Two freshmen studied a chess board, the radio going: "Please don't call the station to find your number. It's kind of a hassle. The numbers are posted, so come on down if you want. We'll also be reading them. I'll have the numbers for January and February in a moment."

"Will you make your move? I haven't got all day for one damn game."

"Quiet - I just want to make sure I've got it right." Silence, listening. Finally: "February 13, 263; February 14. . ."

"Can you imagine," he sighed, "if I had misunderstood and it was really two or something?"

more Hill

with Hill's primary function on campus, that of a mathematics professor. But if numbers are his profession, sound and cadence are his passions, and Hill personifies the nexus between the two fields. "Mathematics and music require something of the same temperament," he says. "Except that mathematicians can be rather pleasant, while musicians are unbearable." He recognizes his occupational obligation to be "high-strung," and suspects that his colleagues would describe him as "overtly excited about work, exuberant, in fact." Music, baffling the ignorant with its array of notes, keys, and rhythms, intrigues Hill even more because of his mathematical training. The tone of organ pipes and piano strings becomes a function of their lengths and diameters. Scales appear as regular if bewildering sequences. These are entertaining puzzles, but hardly the essence of math. That is, and has been since 300 B.C., deduction, not the solution of problems. So Hill finds logic the most interesting topic in which to specialize; he enjoys "proving that some things can't be done."

But music is considerably more for Hill than an interesting hobby. Already a concert organist and pianist, he took up the harpsichord in 1962. Now a virtuoso, he has been performing regularly on the campus since 1968, primarily in order "to share the music with people." Sunday afternoon performances usually take the form of a young people's concert, concentrating on an introduction to the instrument and its music. Evening programs are, however, thorough-going recitals. Hill brings to both his engaging wit and his ambivalent artist's demeanor. On the one hand, he may respond to persistent clapping with a comment like, "If you applaud every song, I'll get carried away." By contrast, he might excoriate "that yokel from The North Adams Transcript, who still hasn't realized that I am a concert harpsichordist, and that I don't just dabble in this occasionally." In addition to compositions for the harpsichord, Hill's favorites are Late Romantic vocal music, Wagner, and Richard Strauss. In fact,

what he describes as "my most unpopular opinion" is that "Richard Strauss is the Bach of the twentieth century." This statement probably enjoys this intense unpopularity only among the select group which can appreciate its originality.

Hill's preferences in literature reflect his other proclivities. Beyond penguin books, which he devours voraciously, Hill reads the poetry of T.S. Eliot and an obscure English poet, Christopher Smart, who created a work entitled "In Bedlam Hospital." Hill the musician is fascinated by its lilting rhythms, not to mention its subject matter. Of prose works, Hill enjoys those of a small school of writers who called themselves The Inklings--Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Dorothy Sayers, and Charles Williams. The last author employs intricate symbolism which, according to Hill, "is obviously going to intrigue a mathematician." For relaxation, he consumes murder mysteries of "The Agatha Christie ilk" and cooks.

Do all these characteristics seem to indicate a certain eccentricity on Hill's part? He himself would be the first one to say so. He naturally prides himself on his extraordinary talents in diverse fields, but seems no less proud of his reputation for bewildering students, particularly with assertions of his ornithic identity. One senior who has taken more math courses with Hill than any other student in the college is still befuddled: "I don't really think he's a penguin of course, but then again, he's never really come out and said he isn't." Any attempt to lure Hill into self-contradiction leads to the sort of frustration experienced by one particular student.

"Of course I'd never admit that I'm not a member of the genus *Aptenodytes*," said Hill on this occasion, intimating that he had made the admission to himself many times.

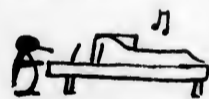
"So your intention is only to perpetrate a hoax."

"I didn't say that..."

"Certainly, didn't you just admit that you weren't a member of the genus *Aptenodytes*?"

"Oh that, I can wriggle out of that easily enough. You see, they're not all *Aptenodytes*."

Needless to say, there does exist at least one other penguin genus, *Pygoscelis*.



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Review:

Simon sans Garfunkel

'WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ME?'

by Mark Franklin

The jackets of the five Simon and Garfunkel releases to date have two things in common: a portrait photograph of both performers, and a title bearing the name of one of the songs within. Now Paul Simon, in his partner's cinematic absence, has broken tradition. For although his lone "schoolboy" visage amply fills the space of the new album cover, there is no song entitled "Paul Simon." Indeed, the egotism of success makes the record a tradition-breaker in one other important way. It is not nearly so consistently good as its predecessors.

Devotees of Simon, the composer, will discover perhaps five (at the most) songs which are worthy of his earlier accomplishments. The remaining portions are experiments which fail, primarily because either the lyric or the music gets too much of an upper hand. In one case -- "Paranoia Blues" -- our "poet" cops out on musical originality altogether and sets his typical "city-experience" verse to a simple (boringly simple) blues progression. There are people who can make blues sound better than Simon's rendition, and he needn't be given credit for recording anything that someone else could even do as well. In other instances the language is so poorly integrated with the melody and rhythm that neither element wins any attention, and the entire song is virtually ignored. ("Everything Put Together Falls Apart"). Finally, Simon occasionally gets carried away with his own instrumental prowess, only to spoil what might have been a passable song. ("Armistice Day")

The album's appealing side is embodied in a number of pieces (however limited) which have sources at distinct phases of the Simon and Garfunkel Sound. A jacket-back blurb on an earlier album "Wednesday Morning, 3:00 A.M.," refers to the youthful innocence of much of the composer's early work as Dylan-esque. Curiously enough, Simon's voice, carrying the almost sentimental, purely-folk musical theme in "Duncan" (the saga of a loss of "innocence."), sounds so much like Dylan's that one would think he was doing an impersonation. While the song floats with the elegant simplicity of "Bleeker Street" the use of Peruvian Indian flutes brings to mind the more recent "El Condor Pasa."

The hard-beat, saxophone, and twang

guitar sound of early rock-and-roll which Simon parlayed to success in "Why Don't You Write Me" and "Baby Driver" finds unique expression in "Mother and Child Reunion". The lyric, characteristically intriguing at its best, achieves a strange but amusing quality of impropriety as four Jamaican girls back up the chorus lines with "good old fashioned soul."

There is one more particular "type" of song that is associated with Paul Simon. It is not folk music or rhythm and blues, or imitation rock and roll. It is perhaps best described as that which, if performed by anyone else, necessarily begins to sound like department store Muzak. I'm referring, of course, to such things as "Punky's Dilemma" and "Frank Lloyd Wright." They are probably the songs which Paul Simon does best alone. His "Papa Hobo" and "Run that Body Down," which fall under this category, have to make up for all of the dreck that found its way into the new album, and that is a monumental task.

As recently as a few days ago, I would have responded with extreme scepticism to the mere suggestion that Simon could ever write a bad song. Well, so much for my doubts.

Flog the log

by Pete Hamillman

Ed. Note: On Christmas Eve, Pope Paul VI stunned the world by announcing his abdication to "marry the girl he loves." The little woman was 13-year-old Mary D'Alambasio, a part time hooker hailing from Naples, where she lived with her five sons and a French poodle named Emily. Peter Hamillman, '75, was there, in Rome, and the following first hand report on those ensuing "dark days of turmoil, days of looting, days of murder, anarchy and rapine" is excerpted from his forthcoming book, *Memoirs of Myself: Staring Blankly Through Rose Colored Glasses*, with forward, footnotes, and critical commentary by Minnie Minoso; Four Volumes; Harper and Row, \$7.95. The news hit me like a clenched fist, like the fist of my entry mate, Morty, from Fall River, who specializes in imitations of Muhammed Ali and Cube Steak.

Pope Paul VI, the Pope, spiritual leader of countless, untold thousands of Catholics, was sandblasting the monolithic mountains of Catholic tradition by marrying a girl. The news shocked me, I suppose, about as much as when the guys down at the Daily News flushed my Luckys down the toilet while I was downstairs arguing over Nixon's domestic policies and negotiating for six pretzels and a kosher hot dog from Sol, the raffish pretzel man who tries to pass himself off as a downtrodden, oppressed underprivileged while operating a profitable pickle factory in Hackensack.

I had spent most of the morning writing to my high school friends, reminiscing on the old days, '69 and '70, those glorious, lazy days when we all recklessly hung ten from the surfboard of life. I pondered at length for hours and gradually came to realize that, indeed, Hemingway was right, you truly can't go home again. Gone were the days when we braved the unkind winter wind, scalping tickets to the rubes from places like Staten Island or Spokane.

I remembered that sweet, spicy Jade East night in high school when, worn down by the humdrum of every day life, I resorted to drink, which, combined with the loud, bold music of the Stones, lifted me out of my transitory tedium into an interestingly-freakish euphoric state which culminated when we joyously threw the empties through the windshield of my parents' Chrysler.

But that is all behind me now. I suppose it was all a part of growing up, being an American teenager was, because we learned a lot about ourselves, and, if in the course of this experiential education we blew lunch, or got a little overheated, well, then, we knew so much the more about what made each of us, each a separate distinct human being, tick.

Suddenly the last sands of our youth slipped through the hourglass of life. Graduation time rolled around, and we were scattered like leaves in an ivied wind, the three of us, one in Williamstown (Williams College), one in Amherst (Amherst College), another in Providence (Brown University) and a third in New Haven (Yale).

The afternoon the Pope story broke we were lounging around the American Bar at the Hilton, resting our Weejuns and Wingtips on the burnished table tops, we being the Time correspondent, The Associated Press man, some fat, oozy Greek, and I. I had spent most of the morning inhaling hard on Luckys and Pall Malls, Hard. I could feel the raffish smoke corroding deep down into my well-burnished lungs. We passed judgement on the pansies, looneys, and tourists who meandered in and out, sucking filtered cigarettes and gripping Instamatics ("Take one of me in front of the hotel, Martha"), and I thought of the tangled canyons of Central Park, where, on many a lazy Sunday afternoon, I shared a soda and a kiss with a girlfriend.

By four we'd pretty well polished off the last fifth of Old Grandad in Rome. Drinking bourbon in the American Bar of the Rome Hilton has the abysmal sense of the absurd, not in the existential sense of Camoust, but in the Okie from Muskogee, nippy, earthy, sense of Ratso Rizzo or Rodney the Scalper who accosts the unwary with tickets to professional wrestling every Tuesday outside the Green Mountain racetrack. Our heads were all pretty gigantic with alcohol. I felt like the end of a long busride. After a lengthy, pregnant pause, I aborted the silence with a spontaneous monologue on the state of the world, especially America.

"Hell, guys, there a lot of really bad things going on in this crazy, cockeyed world. Let's pause a minute to look at America, to reflect on the death of the American myth..."

"When the penal system persists in treating unfortunate men as caged animals, when the races and classes of Americans are at odds, black versus white, rich against poor, when good men must die in vain in an unconstitutional war foisted on the American public by the military-industrial establishment, when the environment, the very basis of our existence, is being threatened-when all these things have happened, and continue to happen, I cannot sit idly by. I must lift my pen and write. If my words can unseat Nixon, if they can inspire a scientist to turn from germ warfare to find a cure for acne, if they can implicate Johnson, McNamara, and Rusk for their heinous crimes, if they can initiate new priorities, poverty over Lockheed, ecology over Con Ed, if they can get a hippie off the weed, if they can outsell Love Story, only then will I be able to tip my glass back with a clear conscience."

Emotionally spent, I polished off the Old Grandad, gripped and squeezed

around the neck of the bottle, inhaled hard on a Lucky, and cast a furtive glance at my sleeping comrades. When I ordered another round, the waiter, a swarthy Italian who looked like a cut-rate chiropractor at an AMA convention, muttered something under his garlic breath. I didn't like his tone of voice at all. But luck had it that a snappy, witty retort sprang to my lips.

"So's your mother," I sneered.

We heard a lot of noise from outside, mostly explosions and screams of anguish, and then a sobbing, bleeding girls, with deep, dark eyes and tits like melons, informed us that the Pope was married, the church had split asunder, and Rome was in flames. I ran into the street into a scene of untold horror and turmoil. I could not help but think of my own, beloved New York. On many a weekend sojourn from neighboring Scarsdale, I had come to relate to Fun City as a brother. And I knew the scenes of New York, knew them all-ice skating in Rockefeller center, the nickel Ferry, Cousin Brucie, the ebullient thrill of a Knick's victory (and the bitter agony of defeat), the heartbreak of psoriasis, the sleazy, ethnic bars, the pliant, often reluctant girls of Brearley, fellow habitants of the existential abyss, and, finally, the realization that, indeed, there is a broken heart for every light on the Great White Way.

As I gazed out the window of the 747, the lights of Rome grew dimmer and dimmer, until they finally vanished into the clouds of my memory. I found it difficult to evaluate the events of that day. I pulled hard on a Lucky, ordered a Coke, straight, from the stewardess, who looked like a reject from the Playboy Club, and mulled over the fact of the abysmal absurdity of existence. I gradually came to realize that the events of that eventful day were among that class of events, which, aging like a fine bourbon in the burnished walnut casks of time, can only be understood when they come of age, when we reminisce from the proper perspective, looking back through the focusing lens of our gathering experience. One fact, however, was clear. The Pope had proved to the world, to us all, that in this impersonal work-a-day world, all you need is love.

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